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THE

WORKS

OF

Samuel Johnſon, LL.D.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

AN ESSAY ON HIS LIFE AND GENIUS,

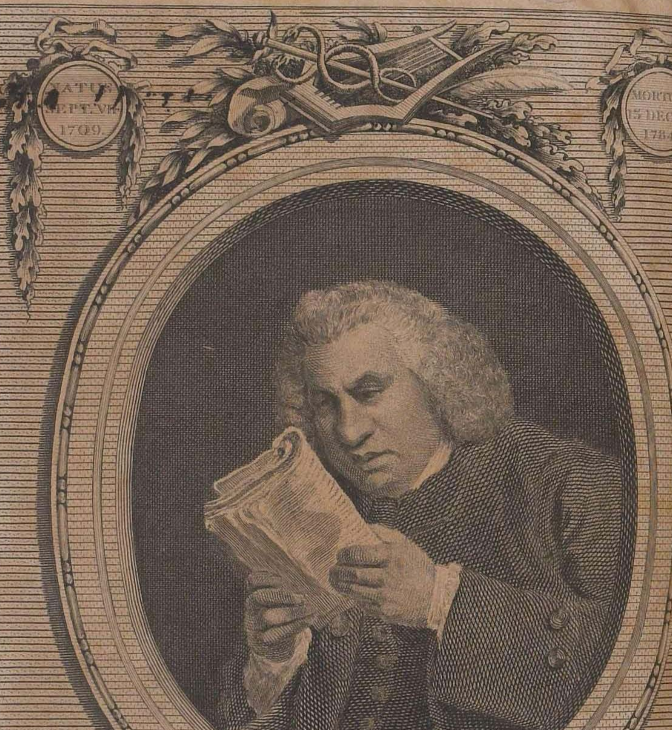
BY ARTHUR MURPHY, ESQ.

A NEW EDITION,

IN TWELVE VOLUMES.

MDCCXCVI.

VOL. I.



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OF

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BY ARTHUR MURPHY, ESQ.

LONDON

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WHEN the works of a great Writer, who has bequeathed to poſterity a laſting legacy, are preſented to the world, it is naturally expected, that ſome account of his life ſhould accompany the edition. The Reader wiſhes to know as much as poſſible of the Author. The circumſtances that attended him, the features of his private character, his converſation, and the means by which he roſe to eminence, become the favou-

rite objects of enquiry. Curiofity is excited; and the admirer of his works is eager to know his private opinions, his courfe of ftudy, the particularities of his conduct, and, above all, whether he purfued the wifdom which he recommends, and practifed the virtue which his writings infpire. A principle of gratitude is awakened in every generous mind. For the entertainment and inftruction which genius and diligence have provided for the world, men of refined and fenfible tempers are ready to pay their tribute of praife, and even to form a pofthumous friendfhip with the author.

In reviewing the life of fuch a writer, there is, befides, a rule of juftice to which the publick have an undoubted claim. Fond admiration and partial friendfhip fhould not be fuffered to reprefent his virtues with exaggeration; nor fhould malignity be allowed, under a fpecious difguife, to magnify mere defects, the ufual failings of human nature, into vice or grofs deformity. The lights and fhades of the character fhould be given; and, if this be done with a ftrict regard to truth, a juft eftimate of Dr. Johnfon will

afford

afford a leſſon perhaps as valuable as the moral doctrine that ſpeaks with energy in every page of his works.

The preſent writer enjoyed the converſation and friendſhip of that excellent man more than thirty years. He thought it an honour to be ſo connected, and to this hour he reflects on his loſs with regret: but regret, he knows, has ſecret bribes, by which the judgement may be influenced, and partial affection may be carried beyond the bounds of truth. In the preſent caſe, however, nothing needs to be diſguiſed, and exaggerated praiſe is unneceſſary. It is an obſervation of the younger Pliny, in his Epiſtle to his Friend Tacitus, that hiſtory ought never to magnify matters of fact, becauſe worthy actions require nothing but the truth. *Nam nec hiſtoria debet egredi veritatem, et honeſte factis veritas ſufficit.* This rule the preſent biographer promiſes ſhall guide his pen throughout the following narrative.

It may be ſaid, the death of Dr. Johnſon kept the public mind in agitation beyond all

former example. No literary character ever excited ſo much attention; and, when the preſs has teemed with anecdotes, apophthegms, eſſays, and publications of every kind, what occaſion now for a new tract on the ſame threadbare ſubject? The plain truth ſhall be the anſwer. The proprietors of Johnſon's Works thought the life, which they prefixed to their former edition, too unwieldly for republication. The prodigious variety of foreign matter, introduced into that performance, ſeemed to overload the memory of Dr. Johnſon, and in the account of his own life to leave him hardly viſible. They wiſhed to have a more conciſe, and, for that reaſon, perhaps a more ſatisfactory account, ſuch as may exhibit a juſt picture of the man, and keep him the principal figure in the fore ground of his own picture. To comply with that requeſt is the deſign of this eſſay, which the writer undertakes with a trembling hand. He has no diſcoveries, no ſecret anecdotes, no occaſional controverſy, no ſudden flaſhes of wit and humour, no private converſation, and no new facts, to embelliſh his work. Every thing has been gleaned. Dr. Johnſon ſaid of himſelf, "I am not uncandid, nor ſevere: I

"ſome-

"ſometimes ſay more than I mean, in jeſt, "and people are apt to think me ſerious*." The exerciſe of that privilege, which is enjoyed by every man in ſociety, has not been allowed to him. His fame has given importance even to trifles; and the zeal of his friends has brought every thing to light. What ſhould be related, and what ſhould not, has been publiſhed without diſtinction. *Dicenda tacenda locuti!* Every thing that fell from him has been caught with eagerneſs by his admirers, who, as he ſays in one of his letters, have acted with the diligence of ſpies upon his conduct. To ſome of them the following lines, in Mallet's Poem on Verbal Criticiſm, are not inapplicable:

"Such that grave bird in Northern ſeas is found,
"Whoſe name a Dutchman only knows to ſound;
"Where-e'er the king of fiſh moves on before,
"This humble friend attends from ſhore to ſhore;
"With eye ſtill earneſt, and with bill inclin'd,
"He picks up what his patron drops behind,
"With thoſe choice cates his palate to regale,
"And is the careful TIBBALD OF A WHALE."

* Boſwell's Life of Johnſon, Vol. II. p. 465.

After ſo many eſſays and volumes of *Johnſoniana*, what remains for the preſent writer? Perhaps, what has not been attempted; a ſhort, yet full, a faithful, yet temperate, hiſtory of Dr. Johnſon.

SAMUEL JOHNSON was born at Lichfield, September 7, 1709, O. S.* His father, Michael Johnſon, was a bookſeller in that city; a man of large athletic make, and violent paſſions; wrong-headed, poſitive, and at times afflicted with a degree of melancholy, little ſhort of madneſs. His mother was ſiſter to Dr. Ford, a practiſing phyſician, and father of Cornelius Ford, generally known by the name of PARSON FORD, the ſame who is repreſented near the punch-bowl in Hogarth's Midnight Modern Converſation. In the Life of Fenton, Johnſon ſays, that "his "abilities, inſtead of furniſhing convivial "merriment to the voluptuous and diſſolute, "might have enabled him to excel among

* This appears in a note to Johnſon's Diary, prefixed to the firſt of his prayers. After the alteration of the ſtyle, he kept his birth-day on the 18th of September, and it is accordingly marked September $\frac{7}{18}$.

"the

"the virtuous and the wiſe." Being chaplain to the Earl of Cheſterfield, he wiſhed to attend that nobleman on his embaſſy to the Hague. Colley Cibber has recorded the anecdote. "You ſhould go," ſaid the witty peer, "if to your many vices you would add "one more." "Pray, my Lord, what is "that?" "Hypocriſy, my dear Doctor." Johnſon had a younger brother named Nathaniel, who died at the age of twenty-ſeven or twenty-eight. Michael Johnſon, the father, was choſen in the year 1718 Under Bailiff of Lichfield; and in the year 1725 he ſerved the office of the Senior Bailiff. He had a brother of the name of Andrew, who, for ſome years, kept the ring at Smithfield, appropriated to wreſtlers and boxers. Our author uſed to ſay, that he was never thrown or conquered. Michael, the father, died December 1731, at the age of ſeventy-ſix; his mother at eighty-nine, of a gradual decay, in the year 1759. Of the family nothing more can be related worthy of notice. Johnſon did not delight in talking of his relations. "There "is little pleaſure," he ſaid to Mrs. Piozzi, "in relating the anecdotes of beggary."

Johnſon derived from his parents, or from an unwholeſome nurſe, the diſtemper called the King's Evil. The Jacobites at that time believed in the efficacy of the royal touch; and accordingly Mrs. Johnſon preſented her ſon, when two years old, before Queen Anne, who, for the firſt time, performed that office, and communicated to her young patient all the healing virtue in her power. He was afterwards cut for that ſcrophulous humour, and the under part of his face was ſeamed and disfigured by the operation. It is ſuppoſed, that this diſeaſe deprived him of the ſight of his left eye, and alſo impaired his hearing. At eight years old, he was placed under Mr. Hawkins, at the Free-ſchool at Lichfield, where he was not remarkable for diligence or regular application. Whatever he read, his tenacious memory made his own. In the fields with his ſchool-fellows he talked more to himſelf than with his companions. In 1725, when he was about ſixteen years old, he went on a viſit to his couſin Cornelius Ford, who detained him for ſome months, and in the mean time aſſiſted him in the claſſics. The

general

general direction for his studies, which he then received, he related to Mrs. Piozzi. "Obtain," says Ford, "some general principles of every science: he who can talk "only on one subject, or act only in one department, is seldom wanted, and, perhaps, "never wished for; while the man of general "knowledge can often benefit, and always "please." This advice Johnson seems to have pursued with a good inclination. His reading was always desultory, seldom resting on any particular author, but rambling from one book to another, and, by hasty snatches, hoarding up a variety of knowledge. It may be proper in this place to mention another general rule laid down by Ford for Johnson's future conduct: "You will make your way "the more easily in the world, as you are "contented to dispute no man's claim to "conversation-excellence: they will, therefore, more willingly allow your pretensions as a writer." "But," says Mrs. Piozzi, "the features of peculiarity, which "mark a character to all succeeding generations, are slow in coming to their growth." That ingenious lady adds, with her usual vivacity, "Can one, on such an occasion, for-

"bear

"bear recollecting the predictions of Boi-
"leau's father, who said, stroking the head
"of the young satirist, 'this little man has
"too much wit, but he will never speak ill
"of any one'?"

On Johnson's return from Cornelius Ford, Mr. Hunter, then Master of the Free-school at Lichfield, refused to receive him again on that foundation. At this distance of time, what his reasons were, it is vain to enquire; but to refuse assistance to a lad of promising genius must be pronounced harsh and illiberal. It did not, however, stop the progress of the young student's education. He was placed at another school, at Stourbridge in Worcestershire, under the care of Mr. Wentworth. Having gone through the rudiments of classic literature, he returned to his father's house, and was probably intended for the trade of a bookseller. He has been heard to say that he could bind a book. At the end of two years, being then about nineteen, he went to assist the studies of a young gentleman, of the name of Corbet, to the University of Oxford; and on the 31st of October, 1728, both were entered of Pembroke College;

College; Corbet as a gentleman-commoner, and Johnſon as a commoner. The college tutor, Mr. Jordan, was a man of no genius; and Johnſon, it ſeems, ſhewed an early contempt of mean abilities, in one or two inſtances behaving with inſolence to that gentleman. Of his general conduct at the univerſity there are no particulars that merit attention, except the tranſlation of Pope's Meſſiah, which was a college exerciſe impoſed upon him as a taſk by Mr. Jordan. Corbet left the univerſity in about two years, and Johnſon's ſalary ceaſed. He was, by conſequence, ſtraitened in his circumſtances; but he ſtill remained at college. Mr. Jordan, the tutor, went off to a living; and was ſucceeded by Dr. Adams, who afterwards became head of the college, and was eſteemed through life for his learning, his talents, and his amiable character. Johnſon grew more regular in his attendance. Ethics, theology, and claſſic literature, were his favourite ſtudies. He diſcovered, notwithſtanding, early ſymptoms of that wandering diſpoſition of mind which adhered to him to the end of his life. His reading was by fits and ſtarts, undirected to any particular ſcience. General philology,

agree-

agreeably to his coufin Ford's advice, was the object of his ambition. He received, at that time, an early impreffion of piety, and a tafte for the beft authors ancient and modern. It may, notwithftanding, be queftioned whether, except his Bible, he ever read a book entirely through. Late in life, if any man praifed a book in his prefence, he was fure to afk, "Did you read it through?" If the anfwer was in the affirmative, he did not feem willing to believe it. He continued at the univerfity till the want of pecuniary fupplies obliged him to quit the place. He obtained, however, the affiftance of a friend, and returning in a fhort time was able to complete a refidence of three years. The hiftory of his exploits at Oxford, he ufed to fay, was beft known to Dr. Taylor and Dr. Adams. Wonders are told of his memory, and, indeed, all who knew him late in life can witnefs that he retained that faculty in the greateft vigour.

From the univerfity Johnfon returned to Lichfield. His father died foon after, December 1731; and the whole receipt out of his effects, as appeared by a memorandum in

in the ſon's hand-writing, dated 15th June, 1732, was no more than twenty pounds*. In this exigence, determined that poverty ſhould neither depreſs his ſpirit nor warp his integrity, he became under-maſter of a Grammar-ſchool at Market Boſworth in Leiceſterſhire. That reſource, however, did not laſt long. Diſguſted by the pride of Sir Wolſtan Dixie, the patron of that little ſeminary, he left the place in diſcontent, and ever after ſpoke of it with abhorrence. In 1733 he went on a viſit to Mr. Hector, who had been his ſchool-fellow, and was then a ſurgeon at Birmingham, lodging at the houſe of Warren, a bookſeller. At that place Johnſon tranſlated a Voyage to Abyſſinia, written by Jerome Lobo, a Portugueze miſſionary. This was the firſt literary work from the pen of Dr. Johnſon. His friend Hector was occaſionally his amanuenſis. The

* The entry of this is remarkable for his early reſolution to preſerve through life a fair and upright character. "1732, Junii 15. Undecim aureos depoſui, quo die, quidquid ante matris funus (quod ſerum ſit precor) de paternis bonis ſperare licet, viginti ſcilicet libras, accepi. Uſque adeo mihi mea fortuna fingenda eſt interea, et ne paupertate vires animi langueſcant, ne in flagitia egeſtas adigat, cavendum."

work

work was, probably, undertaken at the desire of Warren, the bookseller, and was printed at Birmingham; but it appears in the Literary Magazine, or History of the Works of the Learned, for March, 1735, that it was published by Bettesworth and Hitch, Paternoster-row. It contains a narrative of the endeavours of a company of missionaries to convert the people of Abyssinia to the Church of Rome. In the preface to this work Johnson observes, "that the Portu-"guese traveller, contrary to the general "view of his countrymen, has amused his "readers with no romantic absurdities, or "incredible fictions. He appears, by his "modest and unaffected narration, to have "described things as he saw them; to have "copied nature from the life; and to have "consulted his senses, not his imagination. "He meets with no basilisks, that destroy "with their eyes; his crocodiles devour "their prey, without tears; and his cata-"racts fall from the rock, without deafening "the neighbouring inhabitants. The rea-"der will here find no regions cursed with "irremediable barrenness, or blessed with "spontaneous fecundity; no perpetual gloom,

"or unceaſing ſun-ſhine; nor are the na-"
"tions, here deſcribed, either void of all"
"ſenſe of humanity, or conſummate in all"
"private and ſocial virtues: here are no"
"Hottentots without religion, polity, or ar-"
"ticulate language; no Chineſe perfectly"
"polite, and completely ſkilled in all ſci-"
"ences: he will diſcover, what will always"
"be diſcovered by a diligent and impartial"
"enquirer, that wherever human nature is"
"to be found, there is a mixture of vice and"
"virtue, a conteſt of paſſion and reaſon;"
"and that the Creator doth not appear par-"
"tial in his diſtributions, but has balanced,"
"in moſt countries, their particular incon-"
"veniences by particular favours." We have here an early ſpecimen of Johnſon's manner: the vein of thinking and the frame of the ſentences are manifeſtly his: we ſee the infant Hercules. The tranſlation of Lobo's Narrative has been reprinted lately in a ſeparate volume, with ſome other tracts of Dr. Johnſon's, and therefore forms no part of this edition; but a compendious account of ſo intereſting a work as Father Lobo's diſcovery of the head of the Nile will not, it is imagined, be unacceptable to the reader.

Father

Father Lobo, the Portugueſe Miſſionary, embarked, in 1622, in the ſame fleet with the Count *Vidigueira*, who was appointed, by the king of Portugal, Viceroy of the Indies. They arrived at Goa; and ,in January 1624, Father Lobo ſet out on the miſſion to Abyſſinia. Two of the Jeſuits, ſent on the ſame commiſſion, were murdered in their attempt to penetrate into that empire. Lobo had better ſucceſs: he ſurmounted all difficulties, and made his way into the heart of the country. Then follows a deſcription of Abyſſinia, formerly the largeſt empire of which we have an account in hiſtory. It extended from the Red Sea to the kingdom of Congo, and from Ægypt to the Indian Sea, containing no leſs than forty provinces. At the time of Lobo's miſſion, it was not much larger than Spain, conſiſting then but of five kingdoms, of which part was entirely ſubject to the Emperor, and part paid him a tribute, as an acknowledgement. The provinces were inhabited by Moors, Pagans, Jews, and Chriſtians. The laſt was in Lobo's time the eſtabliſhed and reigning religion. The diverſity of people and religion is the reaſon

why the kingdom was under different forms of government, with laws and cuſtoms extremely various. Some of the people neither ſowed their land, nor improved them by any kind of culture, living upon milk and fleſh, and, like the Arabs, encamping without any ſettled habitation. In ſome places they practiſed no rites of worſhip, though they believed that, in the regions above, there dwells a Being that governs a world. This Deity they call in their language *Oul.* The Chriſtianity, profeſſed by the people in ſome parts, is ſo corrupted with ſuperſtitions, errors, and hereſies, and ſo mingled with ceremonies borrowed from the Jews, that little, beſides the name of Chriſtianity, is to be found among them. The Abyſſins cannot properly be ſaid to have either cities or houſes; they live in tents or cottages made of ſtraw or clay, very rarely building with ſtone. Their villages or towns conſiſt of theſe huts; yet even of ſuch villages they have but few, becauſe the grandees, the viceroys, and the emperor himſelf, are always in camp, that they may be prepared, upon the moſt ſudden alarm, to meet every emergence in a country which is engaged every year

either in foreign wars or inteſtine commotions. Ethiopia produces very near the ſame kinds of proviſion as Portugal, though, by the extreme lazineſs of the inhabitants, in a much leſs quantity. What the ancients imagined of the torrid zone being a part of the world uninhabitable, is ſo far from being true, that the climate is very temperate. The blacks have better features than in other countries, and are not without wit and ingenuity. Their apprehenſion is quick, and their judgement ſound. There are in this climate two harveſts in the year; one in winter, which laſts through the months of July, Auguſt, and September; the other in the ſpring. They have, in the greateſt plenty, raiſins, peaches, pomegranates, ſugar-canes, and ſome figs. Moſt of theſe are ripe about Lent, which the Abyſſins keep with great ſtrictneſs. The animals of the country are the lion, the elephant, the rhinoceros, the unicorn, horſes, mules, oxen, and cows without number. They have a very particular cuſtom, which obliges every man, that has a thouſand cows, to ſave every year one day's milk of all his herd, and make a bath with it for his relations. This they do ſo

many days in each year, as they have thousands of cattle; ſo that, to expreſs how rich a man is, they tell you, *he bathes ſo many times*.

*

"Of the river Nile, which has furniſhed ſo much controverſy, we have a full and clear deſcription. It is called by the natives, ABAVI, the Father of Water. It riſes in SACALA, a province of the kingdom of GOIAMA, the moſt fertile and agreeable part of the Abyſſinian dominions. On the Eaſtern ſide of the country, on the declivity of a mountain, whoſe deſcent is ſo eaſy, that it ſeems a beautiful plain, is that ſource of the Nile, which has been ſought after at ſo much expence and labour. This ſpring, or rather theſe two ſprings, are two holes, each about two feet diameter, a ſtone's caſt diſtant from each other. One of them is about five feet and a half in depth. Lobo was not able to ſink his plummet lower, perhaps, becauſe it was ſtopped by roots, the whole place being full of trees. A line of ten feet did not reach the bottom of the other. Theſe ſprings are ſuppoſed by the Abyſſins to be the vents of a great ſubterraneous lake. At a ſmall diſtance to the

South, is a village called *Guix*, through which you aſcend to the top of the mountain, where there is a little hill, which the idolatrous *Agaci* hold in great veneration. Their prieſt calls them together to this place once a year; and every one ſacrifices a cow, or more, according to the different degrees of wealth and devotion. Hence we have ſufficient proof, that theſe nations always paid adoration to the Deity of this famous river.

"As to the courſe of the Nile, its waters, after their firſt riſe, run towards the Eaſt, about the length of a muſket-ſhot; then, turning Northward, continue hidden in the graſs and weeds for about a quarter of a league, when they re-appear amongſt a quantity of rocks. The Nile from its ſource proceeds with ſo inconſiderable a current, that it is in danger of being dried up by the hot ſeaſon; but ſoon receiving an increaſe from the GEMMA, the KELTU, the BRANSA, and the other ſmaller rivers, it expands to ſuch a breadth in the plains of BOAD, which is not above three days journey from its ſource, that a muſket-ball will ſcarcely fly

from one bank to the other. Here it begins to run northward, winding, however, a little to the Eaſt, for the ſpace of nine or ten leagues, and then enters the ſo-much-talked-of Lake of DAMBIA, flowing with ſuch violent rapidity, that its waters may be diſtinguiſhed through the whole paſſage, which is no leſs than ſix leagues. Here begins the greatneſs of the Nile. Fifteen miles further, in the land of ALATA, it ruſhes precipitately from the top of a high rock, and forms one of the moſt beautiful water-falls in the world. Lobo ſays, he paſſed under it without being wet, and reſting himſelf, for the ſake of the coolneſs, was charmed with a thouſand delightful rainbows, which the ſun-beams painted on the water, in all their ſhining and lively colours*. The fall of this mighty

* This Mr. Bruce, the late traveller, avers to be a downright falſehood. He ſays, a deep pool of water reaches to the very foot of the rock; and, allowing that there was a ſeat or bench (which there is not) in the middle of the pool, it is abſolutely impoſſible, by any exertion of human ſtrength, to have arrived at it. But it may be aſked, can Mr. Bruce ſay what was the face of the country in the year 1622, when Lobo ſaw the magnificent ſight, which he has deſcribed? Mr. Bruce's pool of water may have been formed ſince; and Lobo, perhaps, was content to ſit down without a bench.

ſtream, from ſo great a height, makes a noiſe that may be heard at a conſiderable diſtance; but it was not found, that the neighbouring inhabitants were deaf. After the cataract, the Nile collects its ſcattered ſtream among the rocks, which are ſo near each other, that, in Lobo's time, a bridge of beams, on which the whole imperial army paſſed, was laid over them. Sultan SEQUED has ſince built a ſtone bridge of one arch, in the ſame place, for which purpoſe he procured maſons from India. Here the river alters its courſe, and paſſes through various kingdoms, ſuch as AMHARA, OLACA, CHOAA, DAMOT, and the kingdom of GOIAMA, and, after various windings, returns within a ſhort day's journey of its ſpring. To purſue it through all its mazes, and accompany it round the kingdom of GOIAMA, is a journey of twenty-nine days. From Abyſſinia the river paſſes into the countries of FAZULO and OMBARCA, two vaſt regions little known, inhabited by nations entirely different from the Abyſſins. Their hair, like that of the other blacks in thoſe regions, is ſhort and curled. In the year 1615, RASSELA CHRISTOS, Lieutenant-general to Sultan

tan SEQUED, entered thofe kingdoms in a hoftile manner; but, not being able to get intelligence, returned without attempting any thing. As the empire of Abyffinia terminates at thefe defcents, Lobo followed the courfe of the Nile no farther, leaving it to rage over barbarous kingdoms, and convey wealth and plenty into Ægypt, which owes to the annual inundations of this river its envied fertility*. Lobo knows nothing of the Nile in the reft of its paffage, except that it receives great increafe from many other rivers, has feveral cataracts like that already defcribed and that few fifh are to be found in it; that fcarcity is to be attributed to the *river-horfe* and the *crocodile*, which deftroy the weaker inhabitants of the river. Something, likewife, muft be imputed to the *cataracts*, where fifh cannot fall without being killed. Lobo adds, that neither he, nor any with whom he converfed about the *crocodile*, ever faw him weep; and

* After comparing this defcription with that lately given by Mr. Bruce, the reader will judge whether Lobo is to lofe the honour of having been at the head of the Nile near two centuries before any other European traveller.

therefore all that hath been ſaid about his tears muſt be ranked among the fables invented for the amuſement of children.

"As to the cauſes of the inundations of the Nile, Lobo obſerves, that many an idle hypotheſis has been framed. Some theoriſts aſcribe it to the high winds, that ſtop the current, and force the water above its banks. Others pretend a ſubterraneous communication between the Ocean and the Nile, and that the ſea, when violently agitated, ſwells the river. Many are of opinion, that this mighty flood proceeds from the melting of the ſnow on the mountains of Æthiopia; but ſo much ſnow and ſuch prodigious heat are never met with in the ſame region. Lobo never ſaw ſnow in Abyſſinia, except on Mount SEMEN in the kingdom of TIGRE, very remote from the Nile; and on NAMARA, which is, indeed, not far diſtant, but where there never falls ſnow enough to wet, when diſſolved, the foot of the mountain. To the immenſe labours of the *Portugueſe*, mankind is indebted for the knowledge of the real cauſe of theſe inundations, ſo great and ſo regular. By them we are informed, that

that Abyſſinia, where the Nile riſes, is full of mountains, and, in its natural ſituation, is much higher than Ægypt; that in the winter, from June to September, no day is without rain; that the Nile receives, in its courſe, all the rivers, brooks, and torrents, that fall from thoſe mountains, and, by neceſſary conſequence, ſwelling above its banks, fills the plains of Ægypt with inundations, which come regularly about the month of July, or three weeks after the beginning of the rainy ſeaſon in Æthiopia. The different degrees of this flood are ſuch certain indications of the fruitfulneſs or ſterility of the enſuing year, that it is publickly proclaimed at *Cairo* how much the water hath gained during the night."

Such is the account of the Nile and its inundations, which, it is hoped, will not be deemed an improper or tedious digreſſion, eſpecially as the whole is an extract from Johnſon's tranſlation. He is all the time the actor in the ſcene, and in his own words relates the ſtory. Having finiſhed this work, he returned in February, 1734, to his native city, and, in the month of Auguſt following,

ing, publiſhed Propoſals for printing by ſubſcription, the Latin Poems of Politian, with the Hiſtory of Latin Poetry, from the Æra of Petrarch to the time of Politian; and alſo the Life of Politian, to be added by the Editor, Samuel Johnſon. The book to be printed in thirty octavo ſheets, price five ſhillings. It is to be regretted that this project failed for want of encouragement. Johnſon, it ſeems, differed from Boileau, Voltaire, and D'Alembert, who have taken upon them to proſcribe all modern efforts to write with elegance in a dead language. For a deciſion, pronounced in ſo high a tone, no good reaſon can be aſſigned. The intereſts of learning require, that the diction of Greece and Rome ſhould be cultivated with care; and he who can write a language with correctneſs, will be moſt likely to underſtand its idiom, its grammar, and its peculiar graces of ſtyle. What man of taſte would willingly forego the pleaſure of reading *Vida*, *Fracaſtorius*, *Sannazaro*, *Strada*, and others, down to the late elegant productions of Biſhop Lowth? The hiſtory which Johnſon propoſed to himſelf would, beyond all queſtion, have been a valuable addition to the

hiſtory

hiſtory of letters; but his project failed. His next expedient was to offer his aſſiſtance to Cave, the original projector of the Gentleman's Magazine. For this purpoſe he ſent his propoſals in a letter, offering, on reaſonable terms, occaſionally to fill ſome pages with poems and inſcriptions never printed before; with fugitive pieces that deſerved to be revived, and critical remarks on authors ancient and modern. Cave agreed to retain him as a correſpondent and contributor to the Magazine. What the conditions were cannot now be known; but, certainly, they were not ſufficient to hinder Johnſon from caſting his eyes about him in queſt of other employment. Accordingly, in 1735, he made overtures to the reverend Mr. Budworth, Maſter of a Grammar-ſchool at Brerewood, in Staffordſhire, to become his aſſiſtant. This propoſition did not ſucceed. Mr. Budworth apprehended, that the involuntary motions, to which Johnſon's nerves were ſubject, might make him an object of ridicule with his ſcholars, and, by conſequence, leſſen their reſpect for their maſter. Another mode of advancing himſelf preſented itſelf about this time. Mrs. Porter, the widow of a mer-

a mercer in Birmingham, admired his talents. It is ſaid that ſhe had about eight hundred pounds; and that ſum to a perſon in Johnſon's circumſtances was an affluent fortune. A marriage took place; and, to turn his wife's money to the beſt advantage, he projected the ſcheme of an academy for education. Gilbert Walmſley, at that time Regiſter of the Eccleſiaſtical Court of the Biſhop of Lichfield, was diſtinguiſhed by his erudition and the politeneſs of his manners. He was the friend of Johnſon, and, by his weight and influence, endeavoured to promote his intereſt. The celebrated Garrick, whoſe father, Captain Garrick, lived at Lichfield, was placed in the new ſeminary of education by that gentleman's advice. Garrick was then about eighteen years old. An acceſſion of ſeven or eight pupils was the moſt that could be obtained, though notice was given by a public advertiſement*, that at Edial, near Lichfield, in Staffordſhire, young Gentlemen are boarded and taught the Latin and Greek Languages, by Samuel Johnſon.

* See the Gentleman's Magazine for 1736, p. 418.

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The undertaking proved abortive. Johnſon, having now abandoned all hopes of promoting his fortune in the country, determined to become an adventurer in the world at large. His young pupil, Garrick, had formed the ſame reſolution; and, accordingly, in March, 1737, they arrived in London together. Two ſuch candidates for fame perhaps never, before that day, entered the metropolis together. Their ſtock of money was ſoon exhauſted. In his viſionary project of an academy Johnſon had probably waſted his wife's ſubſtance; and Garrick's father had little more than his half-pay. The two fellow-travellers had the world before them, and each was to chuſe his road to fortune and to fame. They brought with them genius, and powers of mind, peculiarly formed by nature for the different vocations to which each of them felt himſelf inclined. They acted from the impulſe of young minds, even then meditating great things, and with courage anticipating ſucceſs. Their friend Mr. Walmſley, by a letter to the Rev. Mr. Colſon, who, it ſeems, was a great mathematician, exerted his good offi-

ces in their favour. He gave notice of their intended journey. "Davy Garrick," he ſaid, "will be with you next week; and "Johnſon, to try his fate with a tragedy, "and to get himſelf employed in ſome tranſ-"lation either from the Latin or French. "Johnſon is a very good ſcholar and a poet, "and, I have great hopes, will turn out a "fine tragedy-writer. If it ſhould be in your "way, I doubt not but you will be ready to "recommend and aſſiſt your countrymen." Of Mr. Walmſley's merit, and the excellence of his character, Johnſon has left a beautiful teſtimonial at the end of the Life of Edward Smith. It is reaſonable to conclude, that a mathematician, abſorbed in abſtract ſpeculations, was not able to find a ſphere of action for two men who were to be the architects of their own fortune. In three or four years afterwards Garrick came forth with talents that aſtoniſhed the publick. He began his career at Goodman's-fields, and there, *monſtratus fatis Veſpaſianus!* he choſe a lucrative profeſſion, and conſequently ſoon emerged from all his difficulties. Johnſon was left to toil in the humble walks of literature. A tragedy, as appears by Walmſley's letter, was the

the whole of his ſtock. This, moſt probably, was IRENE; but, if then finiſhed, it was doomed to wait for a more happy period. It was offered to Fleetwood, and rejected. Johnſon looked round him for employment. Having, while he remained in the country, correſponded with Cave under a feigned name, he now thought it time to make himſelf known to a man whom he conſidered as a patron of literature. Cave had announced, by public advertiſement, a prize of fifty pounds for the beſt Poem on Life, Death, Judgement, Heaven, and Hell; and this circumſtance diffuſed an idea of his liberality. Johnſon became connected with him in buſineſs, and in a cloſe and intimate acquaintance. Of Cave's character it is unneceſſary to ſay any thing in this place, as Johnſon was afterwards the biographer of his firſt and moſt uſeful patron. To be engaged in the tranſlation of ſome important book was ſtill the object which Johnſon had in view. For this purpoſe he propoſed to give the Hiſtory of the Council of Trent, with copious notes then lately added to a French edition. Twelve ſheets of this work were printed, for which Johnſon received forty-

nine

nine pounds, as appears by his receipt in the poſſeſſion of Mr. Nichols, the compiler of that entertaining and uſeful work, the Gentleman's Magazine. Johnſon's tranſlation was never completed; a like deſign was offered to the publick, under the patronage of Dr. Zachary Pearce; and by that contention both attempts were fruſtrated. Johnſon had been commended by Pope for the tranſlation of the Meſſiah into Latin verſe; but he knew no approach to ſo eminent a man. With one, however, who was connected with Pope, he became acquainted at St. John's Gate; and that perſon was no other than the well-known Richard Savage, whoſe life was afterwards written by Johnſon with great elegance, and a depth of moral reflection. Savage was a man of conſiderable talents. His addreſs, his various accompliſhments, and, above all, the peculiarity of his misfortunes, recommended him to Johnſon's notice. They became united in the cloſeſt intimacy. Both had great parts, and they were equally under the preſſure of want. Sympathy joined them in a league of friendſhip. Johnſon has been often heard to relate, that he and Savage walked round Groſvenor

nor-ſquare till four in the morning; in the courſe of their converſation reforming the world, dethroning princes, eſtabliſhing new forms of government, and giving laws to the ſeveral ſtates of Europe, till, fatigued at length with their legiſlative office, they began to feel the want of refreſhment, but could not muſter up more than four pence halfpenny. Savage, it is true, had many vices; but vice could never ſtrike its roots in a mind like Johnſon's, ſeaſoned early with religion, and the principles of moral recti-tude. His firſt prayer was compoſed in the year 1738. He had not at that time re-nounced the uſe of wine; and, no doubt, occaſionally enjoyed his friend and his bot-tle. The love of late hours, which followed him through life, was, perhaps, originally contracted in company with Savage. How-ever that may be, their connection was not of long duration. In the year 1738, Savage was reduced to the laſt diſtreſs. Mr. Pope, in a letter to him, expreſſed his concern for "the miſerable withdrawing of his penſion "after the death of the Queen;" and gave him hopes that, "in a ſhort time, he ſhould "find himſelf ſupplied with a competence,

"without any dependance on thoſe little "creatures, whom we are pleaſed to call the "Great." The ſcheme propoſed to him was, that he ſhould retire to Swanſea in Wales, and receive an allowance of fifty pounds a year, to be raiſed by ſubſcription; Pope was to pay twenty pounds. This plan, though finally eſtabliſhed, took more than a year before it was carried into execution. In the mean time, the intended retreat of Savage called to Johnſon's mind the third ſatire of Juvenal, in which that poet takes leave of a friend, who was withdrawing himſelf from all the vices of Rome. Struck with this idea, he wrote that well-known Poem, called London. The firſt lines manifeſtly point to Savage.

"Though grief and fondneſs in my breaſt rebel,
"When injured Thales bids the town farewell;
"Yet ſtill my calmer thoughts his choice com-
"mend;
"I praiſe the hermit, but regret the friend;
"Reſolv'd at length, from Vice and London far,
"To breathe in diſtant fields a purer air;
"And, fix'd on Cambria's ſolitary ſhore,
"Give to St. David one true Briton more."

Johnſon at that time lodged at Greenwich. He there fixes the ſcene, and takes leave of

his

his friend; who, he ſays in his Life, parted from him with tears in his eyes. The poem, when finiſhed, was offered to Cave. It happened, however, that the late Mr. Dodſley was the purchaſer at the price of ten guineas. It was publiſhed in 1738; and Pope, we are told, ſaid, "The author, whoever he is, will not be long concealed;" alluding to the paſſage in Terence, *Ubi, ubi eſt, diu celari non poteſt.* Notwithſtanding that prediction, it does not appear that, beſides the copy-money, any advantage accrued to the author of a poem, written with the elegance and energy of Pope. Johnſon, in Auguſt 1738, went, with all the fame of his poetry, to offer himſelf a candidate for the maſterſhip of the ſchool at Appleby, in Leiceſterſhire. The ſtatutes of the place required, that the perſon choſen ſhould be a maſter of arts. To remove this objection, the late Lord Gower was induced to write to a friend, in order to obtain for Johnſon a maſter's degree in the Univerſity of Dublin, by the recommendation of Dr. Swift. The letter was printed in one of the magazines, and is as follows:

 "SIR,

"SIR,

"Mr. Samuel Johnſon (author of London, a ſatire, and ſome other poetical pieces) is a native of this county, and much reſpected by ſome worthy gentlemen in the neighbourhood, who are truſtees of a charity-ſchool, now vacant; the certain ſalary of which is ſixty pounds *per* year, of which they are deſirous to make him maſter; but unfortunately he is not capable of receiving their bounty, which would make him happy for life, by not being a maſter of arts, which, by the ſtatutes of the ſchool, the maſter of it muſt be.

"Now theſe gentlemen do me the honour to think, that I have intereſt enough in you, to prevail upon you to write to Dean Swift, to perſuade the Univerſity of Dublin to ſend a diploma to me, conſtituting this poor man maſter of arts in their Univerſity. They highly extol the man's learning and probity; and will not be perſuaded, that the Univerſity will make any difficulty of conferring ſuch a favour upon a ſtranger, if he is recommended by the Dean. They ſay, he is

" not afraid of the ſtricteſt examination, " though he is of ſo long a journey; and " yet he will venture it, if the Dean thinks " it neceſſary, chuſing rather to die upon " the road, than to be ſtarved to death in " tranſlating for bookſellers, which has been " his only ſubſiſtence for ſome time paſt.

" I fear there is more difficulty in this af- " fair than theſe good-natured gentlemen " apprehend, eſpecially as their election " cannot be delayed longer than the 11th " of next month. If you ſee this matter in " the ſame light that it appears to me, I " hope you will burn this, and pardon me " for giving you ſo much trouble about an " impracticable thing; but, if you think " there is a probability of obtaining the " favour aſked, I am ſure your humanity " and propenſity to relieve merit in diſtreſs " will incline you to ſerve the poor man, " without my adding any more to the trou- " ble I have already given you, than aſſu- " ring you, that I am, with great truth, Sir,

" Your faithful humble ſervant,

" GOWER.

" Trentham, Aug. 1ſt."

 This

This ſcheme miſcarried. There is reaſon to think, that Swift declined to meddle in the buſineſs; and to that circumſtance Johnſon's known diſlike of Swift has been often imputed.

It is mortifying to purſue a man of merit through all his difficulties; and yet this narrative muſt be, through many following years, the hiſtory of Genius and Virtue ſtruggling with Adverſity. Having loſt the ſchool at Appleby, Johnſon was thrown back on the metropolis. Bred to no profeſſion, without relations, friends, or intereſt, he was condemned to drudgery in the ſervice of Cave, his only patron. In November 1738 was publiſhed a tranſlation of Crouſaz's Examen of Pope's Eſſay on Man; "containing a ſuccinct View of the Syſtem of "the Fataliſts, and a Confutation of their "Opinions; with an Illuſtration of the "Doctrine of Free Will; and an Enquiry, "what view Mr. Pope might have in touching upon the Leibnitzian Philoſophy, and "Fataliſm. By Mr. Crouſaz, Profeſſor of "Philoſophy and Mathematics at Lauſanne." This tranſlation has been generally thought a pro-

a production of Johnſon's pen; but it is now known, that Mrs. Elizabeth Carter has acknowledged it to be one of her early performances. It is certain, however, that Johnſon was eager to promote the publication. He conſidered the foreign philoſopher as a man zealous in the cauſe of religion; and with him he was willing to join againſt the ſyſtem of the Fataliſts, and the doctrine of Leibnitz. It is well known that Warburton wrote a vindication of Mr. Pope; but there is reaſon to think, that Johnſon conceived an early prejudice againſt the Eſſay on Man; and what once took root in a mind, like his, was not eaſily eradicated. His letter to Cave on this ſubject is ſtill extant, and may well juſtify Sir John Hawkins, who inferred that Johnſon was the tranſlator of Crouſaz. The concluſion of the letter is remarkable. "I am yours, IMPRANSUS." If by that Latin word was meant that he had not dined, becauſe he wanted the means, who can read it, even at this hour, without an aching heart?

With a mind naturally vigorous, and quickened by neceſſity, Johnſon formed a multiplicity of projects; but moſt of them proved abortive. A number of ſmall tracts iſſued

 from

from his pen with wonderful rapidity; ſuch as "MARMOR NORFOLCIENSE; or an Eſſay "on an ancient prophetical Inſcription, in "Monkiſh Rhyme, diſcovered at Lynn in "Norfolk. By *Probus Britannicus.*" This was a pamphlet againſt Sir Robert Walpole. According to Sir John Hawkins, a warrant was iſſued to apprehend the Author, who retired with his wife to an obſcure lodging near Lambeth Marſh, and there eluded the ſearch of the meſſengers. But this ſtory has no foundation in truth. Johnſon was never known to mention ſuch an incident in his life; and Mr. Steele (late of the Treaſury) cauſed diligent ſearch to be made at the proper offices, and no trace of ſuch a proceeding could be found. In the ſame year (1739) the Lord Chamberlain prohibited the repreſentation of a tragedy, called GUSTAVUS VASA, by Henry Brooke. Under the maſk of irony Johnſon publiſhed, "A Vindication of the Licencer from the malicious and ſcandalous Aſperſions of Mr. "Brooke." Of theſe two pieces Sir John Hawkins ſays, "they have neither learning "nor wit; nor a ſingle ray of that genius "which has ſince blazed forth;" but, as they have been lately re-printed, the reader, who

who wiſhes to gratify his curioſity, is referred to the fourteenth volume of Johnſon's works, publiſhed by Stockdale. The lives of Boerhaave, Blake, Barratier, Father Paul, and others, were, about that time, printed in the Gentleman's Magazine. The ſubſcription of fifty pounds a year for Savage was completed; and in July, 1739, Johnſon parted with the companion of his midnight-hours, never to ſee him more. The ſeparation was, perhaps, an advantage to him, who wanted to make a right uſe of his time, and even then beheld, with ſelf-reproach, the waſte occaſioned by diſſipation. His abſtinence from wine and ſtrong liquors began ſoon after the departure of Savage. What habits he contracted in the courſe of that acquaintance cannot now be known. The ambition of excelling in converſation, and that pride of victory, which, at times, diſgraced a man of Johnſon's genius, were, perhaps, native blemiſhes. A fierce ſpirit of independence, even in the midſt of poverty, may be ſeen in Savage; and, if not thence transfuſed by Johnſon into his own manners, it may, at leaſt, be ſuppoſed to have gained ſtrength from the example before him. During that connection there was, if we believe

Sir John Hawkins, a ſhort ſeparation between our author and his wife; but a reconciliation ſoon took place. Johnſon loved her, and ſhewed his affection in various modes of gallantry, which Garrick uſed to render ridiculous by his mimicry. The affectation of ſoft and faſhionable airs did not become an unwieldy figure: his admiration was received by the wife with the flutter of an antiquated coquette: and both, it is well known, furniſhed matter for the lively genius of Garrick.

It is a mortifying reflection, that Johnſon, with a ſtore of learning and extraordinary talents, was not able, at the age of thirty, to force his way to the favour of the publick. *Slow riſes worth by poverty depreſs'd.* "He "was ſtill," as he ſays himſelf, "to provide "for the day that was paſſing over him." He ſaw Cave involved in a ſtate of warfare with the numerous competitors, at that time ſtruggling with the Gentleman's Magazine; and gratitude for ſuch ſupplies as Johnſon received dictated a Latin Ode on the ſubject of that contention. The firſt lines,

"Urbane, nullis feſſe laboribus,
"Urbane, nullis victe calumniis,"

put

THE TA... MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S ... MAHAL

put one in mind of Casimir's Ode to Pope Urban:

> "Urbane, regum maxime, maxime
> "Urbane vatum."—

The Polish poet was, probably, at that time in the hands of a man who had meditated the history of the Latin poets. Guthrie the historian had from July 1736 composed the parliamentary speeches for the Magazines; but, from the beginning of the session which opened on the 19th of November 1740, Johnson succeeded to that department, and continued it from that time to the debate on spirituous liquors, which happened in the House of Lords in February, 1742-3. The eloquence, the force of argument, and the splendor of language, displayed in the several speeches, are well known, and universally admired. The whole has been collected in two volumes by Mr. Stockdale, and may form a proper supplement to this edition. That Johnson was the author of the debates during that period was not generally known; but the secret transpired several years afterwards, and was avowed by himself on the following occasion. Mr. Wedderburne (now Lord

Lord Loughborough), Dr. Johnſon, Dr. Francis (the tranſlator of Horace), the preſent writer, and others, dined with the late Mr. Foote. An important debate towards the end of Sir Robert Walpole's adminiſtration being mentioned, Dr. Francis obſerved, "That Mr. Pitt's ſpeech, on that occaſion, "was the beſt he had ever read." He added, "That he had employed eight years of his "life in the ſtudy of Demoſthenes, and fi-"niſhed a tranſlation of that celebrated "orator, with all the decorations of ſtyle "and language within the reach of his ca-"pacity; but he had met with nothing "equal to the ſpeech above-mentioned." Many of the company remembered the debate; and ſome paſſages were cited, with the approbation and applauſe of all preſent. During the ardour of converſation Johnſon remained ſilent. As ſoon as the warmth of praiſe ſubſided, he opened with theſe words. "That ſpeech I wrote in a garret in Exeter-"ſtreet." The company was ſtruck with aſtoniſhment. After ſtaring at each other in ſilent amaze, Dr. Francis aſked, "How "that ſpeech could be written by him?" "Sir," ſaid Johnſon, "I wrote it in Exeter-"ſtreet. I never had been in the gallery of

"the

" the Houſe of Commons but once. Cave had " intereſt with the door-keepers. He, and " the perſons employed under him, gained " admittance: they brought away the ſub- " ject of diſcuſſion, the names of the ſpeak- " ers, the ſide they took, and the order in " which they roſe, together with notes of " the arguments advanced in the courſe of " the debate. The whole was afterwards " communicated to me, and I compoſed the " ſpeeches in the form which they now have " in the Parliamentary debates." To this diſcovery Dr. Francis made anſwer: " Then, " Sir, you have exceeded Demoſthenes him- " ſelf; for to ſay, that you have exceeded " Francis's Demoſthenes, would be ſaying " nothing." The reſt of the company be- ſtowed laviſh encomiums on Johnſon: one, in particular, praiſed his impartiality; ob- ſerving, that he dealt out reaſon and elo- quence with an equal hand to both parties. " That is not quite true," ſaid Johnſon; " I " ſaved appearances tolerably well; but I " took care that the WHIG DOGS ſhould not " have the beſt of it." The ſale of the Ma- gazine was greatly increaſed by the Parlia- mentary debates, which were continued by

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Johnſon till the month of March, 1742-3. From that time the Magazine was conducted by Dr. Hawkeſworth.

In 1743-4, Oſborne, the bookſeller, who kept a ſhop in Gray's-Inn, purchaſed the Earl of Oxford's library, at the price of thirteen thouſand pounds. He projected a catalogue in five octavo volumes, at five ſhillings each. Johnſon was employed in that painful drudgery. He was likewiſe to collect all ſuch ſmall tracts as were in any degree worth preſerving, in order to reprint and publiſh the whole in a collection, called "The Harleian Miſcellany." The catalogue was completed; and the Miſcellany in 1749 was publiſhed in eight quarto volumes. In this buſineſs Johnſon was a day-labourer for immediate ſubſiſtence, not unlike Guſtavus Vaſa working in the mines of Dalicarlia. What Wilcox, a bookſeller of eminence in the Strand, ſaid to Johnſon, on his firſt arrival in town, was now almoſt confirmed. He lent our author five guineas, and then aſked him, "How do you mean to earn your live-"lihood in this town?" "By my literary "labours," was the anſwer. Wilcox, ſta-

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ring at him, ſhook his head: "By your li-"terary labours!—You had better buy a "porter's knot." Johnſon uſed to tell this anecdote to Mr. Nichols; but he ſaid, "Wil-"cox was one of my beſt friends, and he "meant well." In fact, Johnſon, while employed in Gray's Inn, may be ſaid to have carried a porter's knot. He pauſed occaſionally to peruſe the book that came to his hand. Oſborne thought that ſuch curioſity tended to nothing but delay, and objected to it with all the pride and inſolence of a man, who knew that he paid daily wages. In the diſpute, that of courſe enſued, Oſborne, with that roughneſs which was natural to him, enforced his argument by giving the lie. Johnſon ſeized a folio, and knocked the bookſeller down. This ſtory has been related as an inſtance of Johnſon's ferocity; but merit cannot always take the ſpurns of the unworthy with a patient ſpirit.

That the hiſtory of an author muſt be found in his works is, in general, a true obſervation; and was never more apparent than in the preſent narrative. Every æra of Johnſon's life is fixed by his writings. In 1744, he publiſhed the life of Savage; and then pro-

projected a new edition of Shakſpeare. As a prelude to this deſign, he publiſhed, in 1745, *Miſcellaneous Obſervations on the Tragedy of Macbeth, with Remarks on Sir Thomas Hanmer's Edition; to which were prefixed, Propoſals for a new Edition of Shakſpeare, with a Specimen.* Of this pamphlet Warburton, in the Preface to Shakſpeare, has given his opinion: "As "to all thoſe things, which have been pub-"liſhed under the title of Eſſays, Remarks, "Obſervations, &c. on Shakſpeare, if you "except ſome critical notes on *Macbeth*, "given as a ſpecimen of a projected edi-"tion, and written, as appears, by a man "of parts and genius, the reſt are abſo-"lutely below a ſerious notice." But the attention of the publick was not excited; there was no friend to promote a ſubſcription; and the project died, to revive at a future day. A new undertaking, however, was ſoon after propoſed; namely, an Engliſh Dictionary, upon an enlarged plan. Several of the moſt opulent bookſellers had meditated a work of this kind; and the agreement was ſoon adjuſted between the parties. Emboldened by this connection, Johnſon thought of a better habitation that he had hitherto

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known. He had lodged with his wife in courts and alleys about the Strand; but now, for the purpoſe of carrying on his arduous undertaking, and to be near his printer and friend Mr. Strahan, he ventured to take a houſe in Gough-ſquare, Fleet-ſtreet. He was told that the Earl of Cheſterfield was a friend to his undertaking; and, in conſequence of that intelligence, he publiſhed, in 1747, *The Plan of a Dictionary of the Engliſh Language, addreſſed to the Right Honourable Philip Dormer, Earl of Cheſterfield, one of his Majeſty's principal Secretaries of State.* Mr. Whitehead, afterwards Poet Laureat, undertook to convey the manuſcript to his Lordſhip: the conſequence was an invitation from Lord Cheſterfield to the author. A ſtronger contraſt of characters could not be brought together; the Nobleman, celebrated for his wit, and all the graces of polite behaviour; the Author, conſcious of his own merit, towering in idea above all competition, verſed in ſcholaſtic logic, but a ſtranger to the arts of polite converſation, uncouth, vehement, and vociferous. The coalition was too unnatural. Johnſon expected a Mæcenas, and was diſappointed. No patronage, no aſ-

ſiſtance followed. Viſits were repeated; but the reception was not cordial. Johnſon one day was left a full hour, waiting in an anti-chamber, till a gentleman ſhould retire, and leave his Lordſhip at leiſure. This was the famous Colley Cibber. Johnſon ſaw him go, and, fired with indignation, ruſhed out of the houſe. What Lord Cheſterfield thought of his viſitor may be ſeen in a paſſage in one of that Nobleman's letters to his ſon *. "There is a man, whoſe moral character, "deep learning, and ſuperior parts, I ac-"knowledge, admire, and reſpect; but "whom it is ſo impoſſible for me to love, "that I am almoſt in a fever whenever I am "in his company. His figure (without being "deformed) ſeems made to diſgrace or ridi-"cule the common ſtructure of the human "body. His legs and arms are never in the "poſition which, according to the ſituation "of his body, they ought to be in, but con-"ſtantly employed in committing acts of "hoſtility upon the Graces. He throws any "where, but down his throat, whatever he "means to drink; and mangles what he "means to carve. Inattentive to all the re-

* Letter CCXII.

"gards of ſocial life, he miſtimes and miſ-
"places every thing. He diſputes with heat
"indiſcriminately, mindleſs of the rank, cha-
"racter, and ſituation of thoſe with whom
"he diſputes. Abſolutely ignorant of the ſe-
"veral gradations of familiarity and reſpect,
"he is exactly the ſame to his ſuperiors, his
"equals, and his inferiors; and therefore,
"by a neceſſary conſequence, is abſurd to
"two of the three. Is it poſſible to love ſuch
"a man? No. The utmoſt I can do for
"him is, to conſider him a reſpectable Hot-
"tentot." Such was the idea entertained by Lord Cheſterfield. After the incident of Colley Cibber, Johnſon never repeated his viſits. In his high and deciſive tone, he has been often heard to ſay, "Lord Cheſterfield is a Wit "among Lords, and a Lord among Wits."

In the courſe of the year 1747, Garrick, in conjunction with Lacy, became patentee of Drury-lane Playhouſe. For the opening of the theatre, at the uſual time, Johnſon wrote for his friend the well-known prologue, which, to ſay no more of it, may at leaſt be placed on a level with Pope's to the tragedy of Cato. The playhouſe being now under

Garrick's direction, Johnson thought the opportunity fair to think of his tragedy of Irene, which was his whole stock on his first arrival in town, in the year 1737. That play was accordingly put into rehearsal in January 1749. As a precursor to prepare the way, and awaken the public attention, *The Vanity of Human Wishes*, a Poem in Imitation of the Tenth Satire of Juvenal, by the Author of *London*, was published in the same month. In the Gentleman's Magazine, for February, 1749, we find that the tragedy of *Irene* was acted at Drury-lane, on Monday, February the 6th, and from that time, without interruption, to Monday, February the 20th, being, in all thirteen nights. Since that time it has not been exhibited on any stage. *Irene* may be added to some other plays in our language, which have lost their place in the theatre, but continue to please in the closet. During the representation of this piece, Johnson attended every night behind the scenes. Conceiving that his character, as an author, required some ornament for his person, he chose, upon that occasion, to decorate himself with a handsome waistcoat, and a gold-laced hat. The late Mr. Topham Beau-

Beauclerc, who had a great deal of that humour which pleafes the more for feeming undefigned, ufed to give a pleafant defcription of this Green-room finery, as related by the author himfelf; "But," faid Johnfon, with great gravity, "I foon laid afide my "gold-laced hat, left it fhould make me "proud." The amount of the three benefit nights for the tragedy of *Irene*, it is to be feared, was not very confiderable, as the profit, that ftimulating motive, never invited the author to another dramatic attempt. Some years afterwards, when the prefent writer was intimate with Garrick, and knew Johnfon to be in diftrefs, he afked the manager why he did not produce another tragedy for his Lichfield friend? Garrick's anfwer was remarkable: "When "Johnfon writes *tragedy*, *declamation roars*, "*and paffion fleeps:* when Shakfpeare wrote, "he dipped his pen in his own heart."

There may, perhaps, be a degree of famenefs in this regular way of tracing an author from one work to another, and the reader may feel the effect of a tedious monotony; but in the life of Johnfon there are no other

landmarks. He was now forty years old, and had mixed but little with the world. He followed no profeſſion, tranſacted no buſineſs, and was a ſtranger to what is called a town-life. We are now arrived at the brighteſt period he had hitherto known. His name broke out upon mankind with a degree of luſtre that promiſed a triumph over all his difficulties. The Life of Savage was admired as a beautiful and inſtructive piece of biography. The two Imitations of Juvenal were thought to rival even the excellence of Pope; and the tragedy of *Irene*, though unintereſting on the ſtage, was univerſally admired in the cloſet, for the propriety of the ſentiments, the richneſs of the language, and the general harmony of the whole compoſition. His fame was widely diffuſed; and he had made his agreement with the bookſellers for his Engliſh Dictionary at the ſum of fifteen hundred guineas; part of which was to be, from time to time, advanced in proportion to the progreſs of the work. This was a certain fund for his ſupport, without being obliged to write fugitive pieces for the petty ſupplies of the day. Accordingly we find that, in 1749, he eſtabliſhed a club, con-

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ſiſting of ten in number, at Horſeman's, in Ivy-lane, on every Tueſday evening. This is the firſt ſcene of ſocial life to which Johnſon can be traced out of his own houſe. The members of this little ſociety were, Samuel Johnſon; Dr. Salter (father of the late Maſter of the Charter-houſe); Dr. Hawkeſworth; Mr. Ryland, a merchant; Mr. Payne, bookſeller, in Pater-noſter-row; Mr. Samuel Dyer, a learned young man; Dr. William M'Ghie, a Scotch phyſician; Dr. Edmund Barker, a young phyſician; Dr. Bathurſt, another young phyſician; and Sir John Hawkins. This liſt is given by Sir John, as it ſhould ſeem, with no other view than to draw a ſpiteful and malevolent character of almoſt every one of them. Mr. Dyer, whom Sir John ſays he loved with the affection of a brother, meets with the harſheſt treatment, becauſe it was his maxim, that *to live in peace with mankind, and in a temper to do good offices, was the moſt eſſential part of our duty*. That notion of moral goodneſs gave umbrage to Sir John Hawkins, and drew down upon the memory of his friend the bittereſt imputations. Mr. Dyer, however, was admired and loved through life.

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He was a man of literature. Johnſon loved to enter with him into a diſcuſſion of metaphyſical, moral, and critical ſubjects; in thoſe conflicts, exerciſing his talents, and, according to his cuſtom, always contending for victory. Dr. Bathurſt was the perſon on whom Johnſon fixed his affection. He hardly ever ſpoke of him without tears in his eyes. It was from him, who was a native of Jamaica, that Johnſon received into his ſervice Frank, the black ſervant, whom, on account of his maſter, he valued to the end of his life. At the time of inſtituting the club in Ivy-lane, Johnſon had projected the *Rambler*. The title was moſt probably ſuggeſted by the *Wanderer*; a poem which he mentions, with the warmeſt praiſe, in the Life of Savage. With the ſame ſpirit of independence with which he wiſhed to live, it was now his pride to write. He communicated his plan to none of his friends; he deſired no aſſiſtance, relying entirely on his own fund, and the protection of the Divine Being, which he implored in a ſolemn form of prayer, compoſed by himſelf for the occaſion. Having formed a reſolution to undertake a work that might be of uſe and ho-

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nour to his country, he thought, with Milton, that this was not to be obtained "but "by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit "that can enrich with all utterance and "knowledge, and ſend out his ſeraphim "with the hallowed fire of his altar, to "touch and purify the lips of whom he "pleaſes."

Having invoked the ſpecial protection of Heaven, and by that act of piety fortified his mind, he began the great work of the *Rambler*. The firſt number was publiſhed on Tueſday, March the 20th, 1750; and from that time was continued regularly every Tueſday and Saturday for the ſpace of two years, when it finally cloſed on Saturday, March 14, 1752. As it began with motives of piety, ſo it appears, that the ſame religious ſpirit glowed with unabating ardour to the laſt. His concluſion is: "The Eſſays profeſſedly "ſerious, if I have been able to execute my "own intentions, will be found exactly con-"formable to the precepts of Chriſtianity, "without any accommodation to the licen-"tiouſneſs and levity of the preſent age. I "therefore look back on this part of my

"work with pleaſure, which no man ſhall "diminiſh or augment. I ſhall never envy "the honours which wit and learning obtain "in any other cauſe, if I can be numbered "among the writers who have given ardour "to virtue, and confidence to truth." The whole number of Eſſays amounted to two hundred and eight. Addiſon's, in the Spectator, are more in number, but not half in point of quantity: Addiſon was not bound to publiſh on ſtated days; he could watch the ebb and flow of his genius, and ſend his paper to the preſs when his own taſte was ſatisfied. Johnſon's caſe was very different. He wrote ſingly and alone. In the whole progreſs of the work he did not receive more than ten eſſays. This was a ſcanty contribution. For the reſt, the author has deſcribed his ſituation: "He that condemns himſelf "to compoſe on a ſtated day, will often "bring to his taſk an attention diſſipated, a "memory embarraſſed, an imagination over-"whelmed, a mind diſtracted with anxieties, "a body languiſhing with diſeaſe: he will "labour on a barren topic, till it is too late "to change it; or, in the ardour of invention, "diffuſe his thoughts into wild exuberance,

"which

"which the preſſing hour of publication can-
"not ſuffer judgement to examine or re-
"duce." Of this excellent production the number ſold on each day did not amount to five hundred: of courſe the bookſeller, who paid the author four guineas a week, did not carry on a ſucceſsful trade. His generoſity and perſeverance deſerve to be commended; and happily, when the collection appeared in volumes, were amply rewarded. Johnſon lived to ſee his labours flouriſh in a tenth edition. His poſterity, as an ingenious French writer has ſaid on a ſimilar occaſion began in his life-time.

In the beginning of 1750, ſoon after the *Rambler* was ſet on foot, Johnſon was induced by the arts of a vile impoſtor to lend his aſſiſtance, during a temporary deluſion, to a fraud not to be paralleled in the annals of literature. One LAUDER, a native of Scotland, who had been a teacher in the Univerſity of EDINBURGH, had conceived a mortal antipathy to the name and character of Milton. His reaſon was, becauſe the prayer of Pamela, in Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia, was, as he ſuppoſed, maliciouſly inſerted by the great

great poet in an edition of the Eikon Basilike, in order to fix an imputation of impiety on the memory of the murdered king. Fired with resentment, and willing to reap the profits of a gross imposition, this man collected from several Latin poets, such as Masenius the Jesuit, Staphorstius a Dutch divine, Beza, and others, all such passages as bore any kind of resemblance to different places in the Paradise Lost; and these he published, from time to time, in the Gentleman's Magazine, with occasional interpolations of lines, which he himself translated from Milton. The public credulity swallowed all with eagerness; and Milton was supposed to be guilty of plagiarism from inferior modern writers. The fraud succeeded so well, that Lauder collected the whole into a volume, and advertised it under the title of "*An Essay on Milton's Use and Imitation of* "*the Moderns, in his Paradise Lost; dedicated* "*to the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge.*" While the book was in the press, the proof-sheets were shewn to Johnson at the Ivy-lane Club, by Payne, the bookseller, who was one of the members. No man in that society was in possession of the authors from whom Lauder

Lauder profeſſed to make his extracts. The charge was believed, and the contriver of it found his way to Johnſon, who is repreſented by Sir John Hawkins, not indeed as an accomplice in the fraud, but, through motives of malignity to Milton, delighting in the detection, and exulting that the poet's reputation would ſuffer by the diſcovery. More malice to a deceaſed friend cannot well be imagined. Hawkins adds, "*that he wiſhed* "*well to the argument muſt be inferred from* "*the preface, which indubitably was written* "*by him.*" The preface, it is well known, was written by Johnſon, and for that reaſon is inſerted in this edition. But if Johnſon approved of the argument, it was no longer than while he believed it founded in truth. Let us advert to his own words in that very preface. "Among the enquiries to which "the ardour of criticiſm has naturally given "occaſion, none is more obſcure in itſelf, or "more worthy of rational curioſity, than a "retroſpection of the progreſs of this mighty "genius in the conſtruction of his work; a "view of the fabric gradually riſing, per- "haps from ſmall beginnings, till its foun- "dation reſts in the centre, and its turrets

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"ſparkle in the ſkies; to trace back the "ſtructure, through all its varieties, to the "ſimplicity of the firſt plan; to find what "was projected, whence the ſcheme was ta- "ken, how it was improved, by what aſſiſt- "ance it was executed, and from what ſtores "the materials were collected; whether its "founder dug them from the quarries of "nature, or demoliſhed other buildings to "embelliſh his own." Theſe were the motives that induced Johnſon to aſſiſt Lauder with a preface: and are not theſe the motives of a critic and a ſcholar? What reader of taſte, what man of real knowledge, would not think his time well employed in an enquiry ſo curious, ſo intereſting, and inſtructive? If Lauder's facts were really true, who would not be glad, without the ſmalleſt tincture of malevolence, to receive real information? It is painful to be thus obliged to vindicate a man who, in his heart, towered above the petty arts of fraud and impoſition, againſt an injudicious biographer, who undertook to be his editor, and the protector of his memory. Another writer, Dr. Towers, in an Eſſay on the Life and Character of Dr. Johnſon, ſeems to countenance this

this calumny. He ſays, *It can hardly be doubted, but that Johnſon's averſion to Milton's politics was the cauſe of that alacrity with which he joined with Lauder in his infamous attack on our great epic poet, and which induced him to aſſiſt in that tranſaction.* Theſe words would ſeem to deſcribe an accomplice, were they not immediately followed by an expreſs declaration, that Johnſon was *unacquainted with the impoſture.* Dr. Towers adds, *It ſeems to have been by way of making ſome compenſation to the memory of Milton, for the ſhare he had in the attack of Lauder, that Johnſon wrote the prologue, ſpoken by Garrick, at Drury-lane Theatre,* 1750, *on the performance of the Maſque of Comus, for the benefit of Milton's grand-daughter.* Dr. Towers is not free from prejudice; but, as Shakſpeare has it, "he be-"gets a temperance, to give it ſmoothneſs." He is, therefore, entitled to a diſpaſſionate anſwer. When Johnſon wrote the prologue, it does appear that he was aware of the malignant artifices practiſed by Lauder. In the poſtſcript to Johnſon's preface, a ſubſcription is propoſed, for relieving the grand-daughter of the author of Paradiſe Loſt. Dr. Towers will agree that this ſhews John-

Johnſon's alacrity in doing good. That alacrity ſhewed itſelf again in the letter printed in the European Magazine, January, 1785, and there ſaid to have appeared originally in the General Advertiſer, 4th April, 1750, by which the publick were invited to embrace the opportunity of paying a juſt regard to the illuſtrious dead, united with the pleaſure of doing good to the living. The letter adds, "To aſſiſt induſtrious indigence, ſtrug-"gling with diſtreſs, and debilitated by age, "is a diſplay of virtue, and an acquiſition of "happineſs and honour. Whoever, there-"fore, would be thought capable of plea-"ſure in reading the works of our incom-"parable Milton, and not ſo deſtitute of "gratitude as to refuſe to lay out a trifle, in "a rational and elegant entertainment, for "the benefit of his living remains, for the "exerciſe of their own virtue, the increaſe "of their reputation, and the conſciouſneſs "of doing good, ſhould appear at Drury-"lane Theatre, to-morrow, April 5, when "Comus will be performed for the benefit of "Mrs. Elizabeth Foſter, grand-daughter to "the author, and the only ſurviving branch "of his family. *Nota bene*, there will be a

"new

"new prologue on the occaſion, written by "the author of Irene, and ſpoken by Mr. "Garrick." The man, who had thus exerted himſelf to ſerve the grand-daughter, cannot be ſuppoſed to have entertained perſonal malice to the grand-father. It is true, that the malevolence of Lauder, as well as the impoſtures of Archibald Bower, were fully detected by the labours, in the cauſe of truth, of the Rev. Dr. Douglas, now Lord Biſhop of Saliſbury.

——— "Diram qui contudit Hydram,
"Notaque fatali portenta labore ſubegit."

But the pamphlet, entituled, *Milton vindicated from the Charge of Plagiariſm brought againſt him by Mr. Lauder, and Lauder himſelf convicted of ſeveral Forgeries and groſs Impoſitions on the Publick, by John Douglas, M. A. Rector of Eaton Conſtantine, Salop*, was not publiſhed till the year 1751. In that work, p. 77. Dr. Douglas ſays: "It is to "be hoped, nay, it is *expected*, that the ele- "gant and nervous writer, whoſe judicious "ſentiments and inimitable ſtyle point out "the author of Lauder's preface and poſt- "ſcript, will no longer allow A MAN to "*plume himſelf with his feathers*, who ap- "pears ſo little to have deſerved his aſſiſt-

"ance; an aſſiſtance which I am perſuaded "would never have been communicated, "had there been the leaſt ſuſpicion of thoſe "facts, which I have been the inſtrument "of conveying to the world." We have here a contemporary teſtimony to the integrity of Dr. Johnſon throughout the whole of that vile tranſaction. What was the conſequence of the requiſition made by Dr. Douglas? Johnſon, whoſe ruling paſſion may be ſaid to be the love of truth, convinced Lauder, that it would be more to his intereſt to make a full confeſſion of his guilt, than to ſtand forth the convicted champion of a lye; and for this purpoſe he drew up, in the ſtrongeſt terms, a recantation in a Letter to the Rev. Mr. Douglas, which Lauder ſigned, and publiſhed in the year 1751. That piece will remain a laſting memorial of the abhorrence with which Johnſon beheld a violation of truth. Mr. Nichols, whoſe attachment to his illuſtrious friend was unwearied, ſhewed him in 1780 a book, called *Remarks on Johnſon's Life of Milton*, in which the affair of Lauder was renewed with virulence, and a *poetical ſcale* in the Literary Magazine 1758 (when Johnſon had ceaſed to write in that collection) was urged as an additional proof

of

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of deliberate malice. He read the libellous paſſage with attention, and inſtantly wrote on the margin: "In the buſineſs of Lauder "I was deceived, partly by thinking the "man too frantic to be fraudulent. Of the "*poetical ſcale* quoted from the Magazine I "am not the author. I fancy it was put in "after I had quitted that work; for I not "only did not write it, but I do not re-"member it." As a critic and a ſcholar, Johnſon was willing to receive what numbers at the time believed to be true information: when he found that the whole was a forgery, he renounced all connection with the author.

In March 1752, he felt a ſevere ſtroke of affliction in the death of his wife. The laſt number of the Rambler, as already mentioned, was on the 14th of that month. The loſs of Mrs. Johnſon was then approaching, and, probably, was the cauſe that put an end to thoſe admirable periodical eſſays. It appears that ſhe died on the 28th of March: in a memorandum, at the foot of the Prayers and Meditations, that is called her Dying Day. She was buried at Bromley, under the care of Dr. Hawkeſworth. Johnſon placed

a Latin inſcription on her tomb, in which he celebrated her beauty. With the ſingularity of his prayers for his deceaſed wife, from that time to the end of his days, the world is ſufficiently acquainted. On Eaſter-day, 22d April, 1764, his memorandum ſays: "Thought on Tetty, poor dear Tetty! with "my eyes full. Went to Church. After ſer-"mon I recommended Tetty in a prayer by "herſelf; and my father, mother, brother, "and Bathurſt, in another. I did it only "once, ſo far as it might be lawful for me." In a prayer, January 23, 1759, the day on which his mother was buried, he commends, as far as may be lawful, her ſoul to God, imploring for her whatever is moſt beneficial to her in her preſent ſtate. In this habit he perſevered to the end of his days. The Rev. Mr. Strahan, the editor of the Prayers and Meditations, obſerves, "That Johnſon, on "ſome occaſions, prays that the Almighty "*may have had mercy* on his wife and Mr. "Thrale; evidently ſuppoſing their ſentence "to have been already paſſed in the Divine "Mind; and, by conſequence, proving, that "he had no belief in a ſtate of purgatory, "and no reaſon for praying for the dead "that could impeach the ſincerity of his "pro-

" profeſſion as a Proteſtant." Mr. Strahan adds, " That, in praying for the regretted " tenants of the grave, Johnſon conformed " to a practice which has been retained by " many learned members of the Eſtabliſhed " Church, though the Liturgy no longer " admits it. *If where the tree falleth, there it* " *ſhall be*; if our ſtate, at the cloſe of life, is " to be the meaſure of our final ſentence, " then prayers for the dead, being viſibly " fruitleſs, can be regarded only as the vain " oblations of ſuperſtition. But of allſuper- " ſtitions this, perhaps, is one of the leaſt " unamiable, and moſt incident to a good " mind. If our ſenſations of kindneſs be " intenſe, thoſe, whom we have revered and " loved, death cannot wholly ſeclude from " our concern. It is true, for the reaſon " juſt mentioned, ſuch evidences of our ſur- " viving affection may be thought ill-judged; " but ſurely they are generous, and ſome " natural tenderneſs is due even to a ſuper- " ſtition, which thus originates in piety and " benevolence." Theſe ſentences, extract- ed from the Rev. Mr. Strahan's preface, if they are not a full juſtification, are, at leaſt, a beautiful apology. It will not be impro- per to add what Johnſon himſelf has ſaid on

the ſubject. Being aſked by Mr. Boſwell*, what he thought of purgatory as believed by the Roman Catholics? His anſwer was, "It is a very harmleſs doctrine. They are "of opinion, that the generality of man-"kind are neither ſo obſtinately wicked as "to deſerve everlaſting puniſhment; nor ſo "good as to merit being admitted into the "ſociety of bleſſed ſpirits; and, therefore, "that God is graciouſly pleaſed to allow a "middle ſtate, where they may be purified "by certain degrees of ſuffering. You ſee "there is nothing unreaſonable in this; and "if it be once eſtabliſhed that there are ſouls "in purgatory, it is as proper to pray for "them, as for our brethren of mankind, "who are yet in this life." This was Dr. Johnſon's gueſs into futurity; and to gueſs is the utmoſt that man can do. *Shadows, clouds, and darkneſs, reſt upon it.*

Mrs. Johnſon left a daughter, Lucy Porter, by her firſt huſband. She had contracted a friendſhip with Mrs. Anne Williams, the daughter of Zachary Williams, a phyſician of eminence in South Wales, who had devoted more than thirty years of a

* Life of Johnſon, Vol. I. p. 328.

long

long life to the ſtudy of the longitude, and was thought to have made great advances towards that important diſcovery. His letters to Lord Halifax, and the Lords of the Admiralty, partly corrected and partly written by Dr. Johnſon, are ſtill extant in the hands of Mr. Nichols*. We there find Dr. Williams, in the eighty-third year of his age, ſtating, that he had prepared an inſtrument, which might be called an epitome or miniature of the terraqueous globe, ſhewing, with the aſſiſtance of tables conſtructed by himſelf, the variations of the magnetic needle, and aſcertaining the longitude for the ſafety of navigation. It appears that this ſcheme had been referred to Sir Iſaac Newton; but that great philoſopher excuſing himſelf on account of his advanced age, all applications were uſeleſs till 1751, when the ſubject was referred, by order of Lord Anſon, to Dr. Bradley, the celebrated profeſſor of aſtronomy. His report was unfavourable†, though it allows that a conſiderable progreſs had been made. Dr. Williams, after all his labour and expence, died in a ſhort time after, a melancholy inſtance of unrewarded

* See Gentleman's Magazine for Nov. and Dec. 1787.

† Ibid. for Dec. 1787, p. 1042.

 merit.

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merit. His daughter possessed uncommon talents, and, though blind, had an alacrity of mind that made her conversation agreeable, and even desirable. To relieve and appease melancholy reflections, Johnson took her home to his house in Gough-square. In 1755, Garrick gave her a benefit-play, which produced two hundred pounds. In 1766, she published, by subscription, a quarto volume of Miscellanies, and increased her little stock to three hundred pounds. That fund, with Johnson's protection, supported her through the remainder of her life.

During the two years in which the Rambler was carried on, the Dictionary proceeded by slow degrees. In May 1752, having composed a prayer preparatory to his return from tears and sorrow to the duties of life, he resumed his grand design, and went on with vigour, giving, however, occasional assistance to his friend Dr. Hawkesworth in the Adventurer, which began soon after the Rambler was laid aside. Some of the most valuable essays in that collection were from the pen of Johnson. The Dictionary was completed towards the end of 1754; and, Cave being then no more, it was a mortification to the author of that noble addition

to our language, that his old friend did not live to ſee the triumph of his labours. In May 1755, that great work was publiſhed. Johnſon was deſirous that it ſhould come from one who had obtained academical honours; and for that purpoſe, his friend the Rev. Thomas Warton obtained for him, in the preceding month of February, a diploma for a maſter's degree from the Univerſity of Oxford. Garrick, on the publication of the Dictionary, wrote the following lines:

"Talk of war with a Briton, he'll boldly advance,
"That one Engliſh ſoldier can beat ten of France.
"Would we alter the boaſt from the ſword to the
"pen,
"Our odds are ſtill greater, ſtill greater our men.
"In the deep mines of ſcience though Frenchmen
"may toil,
"Can their ſtrength be compar'd to Locke, New-
"ton, or Boyle?
"Let them rally their heroes, ſend forth all their
"pow'rs,
"Their verſemen and proſemen, then match them
"with ours.
"Firſt Shakſpeare and Milton, like Gods in the fight,
"Have put their whole drama and epic to flight.
"In ſatires, epiſtles, and odes, would they cope?
"Their numbers retreat before Dryden and Pope.

"And

" And Johnſon well arm'd, like a hero of yore,
" Has beat Forty French, and will beat Forty more."

It is, perhaps, needleſs to mention, that Forty was the number of the French Academy, at the time when their Dictionary was publiſhed to ſettle their language.

In the courſe of the winter preceding this grand publication, the late Earl of Cheſterfield gave two eſſays in the periodical Paper, called THE WORLD, dated November 28, and December 5, 1754, to prepare the publick for ſo important a work. The original plan, addreſſed to his Lordſhip in the year 1747, is there mentioned in terms of the higheſt praiſe; and this was underſtood, at the time, to be a courtly way of ſoliciting a dedication of the Dictionary to himſelf. Johnſon treated this civility with diſdain. He ſaid to Garrick and others, "I "have ſailed a long and painful voyage "round the world of the Engliſh language; "and does he now ſend out two cockboats "to tow me into harbour?" He had ſaid, in the laſt number of the Rambler, "that, "having laboured to maintain the dignity of "virtue, I will not now degrade it by the "meanneſs of dedication." Such a man,

when he had finiſhed his Dictionary, " not," as he ſays himſelf, " in the ſoft obſcurities of " retirement, or under the ſhelter of acade- " mic bowers, but amidſt inconvenience and " diſtraction, in ſickneſs and in ſorrow, and " without the patronage of the great," was not likely to be caught by the lure thrown out by Lord Cheſterfield. He had in vain ſought the patronage of that nobleman; and his pride, exaſperated by diſappointment, drew from him the following letter, dated in the month of February, 1755.

" To the Right Honourable the Earl of
" CHESTERFIELD.

" MY LORD,

" I have been lately informed, by the pro- " prietors of the World, that two papers, " in which my Dictionary is recommended " to the publick, were written by your " Lordſhip. To be ſo diſtinguiſhed is an " honour which, being very little accuſ- " tomed to favours from the great, I know " not well how to receive, or in what terms " to acknowledge.

" When upon ſome ſlight encouragement, " I firſt viſited your Lordſhip, I was over- " powered, like the reſt of mankind, by the

" enchant-

" enchantment of your addreſs, and could " not forbear to wiſh, that I might boaſt " myſelf *le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*; " that I might obtain that regard for which " I ſaw the world contending. But I found " my attendance ſo little encouraged, that " neither pride, nor modeſty, would ſuffer " me to continue it. When I had once ad- " dreſſed your Lordſhip in public, I had ex- " hauſted all the art of pleaſing, which a " retired and uncourtly ſcholar can poſſeſs. " I had done all that I could; and no man " is well pleaſed to have his all neglected, " be it ever ſo little.

" Seven years, my Lord, have now paſſed " ſince I waited in your outward room, or was " repulſed from your door; during which " time I have been puſhing on my work " through difficulties, of which it is uſeleſs to " complain, and have brought it at laſt to the " verge of publication, without one act of " aſſiſtance, one word of encouragement, or " one ſmile of favour. Such treatment I did " not expect, for I never had a patron before.

" The Shepherd in Virgil grew acquaint- " ed with Love, and found him a native of " the rocks.

" Is

" Is not a patron, my Lord, one who looks " with unconcern on a man ſtruggling for " life in the water, and, when he has reached " ground, encumbers him with help? The " notice which you have been pleaſed to take " of my labours, had it been early, had been " kind; but it has been delayed till I am " indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am " ſolitary, and cannot impart it; till I am " known, and do not want it. I hope it is " no very cynical aſperity not to confeſs ob- " ligations where no benefit has been re- " ceived; or to be unwilling that the pub- " lick ſhould conſider me as owing that to a " patron, which Providence has enabled me " to do for myſelf.

" Having carried on my work thus far " with ſo little obligation to any favourer of " learning, I ſhall not be diſappointed, " though I ſhould conclude it, if leſs be poſ- " ſible, with leſs; for I have been long wa- " kened from that dream of hope, in which I " once boaſted myſelf with ſo much exul- " tation,

" My Lord,

" Your Lordſhip's moſt humble
" and moſt obedient ſervant,
" Samuel Johnson."

It

It is ſaid, upon good authority, that Johnſon once received from Lord Cheſterfield the ſum of ten pounds. It were to be wiſhed that the ſecret had never tranſpired. It was mean to receive it, and meaner to give it. It may be imagined, that for Johnſon's ferocity, as it has been called, there was ſome foundation in his finances; and, as his Dictionary was brought to a concluſion, that money was now to flow in upon him. The reverſe was the caſe. For his ſubſiſtence, during the progreſs of the work, he had received at different times the amount of his contract; and when his receipts were produced to him at a tavern-dinner, given by the bookſellers, it appeared, that he had been paid a hundred pounds and upwards more than his due. The author of a book, called *Lexiphanes*, written by a Mr. Campbell, a Scotchman, and purſer of a man of war, endeavoured to blaſt his laurels, but in vain. The world applauded, and Johnſon never replied. "Abuſe," he ſaid, "is of-"ten of ſervice: there is nothing ſo dange-"rous to an author as ſilence; his name, "like a ſhuttlecock, muſt be beat backward "and forward, or it falls to the ground." Lexiphanes profeſſed to be an imitation of the

the pleaſant manner of Lucian; but humour was not the talent of the writer of Lexiphanes. As Dryden ſays, "He had too much horſe-play in his raillery."

It was in the ſummer 1754, that the preſent writer became acquainted with Dr. Johnſon. The cauſe of his firſt viſit is related by Mrs. Piozzi nearly in the following manner. "Mr. Murphy being engaged in "a periodical paper, the Gray's-Inn Jour-"nal, was at a friend's houſe in the coun-"try, and, not being diſpoſed to loſe plea-"ſure for buſineſs, wiſhed to content his "bookſeller by ſome unſtudied eſſay. He "therefore took up a French *Journal Lité-"raire*, and, tranſlating ſomething he liked, "ſent it away to town. Time, however, diſ-"covered that he tranſlated from the French "a Rambler, which had been taken from "the Engliſh without acknowledgement. "Upon this diſcovery Mr. Murphy thought "it right to make his excuſes to Dr. John-"ſon. He went next day, and found him "covered with ſoot, like a chimney-ſweeper, "in a little room, as if he had been acting "Lungs in the Alchymiſt, *making æther*. "This being told by Mr. Murphy in com-

"pany,

"pany, Come, come, said Dr. Johnson, "the story is black enough; but it was a "happy day that brought you first to my "house." After this first visit, the author of this narrative by degrees grew intimate with Dr. Johnson. The first striking sentence, that he heard from him, was in a few days after the publication of Lord Bolingbroke's posthumous works. Mr. Garrick asked him, "If he had seen them?" "Yes, "I have seen them." "What do you think "of them?" "Think of them!" He made a long pause, and then replied: "Think "of them! A scoundrel and a coward! A "scoundrel, who spent his life in charging "a gun against Christianity; and a coward, "who was afraid of hearing the report of his "own gun; but left half a crown to a hungry Scotchman to draw the trigger after his "death." His mind, at this time strained and over-laboured by constant exertion, called for an interval of repose and indolence. But indolence was the time of danger: it was then that his spirits, not employed abroad, turned with inward hostility against himself. His reflections on his own life and conduct were always severe; and, wishing to be immaculate, he

he deſtroyed his own peace by unneceſſary ſcruples. He tells us, that when he ſurveyed his paſt life, he diſcovered nothing but a barren waſte of time, with ſome diſorders of body, and diſturbances of mind, very near to madneſs. His life, he ſays, from his earlieſt years, was waſted in a morning bed; and his reigning ſin was a general ſluggiſhneſs, to which he was always inclined, and, in part of his life, almoſt compelled, by morbid melancholy, and wearineſs of mind. This was his conſtitutional malady, derived, perhaps, from his father, who was, at times, overcaſt with a gloom that bordered on inſanity. When to this it is added, that Johnſon, about the age of twenty, drew up a deſcription of his infirmities, for Dr. Swinfen, at that time an eminent phyſician in Staffordſhire; and received an anſwer to his letter, importing, that the ſymptoms indicated a future privation of reaſon; who can wonder that he was troubled with melancholy and dejection of ſpirit? An apprehenſion of the worſt calamity that can befal human nature hung over him all the reſt of his life, like the ſword of the tyrant ſuſpended over his gueſt. In his ſixtieth year he had a mind to write the hiſtory of his

melancholy; but he desisted, not knowing whether it would not too much disturb him. In a Latin poem, however, to which he has prefixed as a title, ΓΝΩΘΙ ΣΕΑΥΤΟΝ, he has left a picture, of himself, drawn with as much truth, and as firm a hand, as can be seen in the portraits of Hogarth or Sir Joshua Reynolds. The learned reader will find the original poem in this volume, p. 178; and it is hoped, that a translation, or rather, imitation, of so curious a piece will not be improper in this place.

KNOW YOURSELF.

(AFTER REVISING AND ENLARGING THE ENGLISH LEXICON, OR DICTIONARY.)

When Scaliger, whole years of labour past,
Beheld his Lexicon complete at last,
And weary of his task, with wond'ring eyes,
Saw from words pil'd on words a fabric rise,
He curs'd the industry, inertly strong,
In creeping toil that could persist so long,
And if, enrag'd he cried, Heav'n meant to shed
Its keenest vengeance on the guilty head,
The drudgery of words the damn'd would know,
Doom'd to write Lexicons in endless woe*.

* See Scaliger's Epigram on this subject, communicated without doubt by Dr. Johnson. Gent. Mag. 1748, p. 8.

Yes,

Yes, you had caufe, great Genius! to repent;
" You loft good days, that might be better fpent;"
You well might grudge the hours of ling'ring pain,
And view your learned labours with difdain.
To you were giv'n the large expanded mind,
The flame of genius, and the tafte refin'd.
'Twas yours on eagle wings aloft to foar,
And amidft rolling worlds the Great Firft Caufe explore;
To fix the æras of recorded time,
And live in ev'ry age and ev'ry clime;
Record the Chiefs, who propt their Country's caufe;
Who founded Empires, and eftablifh'd Laws;
To learn whate'er the Sage with virtue fraught,
Whate'er the Mufe of moral wifdom taught.
Thefe were your quarry; thefe to you were known,
And the world's ample volume was your own.

Yet warn'd by me, ye pigmy Wits, beware,
Nor with immortal Scaliger compare.
For me, though his example ftrike my view,
Oh! not for me his footfteps to purfue.
Whether firft Nature, unpropitious, cold,
This clay compounded in a ruder mould;
Or the flow current, loit'ring at my heart,
No gleam of wit or fancy can impart;
Whate'er the caufe, from me no numbers flow,
No vifions warm me, and no raptures glow.

A mind like Scaliger's, ſuperior ſtill,
No grief could conquer, no misfortune chill.
Though for the maze of words his native ſkies
He ſeem'd to quit, 'twas but again to riſe;
To mount once more to the bright ſource of day,
And view the wonders of th' ætherial way.
The love of Fame his gen'rous boſom fir'd;
Each Science hail'd him, and each Muſe inſpir'd.
For him the Sons of Learning trimm'd the bays,
And Nations grew harmonious in his praiſe.

My taſk perform'd, and all my labours o'er,
For me what lot has Fortune now in ſtore?
The liſtleſs will ſucceeds, that worſt diſeaſe,
The rack of indolence, the ſluggiſh eaſe.
Care grows on care, and o'er my aching brain
Black Melancholy pours her morbid train.
No kind relief, no lenitive at hand,
I ſeek at midnight clubs, the ſocial Band;
But midnight clubs, where wit with noiſe conſpires,
Where Comus revels, and where wine inſpires,
Delight no more: I ſeek my lonely bed,
And call on Sleep to ſooth my languid head.
But Sleep from theſe ſad lids flies far away;
I mourn all night, and dread the coming day.
Exhauſted, tir'd, I throw my eyes around,
To find ſome vacant ſpot on claſſic ground;
And ſoon, vain hope! I form a grand deſign;
Languor ſucceeds, and all my pow'rs decline.

If

If Science open not her richeſt vein,
Without materials all our toil is vain.
A form to rugged ſtone when Phidias gives,
Beneath his touch a new creation lives.
Remove his marble, and his genius dies;
With Nature then no breathing ſtatue vies.

Whate'er I plan, I feel my pow'rs confin'd
By Fortune's frown and penury of mind.
I boaſt no knowledge glean'd with toil and ſtrife,
That bright reward of a well-acted life.
I view myſelf, while Reaſon's feeble light
Shoots a pale glimmer through the gloom of night,
While paſſions, error, phantoms of the brain,
And vain opinions, fill the dark domain;
A dreary void, where fears with grief combin'd
Waſte all within, and deſolate the mind.

What then remains? Muſt I in ſlow decline
To mute inglorious eaſe old age reſign?
Or, bold Ambition kindling in my breaſt,
Attempt ſome arduous taſk? Or, were it beſt
Brooding o'er Lexicons to paſs the day,
And in that labour drudge my life away?

Such is the picture for which Dr. Johnſon ſat to himſelf. He gives the prominent features of his character; his laſſitude, his mor-

bid melancholy, his love of fame, his dejection, his tavern-parties, and his wandering reveries, *Vacuæ mala ſomnia mentis*, about which ſo much has been written; all are painted in miniature, but in vivid colours, by his own hand. His idea of writing more Dictionaries was not merely ſaid in verſe. Mr. Hamilton, who was at that time an eminent printer, and well acquainted with Dr. Johnſon, remembers that he engaged in a Commercial Dictionary, and, as appears by the receipts in his poſſeſſion, was paid his price for ſeveral ſheets; but he ſoon relinquiſhed the undertaking. It is probable, that he found himſelf not ſufficiently verſed in that branch of knowledge.

He was again reduced to the expedient of ſhort compoſitions for the ſupply of the day. The writer of this narrative has now before him a letter in Dr. Johnſon's hand-writing, which ſhews the diſtreſs and melancholy ſituation of the man, who had written the Rambler, and finiſhed the great work of his Dictionary. The letter is directed to Mr. Richardſon (the author of Clariſſa), and is as follows:

"SIR,

"SIR,

"I am obliged to entreat your aſſiſtance. "I am now under an arreſt for five pounds "eighteen ſhillings. Mr. Strahan, from "whom I ſhould have received the neceſſary "help in this caſe, is not at home; and I "am afraid of not finding Mr. Millar. If "you will be ſo good as to ſend me this ſum, "I will very gratefully repay you, and add it "to all former obligations. I am, Sir,

"Your moſt obedient
"and muſt humble ſervant,
"SAMUEL JOHNSON.
"Gough-ſquare, 16 March."

In the margin of this letter there is a memorandum in theſe words: "March 16, 1756. "Sent ſix guineas. Witneſs, Wm. Richardſon." For the honour of an admired writer it is to be regretted, that we do not find a more liberal entry. To his friend in diſtreſs he ſent eight ſhillings more than was wanted. Had an incident of this kind occurred in one of his Romances, Richardſon would have known how to grace his hero; but in fictitious ſcenes generoſity coſts the writer nothing.

About this time Johnſon contributed ſeveral papers to a periodical Miſcellany, called The VISITOR, from motives which are highly honourable to him, a compaſſionate regard for the late Mr. Chriſtopher Smart. The criticiſm on Pope's Epitaphs appeared in that work. In a ſhort time after, he became a reviewer in the Literary Magazine, under the auſpices of the late Mr. Newbery, a man of a projecting head, good taſte, and great induſtry. This employment engroſſed but little of Johnſon's time. He reſigned himſelf to indolence, took no exerciſe, roſe about two, and then received the viſits of his friends. Authors, long ſince forgotten, waited on him as their oracle, and he gave reſponſes in the chair of criticiſm. He liſtened to the complaints, the ſchemes, and the hopes and fears of a crowd of inferior writers, "who," he ſaid, in the words of Roger Aſcham, "lived, *men knew not how, and "died obſcure, men marked not when.*" He believed, that he could give a better hiſtory of Grub-ſtreet than any man living. His houſe was filled with a ſucceſſion of viſitors till four or five in the evening. During the whole time he preſided at his tea-table. Tea

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was his favourite beverage; and, when the late Jonas Hanway pronounced his anathema againſt the uſe of tea, Johnſon roſe in defence of his habitual practice, declaring himſelf "in that article a hardened ſinner, "who had for years diluted his meals with "the infuſion of that faſcinating plant; "whoſe tea-kettle had no time to cool; who "with tea ſolaced the midnight hour, and "with tea welcomed the morning."

The propoſal for a new edition of Shakſpeare, which had formerly miſcarried, was reſumed in the year 1756. The bookſellers readily agreed to his terms, and ſubſcription-tickets were iſſued out. For undertaking this work, money, he confeſſed, was the inciting motive. His friends exerted themſelves to promote his intereſt; and, in the mean time, he engaged in a new periodical production called THE IDLER. The firſt number appeared on Saturday, April 15, 1758; and the laſt, April 5, 1760. The profits of this work, and the ſubſcriptions for the new edition of Shakſpeare, were the means by which he ſupported himſelf for four or five years. In 1759 was publiſhed Raſſelas,

[library stamp]

Raſſelas, Prince of Abyſſinia. His tranſlation of Lobo's Voyage to Abyſſinia ſeems to have pointed out that country for the ſcene of action; and *Raſſila Chriſtos*, the General of *Sultan Segued* mentioned in that work, moſt probably ſuggeſted the name of the prince. The author wanted to ſet out on a journey to Lichfield, in order to pay the laſt offices of filial piety to his mother, who, at the age of ninety, was then near her diſſolution; but money was neceſſary. Mr. Johnſton, a bookſeller who has long ſince left off buſineſs, gave one hundred pounds for the copy. With this ſupply Johnſon ſet out for Lichfield; but did not arrive in time to cloſe the eyes of a parent whom he loved. He attended the funeral, which, as appears among his memorandums, was on the 23d of January, 1759.

Johnſon now found it neceſſary to retrench his expences. He gave up his houſe in Gough-ſquare. Mrs. Williams went into lodgings. He retired to Gray's-Inn, and ſoon removed to chambers in the Inner Temple-lane, where he lived in poverty, total idleneſs, and the pride of literature.

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Magni ſtat nominis umbrâ. Mr. Fitzherbert (the father of Lord St. Helen's, the preſent miniſter at Madrid) a man diſtinguiſhed through life for his benevolence and other amiable qualities, uſed to ſay, that he paid a morning viſit to Johnſon, intending from his chambers to ſend a letter into the city; but, to his great ſurprize, he found an author by profeſſion without pen, ink, or paper. The preſent Biſhop of Saliſbury was alſo among thoſe who endeavoured, by conſtant attention, to ſooth the cares of a mind which he knew to be afflicted with gloomy apprehenſions. At one of the parties made at his houſe, Boſcovich, the Jeſuit, who had then lately introduced the Newtonian philoſophy at Rome, and, after publiſhing an elegant Latin poem on the ſubject, was made a Fellow of the Royal Society, was one of the company invited to meet Dr. Johnſon. The converſation at firſt was moſtly in French. Johnſon, though thoroughly verſed in that language, and a profeſſed admirer of Boileau and La Bruyere, did not underſtand its pronunciation, nor could he ſpeak it himſelf with propriety. For the reſt of the evening the talk was in Latin. Boſcovich had a ready

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current flow of that flimſy phraſeology with which a prieſt may travel through Italy, Spain, and Germany. Johnſon ſcorned what he called colloquial barbariſms. It was his pride to ſpeak his beſt. He went on, after a little practice, with as much facility as if it was his native tongue. One ſentence this writer well remembers. Obſerving that Fontinelle at firſt oppoſed the Newtonian philoſophy, and embraced it afterwards, his words were: *Fontinellus, ni fallor, in extremâ ſenectute, fuit transfuga ad caſtra Newtoniana.*

We have now traveled through that part of Dr. Johnſon's life which was a perpetual ſtruggle with difficulties. Halcyon days are now to open upon him. In the month of May 1762, his Majeſty, to reward literary merit, ſignified his pleaſure to grant to Johnſon a penſion of three hundred pounds a year. The Earl of Bute was miniſter. Lord Loughborough, who, perhaps, was originally a mover in the buſineſs, had authority to mention it. He was well acquainted with Johnſon; but, having heard much of his independent ſpirit, and of the downfall of Oſborne the bookſeller, he did not know but

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his benevolence might be rewarded with a folio on his head. He defired the author of thefe memoirs to undertake the tafk. This writer thought the opportunity of doing fo much good the moft happy incident in his life. He went, without delay, to the chambers in the Inner Temple-lane, which, in fact, were the abode of wretchednefs. By flow and ftudied approaches the meffage was difclofed. Johnfon made a long paufe: he afked if it was ferioufly intended? He fell into a profound meditation, and his own definition of a penfioner occurred to him. He was told, "That he, at leaft, did not come "within the definition." He defired to meet next day, and dine at the Mitre Tavern. At that meeting he gave up all his fcruples. On the following day Lord Loughborough conducted him to the Earl of Bute. The converfation that paffed was in the evening related to this writer by Dr. Johnfon. He expreffed his fenfe of his Majefty's bounty, and thought himfelf the more highly honoured, as the favour was not beftowed on him for having dipped his pen in faction. "No, "Sir," faid Lord Bute, "it is not offered "to you for having dipped your pen in fac-

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"tion, nor with a deſign that you ever "ſhould." Sir John Hawkins will have it, that, after this interview, Johnſon was often preſſed to wait on Lord Bute, but with a ſullen ſpirit refuſed to comply. However that be, Johnſon was never heard to utter a diſreſpectful word of that nobleman. The writer of this eſſay remembers a circumſtance which may throw ſome light on this ſubject. The late Dr. Roſe, of Chiſwick, whom Johnſon loved and reſpected, contended for the pre-eminence of the Scotch writers; and Ferguſon's book on Civil Society, then on the eve of publication, he ſaid, would give the laurel to North Britain. "Alas! what can he do upon that ſubject?" ſaid Johnſon: "Ariſtotle, Polybius, Gro-"tius, Puffendorf, and Burlemaqui, have "reaped in that field before him." "He "will treat it," ſaid Dr. Roſe, "in a new "manner." "A new manner! Buckinger "had no hands, and he wrote his name with "his toes at Charing-croſs, for half acrown "apiece; that was a new manner of writ-"ing!" Dr. Roſe replied, "If that will "not ſatisfy you, I will name a writer, "whom you muſt allow to be the beſt in

"the kingdom." "Who is that?" "The "Earl of Bute, when he wrote an order for "your penſion." "There, Sir," ſaid Johnſon, "you have me in the toil: to Lord "Bute I muſt allow whatever praiſe you "claim for him." Ingratitude was no part of Johnſon's character.

Being now in the poſſeſſion of a rugular income, Johnſon left his chambers in the Temple, and once more became maſter of a houſe in Johnſon's-court, Fleet-ſtreet. Dr. Levet, his friend and phyſician in ordinary, paid his daily viſits with aſſiduity; made tea all the morning, talked what he had to ſay, and did not expect an anſwer. Mrs. Williams had her apartment in the houſe, and entertained her benefactor with more enlarged converſation. Chemiſtry was part of Johnſon's amuſement. For this love of experimental philoſophy, Sir John Hawkins thinks an apology neceſſary. He tells us, with great gravity, that curioſity was the only object in view; not an intention to grow ſuddenly rich by the philoſopher's ſtone, or the tranſmutation of metals. To enlarge his circle, Johnſon once more had recourſe

recourſe to a literary club. This was at the Turk's Head, in Gerrard-ſtreet, Soho, on every Tueſday evening through the year. The members were, beſides himſelf, the right honourable Edmund Burke, Sir Joſhua Reynolds, Dr. Nugent, Dr. Goldſmith, the late Mr. Topham Beauclerk, Mr. Langton, Mr. Chamier, Sir John Hawkins, and ſome others. Johnſon's affection for Sir Joſhua was founded on a long acquaintance, and a thorough knowledge of the virtues and amiable qualities of that excellent artiſt. He delighted in the converſation of Mr. Burke. He met him for the firſt time at Mr. Garrick's ſeveral years ago. On the next day he ſaid, "I ſuppoſe, Murphy, you are "proud of your countryman. CUM TALIS "SIT UTINAM NOSTER ESSET!" From that time his conſtant obſervation was, "That "a man of ſenſe could not meet Mr. "Burke by accident, under a gateway to "avoid a ſhower, without being convinced "that he was the firſt man in England." Johnſon felt not only kindneſs, but zeal and ardour for his friends. He did every thing in his power to advance the reputation of Dr. Goldſmith. He loved him, though he

knew his failings, and particularly the leaven of envy which corroded the mind of that elegant writer, and made him impatient, without diſguiſe, of the praiſes beſtowed on any perſon whatever. Of this infirmity, which marked Goldſmith's character, Johnſon gave a remarkable inſtance. It happened that he went with Sir Joſhua Reynolds and Goldſmith to ſee the Fantoccini, which were exhibited ſome years ago in or near the Haymarket. They admired the curious mechaniſm by which the puppets were made to walk the ſtage, draw a chair to the table, ſit down, write a letter, and perform a variety of other actions, with ſuch dexterity, that *though Nature's journeymen made the men, they imitated humanity* to the aſtoniſhment of the ſpectator. The entertainment being over, the three friends retired to a tavern. Johnſon and Sir Joſhua talked with pleaſure of what they had ſeen; and ſays Johnſon, in a tone of admiration, "How the little "fellow brandiſhed his ſpontoon!" "There "is nothing in it," replied Goldſmith, ſtarting up with impatience; "give me a ſpon-"toon; I can do it as well myſelf."

Enjoying his amuſements at his weekly club, and happy in a ſtate of independence, Johnſon gained in the year 1765 another reſource, which contributed more than any thing elſe to exempt him from the ſolicitudes of life. He was introduced to the late Mr. Thrale and his family. Mrs. Piozzi has related the fact, and it is therefore needleſs to repeat it in this place. The author of this narrative looks back to the ſhare he had in that buſineſs with ſelf-congratulation, ſince he knows the tenderneſs which from that time ſoothed Johnſon's cares at Streatham, and prolonged a valuable life. The ſubſcribers to Shakſpeare began to deſpair of ever ſeeing the promiſed edition. To acquit himſelf of this obligation, he went to work unwillingly, but proceeded with vigour. In the month of October 1765, Shakſpeare was publiſhed; and, in a ſhort time after, the Univerſity of Dublin ſent over a diploma, in honourable terms, creating him a Doctor of Laws. Oxford in eight or ten years afterwards followed the example; and till then Johnſon never aſſumed the title of Doctor. In 1766 his conſtitution ſeemed to be

in a rapid decline; and that morbid melancholy, which often clouded his underſtanding, came upon him with a deeper gloom than ever. Mr. and Mrs. Thrale paid him a viſit in this ſituation, and found him on his knees, with Dr. Delap, the rector of Lewes, in Suſſex, beſeeching God to continue to him the uſe of his underſtanding. Mr. Thrale took him to his houſe at Streatham; and Johnſon from that time became a conſtant reſident in the family. He went occaſionally to the club in Gerard-ſtreet; but his head quarters were fixed at Streatham. An apartment was fitted up for him, and the library was greatly enlarged. Parties were conſtantly invited from town; and Johnſon was every day at an elegant table, with ſelect and poliſhed company. Whatever could be deviſed by Mr. and Mrs. Thrale to promote the happineſs, and eſtabliſh the health of their gueſt, was ſtudiouſly performed from that time to the end of Mr. Thrale's life. Johnſon accompanied the family in all their ſummer excurſions to Brighthelmſtone, to Wales, and to Paris. It is but juſtice to Mr. Thrale to ſay, that a more ingenuous frame of mind no man poſſeſſed.

His education at Oxford gave him the habits of a gentleman; his amiable temper recommended his converſation; and the goodneſs of his heart made him a ſincere friend. That he was the patron of Johnſon, is an honour to his memory.

In petty diſputes with contemporary writers, or the wits of the age, Johnſon was ſeldom entangled. A ſingle incident of that kind may not be unworthy of notice, ſince it happened with a man of great celebrity in his time. A number of friends dined with Garrick on a Chriſtmas-day. Foote was then in Ireland. It was ſaid at table, that the modern Ariſtophanes (ſo Foote was called) had been horſe-whipped by a Dublin apothecary, for mimicking him on the ſtage. "I wonder," ſaid Garrick, "that any man "ſhould ſhew ſo much reſentment to Foote; "he has a patent for ſuch liberties; nobody "ever thought it *worth his while* to quarrel "with him in London." "I am glad," ſaid Johnſon, "to find that the *man is riſing in* "*the world.*" The expreſſion was afterwards reported to Foote; who, in return, gave out, that he would produce the *Caliban of*

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literature on the ſtage. Being informed of this deſign, Johnſon ſent word to Foote, "That the theatre being intended for the "reformation of vice, he would ſtep from "the boxes on the ſtage, and correct him "before the audience." Foote knew the intrepidity of his antagoniſt, and abandoned the deſign. No ill-will enſued. Johnſon uſed to ſay, "That, for broad-faced mirth, "Foote had not his equal."

Dr. Johnſon's fame excited the curioſity of the King. His Majeſty expreſſed a deſire to ſee a man of whom extraordinary things were ſaid. Accordingly, the librarian at Buckingham-houſe invited Johnſon to ſee that elegant collection of books, at the ſame time giving a hint of what was intended. His Majeſty entered the room; and, among other things, aſked the author, "If he "meant to give the world any more of "his compoſitions?" Johnſon anſwered, "That he thought he had written enough." "And I ſhould think ſo too," replied his Majeſty, "if you had not written ſo well."

Though Johnſon thought he had written enough, his genius, even in ſpite of bodily ſluggiſhneſs, could not lie ſtill. In 1770 we find him entering the liſts as a political writer. The flame of diſcord that blazed throughout the nation on the expulſion of Mr. Wilkes, and the final determination of the Houſe of Commons, that Mr. Luttrell was duly elected by 206 votes againſt 1143, ſpread a general ſpirit of diſcontent. To allay the tumult, Dr. Johnſon publiſhed *The Falſe Alarm*. Mrs. Piozzi informs us, "That "this pamphlet was written at her houſe, "between eight o'clock on Wedneſday night "and twelve on Thurſday night." This celerity has appeared wonderful to many, and ſome have doubted the truth. It may, however, be placed within the bounds of probability. Johnſon has obſerved that there are different methods of compoſition. Virgil was uſed to pour out a great number of verſes in the morning, and paſs the day in retrenching the exuberances, and correcting inaccuracies; and it was Pope's cuſtom to write his firſt thoughts in his firſt words, and gradually to amplify, decorate, rectify, and refine

refine them. Others employ at once memory and invention, and, with little intermediate uſe of the pen, form and poliſh large maſſes by continued meditation, and write their productions only, when, in their opinion, they have completed them. This laſt was Johnſon's method. He never took his pen in hand till he had well weighed his ſubject, and graſped in his mind the ſentiments, the train of argument, and the arrangement of the whole. As he often thought aloud, he had, perhaps, talked it over to himſelf. This may account for that rapidity with which, in general, he diſpatched his ſheets to the preſs, without being at the trouble of a fair copy. Whatever may be the logic or eloquence of the *The Falſe Alarm*, the Houſe of Commons have ſince eraſed the reſolution from the Journals. But whether they have not left materials for a future controverſy may be made a queſtion.

In 1771 he publiſhed another tract, on the ſubject of FALKLAND ISLANDS. The deſign was to ſhew the impropriety of going to war with Spain for an iſland thrown aſide from human uſe, ſtormy in winter, and bar-

ren in ſummer. For this work it is apparent that materials were furniſhed by direction of the miniſter.

At the approach of the general election in 1774, he wrote a ſhort diſcourſe, called THE PATRIOT, not with any viſible application to Mr. Wilkes; but to teach the people to reject the leaders of oppoſition, who called themſelves patriots. In 1775 he undertook a pamphlet of more importance, namely, *Taxation no Tyranny*, in anſwer to the Reſolutions and Addreſs of the American Congreſs. The ſcope of the argument was, that diſtant colonies, which had in their aſſemblies a legiſlature of their own, were, notwithſtanding, liable to be taxed in a Britiſh Parliament, where they had neither peers in one houſe, nor repreſentatives in the other. He was of opinion, that this country was ſtrong enough to enforce obedience. "When an Engliſhman," he ſays, "is told "that the Americans ſhoot up like the hy-"dra, he naturally conſiders how the hydra "was deſtroyed." The event has ſhewn how much he and the miniſter of that day were miſtaken.

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The Account of the Tour to the Weſtern Iſlands of Scotland, which was undertaken in the autumn of 1773, in company with Mr. Boſwell, was not publiſhed till ſome time in the year 1775. This book has been variouſly received; by ſome extolled for the elegance of the narrative, and the depth of obſervation on life and manners; by others, as much condemned, as a work of avowed hoſtility to the Scotch nation. The praiſe was, beyond all queſtion, fairly deſerved; and the cenſure, on due examination, will appear haſty and ill-founded. That Johnſon entertained ſome prejudices againſt the Scotch, muſt not be diſſembled. It is true, as Mr. Boſwell ſays, "*that he thought their* "*ſucceſs in England exceeded their proportion* "*of real merit, and he could not but ſee in them* "*that nationality which no liberal-minded Scotſ-* "*man will deny.*" The author of theſe memoirs well remembers, that Johnſon one day aſked him, "Have you obſerved the "difference between your own country im- "pudence and Scottiſh impudence?" The anſwer being in the negative: "Then I will "tell you," ſaid Johnſon. "The impu- "dence

"dence of an Irifhman is the impudence of "a fly, that buzzes about you, and you put "it away, but it returns again, and flutters "and teazes you. The impudence of a "Scotfman is the impudence of a leech, that "fixes and fucks your blood." Upon another occafion, this writer went with him into the fhop of Davies the bookfeller, in Ruffell-ftreet, Covent-garden. Davies came running to him almoft out of breath with joy: "The Scots gentleman is come, Sir; his "principal wifh is to fee you; he is now in "the back-parlour." "Well, well, I'll fee "the gentleman," faid Johnfon. He walked towards the room. Mr. Bofwell was the perfon. This writer followed with no fmall curiofity. "I find," faid Mr. Bofwell, "that "I am come to London at a bad time, when "great popular prejudice has gone forth "againft us North Britons; but when I am "talking to you, I am talking to a large and "liberal mind, and you know that I cannot "*help coming from Scotland.*" "Sir," faid Johnfon, "no more can the reft of your "countrymen."

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He had other reafons that helped to alienate him from the natives of Scotland. Being a cordial well-wifher to the conftitution in Church and State, he did not think that Calvin and John Knox were proper founders of a national religion. He made, however, a wide diftinction between the Diffenters of Scotland and the Separatifts of England. To the former he imputed no difaffection, no want of loyalty. Their foldiers and their officers had fhed their blood with zeal and courage in the fervice of Great Britain; and the people, he ufed to fay, were content with their own eftablifhed modes of worfhip, without wifhing, in the prefent age, to give any difturbance to the Church of England. This he was at all times ready to admit; and therefore declared, that whenever he found a Scotchman to whom an Englifhman was as a Scotchman, that Scotchman fhould be as an Englifhman to him. In this, furely, there was no rancour, no malevolence. The Diffenters on this fide the Tweed appeared to him in a different light. Their religion, he frequently faid, was too worldly, too political, too reftlefs and ambitious.

bitious. The doctrine of *cashiering* kings, and erecting on the ruins of the constitution a new form of government, which lately issued from their pulpits, he always thought was, under a calm disguise, the principle that lay lurking in their hearts. He knew that a wild democracy had overturned King, Lords, and Commons; and that a set of Republican Fanatics, who would not bow at the name of JESUS, had taken possession of all the livings and all the parishes in the kingdom. That those scenes of horror might never be renewed, was the ardent wish of Dr. Johnson; and though he apprehended no danger from Scotland, it is probable that his dislike of Calvinism mingled sometimes with his reflections on the natives of that country. The association of ideas could not be easily broken; but it is well known that he loved and respected many gentlemen from that part of the island. Dr. Robertson's History of Scotland, and Dr. Beattie's Essays, were subjects of his constant praise. Mr. Boswell, Dr. Rose of Chiswick, Andrew Millar, Mr. Hamilton the printer, and the late Mr. Strahan, were among his most intimate friends. Many others might be added

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to the liſt. He ſcorned to enter Scotland as a ſpy; though Hawkins, his biographer, and the profeſſing defender of his fame, allowed himſelf leave to repreſent him in that ignoble character. He went into Scotland to ſurvey men and manners. Antiquities, foſſils, and minerals, were not within his province. He did not viſit that country to ſettle the ſtation of Roman camps, or the ſpot where Galgacus fought the laſt battle for public liberty. The people, their cuſtoms, and the progreſs of literature, were his objects. The civilities which he received in the courſe of his tour have been repaid with grateful acknowledgement, and, generally, with great elegance of expreſſion. His crime is, that he found the country bare of trees, and he has ſtated the fact. This, Mr. Boſwell, in his Tour to the Hebrides, has told us, was reſented by his countrymen with anger inflamed to rancour; but he admits that there are few trees on the eaſt ſide of Scotland. Mr. Pennant, in his Tour, ſays, that in ſome parts of the eaſtern ſide of the country, he ſaw ſeveral large plantations of pine planted by gentlemen near their ſeats; and in this reſpect ſuch a laudable ſpirit prevails, that, *in another half century*, it

it never ſhall be ſaid, "*To ſpy the nakedneſs* "*of the land are you come.*" Johnſon could not wait for that half century, and therefore mentioned things as he found them. If in any thing he has been miſtaken, he has made a fair apology in the laſt paragraph of his book, avowing with candour, "That he "may have been ſurprized by modes of life, "and appearances of nature, that are familiar "to men of wider ſurvey, and more varied "converſation. Novelty and ignorance muſt "always be reciprocal; and he is conſcious "that his thoughts on national manners are "the thoughts of one, who has ſeen but "little."

The Poems of Oſſian made a part of Johnſon's enquiry during his reſidence in Scotland and the Hebrides. On his return to England, November 1773, a ſtorm ſeemed to be gathering over his head; but the cloud never burſt, and the thunder never fell. Oſſian, it is well known, was preſented to the publick as a tranſlation from the *Earſe*; but that this was a fraud, Johnſon declared without heſitation. "The *Earſe*," he ſays, "was always oral only, and never a written "lan-

"language. The Welch and the Irish were "more cultivated. In *Earse* there was not "in the world a single manuscript a hun- "dred years old. Martin, who in the last "century published an Account of the Wes- "tern Islands, mentions *Irish*, but never "*Earse*, manuscripts, to be found in the "islands in his time. The bards could not "read; if they could, they might probably "have written. But the bard was a barba- "rian among barbarians, and, knowing no- "thing himself, lived with others that knew "no more. If there is a manuscript from "which the translation was made, in what "age was it written, and where is it? If it "was collected from oral recitation, it could "only be in detached parts and scattered "fragments: the whole is too long to be re- "membered." Who put it together in its present form? For these, and such like rea- sons, Johnson calls the whole an imposture. He adds, "The editor, or author, never "could shew the original, nor can it be "shewn by any other. To revenge reason- "able incredulity, by refusing evidence, is "a degree of insolence with which the "world is not yet acquainted; and stub-

"born

"born audacity is the laſt refuge of guilt." This reaſoning carries with it great weight. It rouſed the reſentment of Mr. Macpherſon. He ſent a threatening letter to the author; and Johnſon anſwered him in the rough phraſe of ſtern defiance. The two heroes frowned at a diſtance, but never came to action.

In the year 1777, the misfortunes of Dr. Dodd excited his compaſſion. He wrote a ſpeech for that unhappy man, when called up to receive judgement of death; beſides two petitions one to the King, and another to the Queen; and a ſermon to be preached by Dodd to the convicts in Newgate. It may appear trifling to add, that about the ſame time he wrote a prologue to the comedy of A Word to the Wiſe, written by *Hugh Kelly*. The play, ſome years before, had been damned by a party on the firſt night. It was revived for the benefit of the author's widow. Mrs. Piozzi relates, that when Johnſon was rallied for theſe exertions, ſo cloſe to one another, his anſwer was, *When they come to me with a dying*

Parſon

Parſon, and a dead Stay-maker, what can a man do? We come now to the laſt of his literary labours. At the requeſt of the Bookſellers he undertook the Lives of the Poets. The firſt publication was in 1779, and the whole was completed in 1781. In a memorandum of that year he ſays, ſome time in March he finiſhed the Lives of the Poets, which he wrote in his uſual way, dilatorily and haſtily, unwilling to work, yet working with vigour and haſte. In another place, he hopes they are written in ſuch a manner as may tend to the promotion of piety. That the hiſtory of ſo many men, who, in their different degrees, made themſelves conſpicuous in their time, was not written recently after their deaths, ſeems to be an omiſſion that does no honour to the Republic of Letters. Their contemporaries in general looked on with calm indifference, and ſuffered Wit and Genius to vaniſh out of the world in total ſilence, unregarded, and unlamented. Was there no friend to pay the tribute of a tear? No juſt obſerver of life, to record the virtues of the deceaſed? Was even Envy ſilent? It ſeemed to have been agreed, that if an author's works ſurvived, the hiſtory of the man

was to give no moral leſſon to after-ages. If tradition told us that BEN JONSON went to the Devil Tavern; that SHAKSPEARE ſtole deer, and held the ſtirrup at playhouſe doors; that DRYDEN frequented Button's Coffee-houſe; curioſity was lulled aſleep, and Biography forgot the beſt part of her function, which is to inſtruct mankind by examples taken from the ſchool of life. This taſk remained for Dr. Johnſon, when years had rolled away; when the channels of information were, for the moſt part, choaked up, and little remained beſides doubtful anecdote, uncertain tradition, and vague report.

"Nunc ſitus informis premit et deſerta Vetuſtas."

The value of Biography has been better underſtood in other ages, and in other countries. Tacitus informs us, that to record the lives and characters of illuſtrious men was the practice of the Roman authors, in the early periods of the Republic. In France the example has been followed. *Fontenelle*, *D'Alembert*, and *Monſieur Thomas*, have left models in this kind of compoſition. They have *embalmed* the dead. But it is true, that

they

they had incitements and advantages, even at a diſtant day, which could not, by any diligence, be obtained by Dr. Johnſon. The wits of France had ample materials. They lived in a nation of critics, who had at heart the honour done to their country by their Poets, their Heroes, and their Philoſophers. They had, beſides, an *Academy of Belles Lettres*, where Genius was cultivated, refined, and encouraged. They had the tracts, the eſſays, and diſſertations, which remain in the memoires of the Academy, and they had the ſpeeches of the ſeveral members, delivered at their firſt admiſſion to a ſeat in that learned Aſſembly. In thoſe ſpeeches the new Academician did ample juſtice to the memory of his predeceſſor; and though his harangue was decorated with the colours of eloquence, and was, for that reaſon, called panegyric, yet being pronounced before qualified judges, who knew the talents, the conduct, and morals of the deceaſed, the ſpeaker could not, with propriety, wander into the regions of fiction. The truth was known, before it was adorned. The Academy ſaw the marble, before the artiſt poliſhed it. But this country has had no Academy of Litera-

 ture.

ture. The public mind, for centuries, has been engroſſed by party and faction; *by the madneſs of many for the gain of a few*; by civil wars, religious diſſentions, trade and commerce, and the arts of accumulating wealth. Amidſt ſuch attentions, who can wonder that cold praiſe has been often the only reward of merit? In this country Doctor Nathaniel Hodges, who, like the good biſhop of Marſeilles, *drew purer breath* amidſt the contagion of the plague in London, and, during the whole time, continued in the city, adminiſtering medical aſſiſtance, was ſuffered, as Johnſon uſed to relate with tears in his eyes, to die for debt in a gaol. In this country, the man who brought the New River to London was ruined by that noble project; and in this country Otway died for want on Tower Hill; Butler, the great author of Hudibras, whoſe name can only die with the Engliſh language, was left to languiſh in poverty, the particulars of his life almoſt unknown, and ſcarce a veſtige of him left except his immortal poem. Had there been an Academy of Literature, the lives, at leaſt, of thoſe celebrated perſons would have been written for the benefit of poſterity. Swift, it ſeems, had the

the idea of ſuch an inſtitution, and propoſed it to Lord Oxford; but Whig and Tory were more important objects. It is needleſs to diſſemble, that Dr. Johnſon, in the Life of Roſcommon, talks of the inutility of ſuch a project "In this country," he ſays, "an "Academy could be expected to do but lit-"tle. If an academician's place were pro-"fitable, it would be given by intereſt; if "attendance were gratuitous, it would be "rarely paid, and no man would endure the "leaſt diſguſt. Unanimity is impoſſible, and "debate would ſeparate the aſſembly." To this it may be ſufficient to anſwer, that the Royal Society has not been diſſolved by ſullen diſguſt; and the modern Academy at Somerſet-houſe has already performed much, and promiſes more. Unanimity is not neceſſary to ſuch an aſſembly. On the contrary, by difference of opinion, and colliſion of ſentiment, the cauſe of Literature would thrive and flouriſh. The true principles of criticiſm, the ſecret of fine writing, the inveſtigation of antiquities, and other intereſting ſubjects, might occaſion a claſh of opinions; but in that contention Truth would receive illuſtration, and the eſſays of the ſe-

veral members would ſupply the Memoirs of the Academy. But, ſays Dr. Johnſon, "ſup-"poſe the philological decree made and "promulgated, what would be its authority? "In abſolute government there is ſometimes "a general reverence paid to all that has "the ſanction of power, the countenance "of greatneſs. How little this is the ſtate "of our country needs not to be told. The "edicts of an Engliſh academy would pro-"bably be read by many, only that they "may be ſure to diſobey them. The pre-"ſent manners of the nation would deride "authority, and therefore nothing is left, "but that every writer ſhould criticize him-"ſelf." This ſurely is not concluſive. It is by the ſtandard of the beſt writers that every man ſettles for himſelf his plan of legitimate compoſition; and ſince the authority of ſuperior genius is acknowledged, that authority, which the individual obtains, would not be leſſened by an aſſociation with others of diſtinguiſhed ability. It may, therefore, be inferred, that an Academy of Literature would be an eſtabliſhment highly uſeful, and an honour to Literature. In ſuch an inſtitution profitable places would not be

 wanted.

wanted. *Vatis avarus haud facile est animus*; and the miniſter, who ſhall find leiſure from party and faction to carry ſuch a ſcheme into execution, will, in all probability, be reſpected by poſterity as the Mæcenas of letters.

We now take leave of Dr. Johnſon as an author. Four volumes of his Lives of the Poets were publiſhed in 1778, and the work was completed in 1781. Should Biography fall again into diſuſe, there will not always be a Johnſon to look back through a century, and give a body of critical and moral inſtruction. In April 1781, he loſt his friend Mr. Thrale. His own words, in his diary, will beſt tell that melancholy event. "On "Wedneſday the 11th of April, was buried "my dear friend Mr. Thrale, who died on "Wedneſday the 4th, and with him were "buried many of my hopes and pleaſures. "About five, I think, on Wedneſday morn-"ing he expired. I felt almoſt the laſt flut-"ter of his pulſe, and looked for the laſt "time upon the face, that, for fifteen years "before, had never been turned upon me "but with reſpect and benignity. Farewel: "may God, that delighteth in mercy, have

" *had* mercy on thee! I had conſtantly pray-
" ed for him before his death. The deceaſe
" of him, from whoſe friendſhip I had ob-
" tained many opportunities of amuſement,
" and to whom I turned my thoughts as to
" a refuge from misfortunes, has left me
" heavy. But my buſineſs is with myſelf."
From the cloſe of his laſt work, the malady, that perſecuted him through life, came upon him with alarming ſeverity, and his conſtitution declined apace. In 1782 his old friend *Levet* expired without warning, and without a groan. Events like theſe reminded Johnſon of his own mortality. He continued his viſits to Mrs. Thrale at Streatham, to the 7th day of October, 1782, when having firſt compoſed a prayer for the happineſs of a family, with whom he had for many years enjoyed the pleaſures and comforts of life, he removed to his own houſe in town. He ſays he was up early in the morning, and read fortuitouſly in the Goſpel, *which was his parting uſe of the library*. The merit of thefamily is manifeſted by the ſenſe he had of it, and we ſee his heart overflowing with gratitude. He leaves the place with regret, and *caſts a lingering look behind.*

The

The few remaining occurrences may be ſoon diſpatched. In the month of June, 1783, Johnſon had a paralytic ſtroke, which affected his ſpeech only. He wrote to Dr. Taylor of Weſtminſter; and to his friend Mr. Allen, the printer, who lived at the next door. Dr. Brockleſby arrived in a ſhort time, and by his care, and that of Dr. Heberden, Johnſon ſoon recovered. During his illneſs the writer of this narrative viſited him, and found him reading Dr. Watſon's Chemiſtry. Articulating with difficulty, he ſaid, "From this book, he who knows no-"thing may learn a great deal; and he who "knows, will be pleaſed to find his know-"ledge recalled to his mind in a manner "highly pleaſing." In the month of Auguſt he ſet out for Lichfield, on a viſit to Mrs. Lucy Porter, the daughter of his wife by her firſt huſband; and in his way back paid his reſpects to Dr. Adams at Oxford. Mrs. Williams died at his houſe in Bolt-court in the month of September, during his abſence. This was another ſhock to a mind like his, ever agitated by the thoughts of futurity. The contemplation of his own approaching end was conſtantly before his eyes; and the pro-

profpect of death, he declared, was terrible. For many years, when he was not difpofed to enter into the converfation going forward, whoever fat near his chair, might hear him repeating, from Shakfpeare,

> Ay, but to die and go we know not where;
> To lie in cold obftruction and to rot;
> This fenfible warm motion to become
> A kneaded clod, and the delighted fpirit
> To bathe in fiery floods———

And from Milton,

> Who would lofe,
> For fear of pain, this intellectual being?

By the death of Mrs. Williams he was left in a ftate of deftitution, with nobody but Frank, his black fervant, to footh his anxious moments. In November 1783, he was fwelled from head to foot with a dropfy. Dr. Brocklefby, with that benevolence with which he always affifts his friends, paid his vifits with affiduity. The medicines prefcribed were fo efficacious, that in a few days, Johnfon, while he was offering up his prayers, was fuddenly obliged to rife, and, in the courfe of the day, difcharged twenty pints of water.

Johnfon,

Johnſon, being eaſed of his dropſy, began to entertain hopes that the vigour of his conſtitution was not entirely broken. For the ſake of converſing with his friends, he eſtabliſhed a converſation club, to meet on every Wedneſday evening; and, to ſerve a man whom he had known in Mr. Thrale's houſhold for many years, the place was fixed at his houſe in Eſſex-ſtreet near the Temple. To anſwer the malignant remarks of Sir John Hawkins on this ſubject, were a wretched waſte of time. Profeſſing to be Johnſon's friend, that biographer has raiſed more objections to his character, than all the enemies of that excellent man. Sir John had a root of bitterneſs that *put rancours in the veſſel of his peace.* Fielding, he ſays, was the inventor of a cant phraſe, *Goodneſs of heart, which means little more than the virtue of a horſe or a dog.* He ſhould have known that kind affections are the eſſence of virtue; they are the will of God implanted in our nature, to aid and ſtrengthen moral obligation; they incite to action; a ſenſe of benevolence is no leſs neceſſary than a ſenſe of duty. Good affections are an ornament not only to an author but to his writings. He

who

who ſhews himſelf upon a cold ſcent for opportunities to bark and ſnarl throughout a volume of ſix hundred pages, may, if he will, pretend to moralize; but GOODNESS OF HEART, or, to uſe that politer phraſe, the *virtue of a horſe or a dog*, would redound more to his honour. But Sir John is no more: our buſineſs is with Johnſon. The members of his club were reſpectable for their rank, their talents, and their literature. They attended with punctuality till about Midſummer 1784, when, with ſome appearance of health, Johnſon went into Derbyſhire, and thence to Lichfield. While he was in that part of the world, his friends in town were labouring for his benefit. The air of a more ſouthern climate they thought might prolong a valuable life. But a penſion of £300 a year was a ſlender fund for a traveling valetudinarian, and it was not then known that he had ſaved a moderate ſum of money. Mr. Boſwell and Sir Joſhua Reynolds undertook to ſolicit the patronage of the Chancellor. With Lord Thurlow, while he was at the bar, Johnſon was well acquainted. He was often heard to ſay, "Thurlow is a man of ſuch vigour of mind,

"that

"that I never knew I was to meet him but—
"I was going to ſay, I was afraid, but that "would not be true, for I never was afraid "of any man; but I never knew that I was "to meet Thurlow, but I knew I had ſome-"thing to encounter." The Chancellor undertook to recommend Johnſon's caſe, but without ſucceſs. To protract if poſſible the days of a man, whom he reſpected, he offered to advance the ſum of five hundred pounds. Being informed of this at Lichfield, Johnſon wrote the following letter.

"My Lord,

"After a long and not inattentive obſer-"vation of mankind, the generoſity of your "Lordſhip's offer raiſes in me not leſs won-"der than gratitude. Bounty, ſo liberally "beſtowed, I ſhould gladly receive if my "condition made it neceſſary; for to ſuch a "mind who would not be proud to own his "obligations? But it has pleaſed God to "reſtore me to ſo great a meaſure of health, "that, if I ſhould now appropriate ſo much "of a fortune deſtined to do good, I could "not eſcape from myſelf the charge of ad-"vancing a falſe claim. My journey to the

"conti-

"continent, though I once thought it ne-
"ceſſary, was never much encouraged by
"my phyſicians; and I was very deſirous
"that your Lordſhip ſhould be told it by
"Sir Joſhua Reynolds as an event very un-
"certain; for, if I grew much better, I
"ſhould not be willing; if much worſe, I
"ſhould not be able to migrate. Your
"Lordſhip was firſt ſolicited without my
"knowledge; but when I was told that you
"were pleaſed to honour me with your pa-
"tronage, I did not expect to hear of a re-
"fuſal; yet, as I have had no long time to
"brood hopes, and have not rioted in ima-
"ginary opulence, this cold reception has
"been ſcarce a diſappointment; and from
"your Lordſhip's kindneſs I have received
"a benefit which only men like you are able
"to beſtow. I ſhall now live *mihi carior*,
"with a higher opinion of my own merit.

"I am, my Lord,

"your Lordſhip's moſt obliged,

"moſt grateful,

"and moſt humble ſervant,

"SAMUEL JOHNSON.

"September, 1784."

We

We have in this inſtance the exertion of two congenial minds; one, with a generous impulſe relieving merit in diſtreſs; and the other, by gratitude and dignity of ſentiment riſing to an equal elevation.

It ſeems, however, that greatneſs of mind is not confined to greatneſs of rank. Dr. Brockleſby was not content to aſſiſt with his medical art; he reſolved to *miniſter* to his patient's *mind*, and *pluck from his memory the ſorrow* which the late refuſal from a high quarter might occaſion. To enable him to viſit the ſouth of France in purſuit of health, he offered from his own funds an annuity of one hundred pounds, payable quarterly. This was a *ſweet oblivious antidote*, but it was not accepted for the reaſons aſſigned to the Chancellor. The propoſal, however, will do honour to Dr. Brockleſby, as long as liberal ſentiment ſhall be ranked among the ſocial virtues.

In the month of October, 1784, we find Dr. Johnſon correſponding with Mr. Nichols, the intelligent compiler of the Gentleman's Magazine, and, in the langour of ſickneſs, ſtill

ſtill deſirous to contribute all in his power to the advancement of ſcience and uſeful knowledge. He ſays, in a letter to that gentleman, dated Lichfield, October 20, that he ſhould be glad to give ſo ſkilful a lover of Antiquities any information. He adds, "At Aſhburne, where I had very little com-
"pany, I had the luck to borrow Mr. Bow-
"yer's Life, a book ſo full of contemporary
"hiſtory, that a literary man muſt find ſome
"of his old friends. I thought that I could
"now and then have told you ſome hints
"worth your notice: We perhaps may talk
"a life over. I hope we ſhall be much to-
"gether. You muſt now be to me what
"you were before, and what dear Mr. Allen
"was beſides. He was taken unexpectedly
"away, but I think he was a very good man.
"I have made very little progreſs in reco-
"very. I am very weak, and very ſleep-
"leſs; but I live on and hope."

In that languid condition, he arrived, on the 16th of November, at his houſe in Bolt-court, there to end his days. He laboured with the dropſy and an aſthma. He was attended by Dr. Heberden, Dr. Warren, Dr. Brockleſby, Dr.

Dr. Butter, and Mr. Cruikſhank, the eminent ſurgeon. Eternity preſented to his mind an aweful proſpect, and, with as much virtue as perhaps ever is the lot of man, he ſhuddered at the thought of his diſſolution. His friends awakened the comfortable reflection of a well-ſpent life; and, as his end drew near, they had the ſatisfaction of ſeeing him compoſed, and even chearful, inſomuch that he was able, in the courſe of his reſtleſs nights, to make tranſlations of Greek epigrams from the Anthologia; and to compoſe a Latin epitaph for his father, his mother, and his brother Nathaniel. He meditated, at the ſame time, a Latin inſcription to the memory of Garrick; but his vigour was exhauſted.

His love of Literature was a paſſion that ſtuck to his laſt ſand. Seven days before his death he wrote the following letter to his friend Mr. Nichols.

"SIR,

"The late learned Mr. Swinton of Oxford having one day remarked that one man, meaning, I ſuppoſe, no man but himſelf, could aſſign all the parts of the Ancient

Univerſal Hiſtory to their proper authors, at the requeſt of Sir Robert Chambers, or myſelf, gave the account which I now tranſmit to you in his own hand, being willing that of ſo great a work the hiſtory ſhould be known, and that each writer ſhould receive his due proportion of praiſe from poſterity.

"I recommend to you to preſerve this ſcrap of literary intelligence in Mr. Swinton's own hand, or to depoſit it in the Muſeum *, that the veracity of this account may never be doubted.

"I am, Sir,

"Your moſt humble ſervant,

Dec. 6, 1784. "SAM. JOHNSON."

Mr. Swinton.

The Hiſtory of the Carthaginians.
———————— Numidians.
———————— Mauritanians.
———————— Gætulians.
———————— Garamantes.
———————— Melano Gætulians.
———————— Nigritæ.
———————— Cyrenaica.
———————— Marmarica.

* It is there depoſited. J. N.

The

The Hiſtory of the Regio Syrtica.
——— Turks, Tartars, and Moguls.
——— Indians.
——— Chineſe.
——— Diſſertation on the peopling of America.
The Hiſtory of the Diſſertation on the Independency of the Arabs.
The Coſmogony, and a ſmall part of the hiſtory immediately following. By Mr. Sale.
To the Birth of Abraham. Chiefly by Mr. Shelvock.
Hiſtory of the Jews, Gauls, and Spaniards. By Mr. Pſalmanazar.
Xenophon's Retreat. By the ſame.
Hiſtory of the Perſians, and the Conſtantinopolitan Empire. By Dr. Campbell.
Hiſtory of the Romans. By Mr. Bower*.

On

* Before this authentic communication, Mr. Nichols had given, in the volume of the Magazine for 1781, p. 370, the following account of the Univerſal Hiſtory. The propoſals were publiſhed October 6, 1729; and the authors of the firſt ſeven volumes were,

Vol. I. Mr. Sale, tranſlator of the Koran.
II. George Pſalmanazar.
III. George Pſalmanazar.

 III. Archi-

On the morning of Dec. 7, Dr. Johnſon requeſted to ſee Mr. Nichols. A few days before, he had borrowed ſome of the early volumes of the Magazine, with a profeſſed intention to point out the pieces which he had written in that collection. The books lay on the table, with many leaves doubled down, and in particular thoſe which contained his ſhare in the Parliamentary Debates. Such was the goodneſs of Johnſon's heart, that he then declared, that "thoſe "debates were the only parts of his writings "which gave him any compunction; but "that at the time he wrote them he had no "conception that he was impoſing upon the "world, though they were frequently writ- "ten from very ſlender materials, and often "from none at all, the mere coinage of his

III. Archibald Bower.
Captain Shelvock.
Dr. Campbell.
IV. The ſame as vol. III.
V. Mr. Bower.
VI. Mr. Bower.
Rev. John Swinton.
VII. Mr. Swinton.
Mr. Bower.

"own

"own imagination." He added, "that he "never wrote any part of his work with "equal velocity. Three columns of the "Magazine in an hour," he ſaid, "was no "uncommon effort; which was faſter than "moſt perſons could have tranſcribed that "quantity. In one day in particular, and "that not a very long one, he wrote twelve "pages, more in quantity than ever he "wrote at any other time, except in the "Life of Savage, of which forty-eight pages "in octavo were the production of one long "day, including a part of the night."

In the courſe of the converſation, he aſked, whether any of the family of Faden the printer were living. Being told that the geographer near Charing-croſs was Faden's ſon, he ſaid, after a ſhort pauſe, "I borrowed a guinea of his father near thirty years ago; be "ſo good as to take this, and pay it for me."

Wiſhing to diſcharge every duty, and every obligation, Johnſon recollected another debt of ten pounds, which he had borrowed from his friend Mr. Hamilton the printer, about twenty years before. He ſent the money to

Mr. Hamilton at his houfe in Bedford Row, with an apology for the length of time. The Reverend Mr. Strahan was the bearer of the meffage, about four or five days before Johnfon breathed his laft.

Mr. Saftres (whom Dr. Johnfon efteemed and mentioned in his will) entered the room during his illnefs. Dr. Johnfon, as foon as he faw him, ftretched forth his hand, and, in a tone of lamentation, called out, JAM MORITURUS! But the love of life was ftill an active principle. Feeling himfelf fwelled with the dropfy, he conceived that, by incifions in his legs, the water might be difcharged. Mr. Cruikfhank apprehended that a mortification might be the confequence; but, to appeafe a diftempered fancy, he gently lanced the furface. Johnfon cried out, "Deeper, deeper! I want length of "life, and you are afraid of giving me "pain, which I do not value."

On the 8th of December, the Reverend Mr. Strahan drew his will, by which, after a few legacies, the refidue, amounting to about fifteen hundred pounds, was bequeathed

ed to Frank, the Black ſervant, formerly conſigned to the teſtator by his friend Dr. Bathurſt.

The hiſtory of a death-bed is painful. Mr. Strahan informs us, that the ſtrength of religion prevailed againſt the infirmity of nature; and his foreboding dread of the Divine Juſtice ſubſided into a pious truſt and humble hope of mercy at the Throne of Grace. On Monday the 13th day of December (the laſt of his exiſtence on this ſide the grave), the deſire of life returned with all its former vehemence. He ſtill imagined, that, by puncturing his legs, relief might be obtained. At eight in the morning he tried the experiment, but no water followed. In an hour or two after, he fell into a doze, and about ſeven in the evening expired without a groan.

On the 20th of the month his remains, with due ſolemnities, and a numerous attendance of his friends, were buried in Weſtminſter Abbey, near the foot of Shakſpeare's monument, and cloſe to the grave of the late Mr. Garrick. The funeral ſervice was read by his friend Dr. Taylor.

A black marble over his grave has the following inſcription:

SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL. D.
obiit XIII die Decembris,
Anno Domini
MDCCLXXXIV.
Ætatis ſuæ LXXV.

If we now look back, as from an eminence, to view the ſcenes of life, and the literary labours in which Dr. Johnſon was engaged, we may be able to delineate the features of the man, and to form an eſtimate of his genius.

As a man, Dr. Johnſon ſtands diſplayed in open day-light. Nothing remains undiſcovered. Whatever he ſaid is known; and without allowing him the uſual privilege of hazarding ſentiments, and advancing poſitions, for mere amuſement, or the pleaſure of diſcuſſion, Criticiſm has endeavoured to make him anſwerable for what, perhaps, he never ſeriouſly thought. His diary, which has been printed, diſcovers ſtill more. We have before us the very heart of the man, with all his inward conſciouſneſs. And yet neither in the open paths of life, nor in his ſecret receſſes, has any one vice been diſcovered. We ſee him reviewing every year of

his

his life, and ſeverely cenſuring, himſelf, for not keeping reſolutions, which morbid melancholy, and other bodily infirmities, rendered impracticable. We ſee him for every little defect impoſing on himſelf voluntary penance, going through the day with only one cup of tea without milk, and to the laſt, amidſt paroxyſms and remiſſions of illneſs, forming plans of ſtudy and reſolutions to amend his life *. Many of his ſcruples may be called weakneſſes; but they are the weakneſſes of a good, a pious, and moſt excellent man.

His perſon, it is well known, was large and unwieldy. His nerves were affected by that diſorder, for which, at two years of age, he was preſented to the royal touch. His head ſhook, and involuntary motions made it uncertain that his legs and arms would, even at a tea-table, remain in their proper place. A perſon of Lord Cheſterfield's delicacy might in his company be in a fever. He would ſometimes of his own accord do things inconſiſtent with the eſtabliſhed modes of behaviour. Sitting at table with the celebrated Mrs. Cholmondeley, who

* On the ſubject of voluntary penance ſee the Rambler, Nº CX.

exerted

exerted herſelf to circulate the ſubſcription for Shakſpeare, he took hold of her hand in the middle of dinner, and held it cloſe to his eye, wondering at the delicacy and the whiteneſs, till with a ſmile ſhe aſked, *Will he give it to me again when he has done with it?* The exteriors of politeneſs did not belong to Johnſon. Even that civility which proceeds, or ought to proceed, from the mind, was ſometimes violated. His morbid melancholy had an effect on his temper; his paſſions were irritable; and the pride of ſcience, as well as of a fierce independent ſpirit, inflamed him on ſome occaſions above all bounds of moderation. Though not in the ſhade of academic bowers, he led a ſcholaſtic life; and the habit of pronouncing deciſions to his friends and viſitors gave him a dictatorial manner, which was much enforced by a voice naturally loud, and often overſtretched. Metaphyſical diſcuſſion, moral theory, ſyſtems of religion, and anecdotes of literature, were his favourite topics. General hiſtory had little of his regard. Biography was his delight. *The proper ſtudy of mankind is man.* Sooner than hear of the Punic war, he would be rude to the perſon that introduced the ſubject.

Johnſon was born a logician; one of thoſe, to whom only books of logic are ſaid to be of uſe. In conſequence of his ſkill in that art, he loved argumentation. No man thought more profoundly, nor with ſuch acute diſcernment. A fallacy could not ſtand before him; it was ſure to be refuted by ſtrength of reaſoning, and a preciſion both in idea and expreſſion almoſt unequalled. When he choſe by apt illuſtration to place the argument of his adverſary in a ludicrous light, one was almoſt inclined to think *ridicule the teſt of truth*. He was ſurprized to be told, but it is certainly true, that, with great powers of mind, wit and humour were his ſhining talents. That he often argued for the ſake of a triumph over his adverſary, cannot be diſſembled. Dr. Roſe, of Chiſwick, has been heard to tell of a friend of his, who thanked him for introducing him to Dr. Johnſon, as he had been convinced, in the courſe of a long diſpute, that an opinion, which he had embraced as a ſettled truth, was no better than a vulgar error. This being reported to Johnſon, "Nay," ſaid he, "do not let him be thankful, for he was "right, and I was wrong." Like his uncle Andrew, in the ring at Smithfield, Johnſon,

in

in a circle of diſputants, was determined *neither to be thrown nor conquered.* Notwithſtanding all his piety, ſelf-government, or the command of his paſſions in converſation, does not ſeem to have been among his attainments. Whenever he thought the contention was for the ſuperiority, he has been known to break out with violence, and even ferocity. When the fray was over, he generally ſoftened into repentance, and, by conciliating meaſures, took care that no animoſity ſhould be left rankling in the breaſt of his antagoniſt. Of this defect he ſeems to have been conſcious. In a letter to Mrs. Thrale, he ſays, "Poor Baretti! do not "quarrel with him; to neglect him a little "will be ſufficient. He means only to be "frank and manly, and independent, and, "perhaps as you ſay, a little wiſe. To be "frank, he thinks, is to be cynical; and to "be independent, is to be rude. Forgive "him, deareſt lady, the rather, becauſe of "his miſbehaviour I am afraid he learned "part of me. I hope to ſet him hereafter a "better example." For his own intolerant and overbearing ſpirit he apologized by obſerving, that it had done ſome good; obſcenity and impiety were repreſſed in his company.

It was late in life before he had the habit of mixing, otherwife than occafionally, with polite company. At Mr. Thrale's he faw a conftant fucceffion of well-accomplifhed vifitors. In that fociety he began to wear off the rugged points of his own character. He faw the advantages of mutual civility, and endeavoured to profit by the models before him. He aimed at what has been called by Swift the *leffer morals*, and by Cicero *minores virtutes*. His endeavour, though new and late, gave pleafure to all his acquaintance. Men were glad to fee that he was willing to be communicative on equal terms and reciprocal complacence. The time was then expected when he was to ceafe being what George Garrick, brother to the celebrated actor, called him the firft time he heard him converfe, "A TREMENDOUS COMPANION." He certainly wifhed to be polite, and even thought himfelf fo; but his civility ftill retained fomething uncouth and harfh. His manners took a milder tone, but the endeavour was too palpably feen. He laboured even in trifles. He was a giant gaining a *purchafe* to lift a feather.

It

It is obſerved by the younger Pliny, that in the confines of virtue and great qualities there are generally vices of an oppoſite nature. In Dr. Johnſon not one ingredient can take the name of vice. From his attainments in literature grew the pride of knowledge; and from his powers of reaſoning, the love of diſputation and the vain-glory of ſuperior vigour. His piety, in ſome inſtances, bordered on ſuperſtition. He was willing to believe in preternatural agency, and thought it not more ſtrange that there ſhould be evil ſpirits than evil men. Even the queſtion about ſecond ſight held him in ſuſpence. "Second ſight," Mr. Pennant tells us, "is "a power of ſeeing images impreſſed on the "organs of ſight by the power of fancy, or "on the fancy by the diſordered ſpirits ope-"rating on the mind. It is the faculty of "ſeeing ſpectres or viſions, which repreſent "an event actually paſſing at a diſtance, or "likely to happen at a future day. In 1771, "a gentleman, the laſt who was ſuppoſed to "be poſſeſſed of this faculty, had a boat at "ſea in a tempeſtuous night, and, being an-"xious for his freight, ſuddenly ſtarted up, "and ſaid his men would be drowned, for "he

"he had ſeen them paſs before him with wet "garments and dropping locks. The event "correſponded with his diſordered fancy. "And thus," continues Mr. Pennant, "a diſ-"tempered imagination, clouded with an-"xiety, may make an impreſſion on the ſpi-"rits; as perſons, reſtleſs and troubled with "indignation, ſee various forms and figures "while they lie awake in bed." This is what Dr. Johnſon was not willing to reject. He wiſhed for ſome poſitive proof of communications with another world. His benevolence embraced the whole race of man, and yet was tinctured with particular prejudices. He was pleaſed with the miniſter in the Iſle of Sky, and loved him ſo much that he began to wiſh him not a Preſbyterian. To that body of Diſſenters his zeal for the Eſtabliſhed Church made him in ſome degree an adverſary; and his attachment to a mixed and limited Monarchy led him to declare open war againſt what he called a ſullen Republican. He would rather praiſe a man of Oxford than of Cambridge. He diſliked a Whig, and loved a Tory. Theſe were the ſhades of his character, which it has been the buſineſs of certain party-writers to repreſent in the darkeſt colours.

Since

Since virtue, or moral goodneſs, conſiſts in a juſt conformity of our actions to the relations in which we ſtand to the Supreme Being and to our fellow-creatures, where ſhall we find a man who has been, or endeavoured to be, more diligent in the diſcharge of thoſe eſſential duties? His firſt prayer was compoſed in 1738; he continued thoſe fervent ejaculations of piety to the end of his life. In his meditations we ſee him ſcrutinizing himſelf with ſeverity, and aiming at perfection unattainable by man. His duty to his neighbour conſiſted in univerſal benevolence, and a conſtant aim at the production of happineſs. Who was more ſincere and ſteady in his friendſhips? It has been ſaid that there was no real affection between him and Garrick. On the part of the latter, there might be ſome corroſions of jealouſy. The character of PROSPERO, in the Rambler, N°. 200, was, beyond all queſtion, occaſioned by Garrick's oſtentatious diſplay of furniture and Dreſden china. It was ſurely fair to take from this incident a hint for a moral eſſay; and, though no more was intended, Garrick, we are told, remembered it with uneaſineſs. He was alſo hurt that his Litchfield

Lichfield friend did not think ſo highly of his dramatic art as the reſt of the world. The fact was, Johnſon could not ſee the paſſions as they roſe and chaſed one another in the varied features of that expreſſive face; and by his own manner of reciting verſes, which was wonderfully impreſſive, he plainly ſhewed that he thought there was too much of artificial tone and meaſured cadence in the declamation of the theatre. The preſent writer well remembers being in converſation with Dr. Johnſon near the ſide of the ſcenes during the tragedy of King Lear: when Garrick came off the ſtage, he ſaid, "You two talk ſo loud you deſtroy all my "feelings." "Prithee," replied Johnſon, "do not talk of feelings, Punch has no feel-"ings." This ſeems to have been his ſettled opinion; admirable as Garrick's imitation of nature always was, Johnſon thought it no better than mere mimickry. Yet it is certain that he eſteemed and loved Garrick; that he dwelt with pleaſure on his praiſe; and uſed to declare, that he deſerved his great ſucceſs, becauſe on all applications for charity he gave more than was aſked. After Garrick's death he never talked of him

without a tear in his eyes. He offered, if Mrs. Garrick would defire it of him, to be the editor of his works and the hiftorian of his life. It has been mentioned that on his death-bed he thought of writing a Latin infcription to the memory of his friend. Numbers are ftill living who know thefe facts, and ftill remember with gratitude the friendfhip which he fhewed to them with unaltered affection for a number of years. His humanity and generofity, in proportion to his flender income, were unbounded. It has been truly faid, that the lame, the blind, and the forrowful, found in his houfe a fure retreat. A ftrict adherence to truth he confidered as a facred obligation, infomuch that, in relating the moft minute anecdote, he would not allow himfelf the fmalleft addition to embellifh his ftory. The late Mr. Tyers, who knew Dr. Johnfon intimately, obferved, "that he always talked as if he was "talking upon oath." After a long acquaintance with this excellent man, and an attentive retrofpect to his whole conduct, fuch is the light in which he appears to the writer of this effay. The following lines of Horace may be deemed his picture in miniature:

Iracundior

Iracundior eſt paulo, minus aptus acutis
Naribus horum hominum, rideri poſſit, eo quod
Ruſticius tonſo toga defluit, & male luxus
In pede calceus hæret; at eſt bonus, ut melior vir
Non alius quiſquam; at tibi amicus, at ingenium
ingens,
Inculto latet hoc ſub corpore*.

It remains to give a review of Johnſon's works; and this, it is imagined, will not be unwelcome to the reader.

Like Milton and Addiſon, he ſeems to have been fond of his Latin poetry. Thoſe compoſitions ſhew that he was an early ſcholar; but his verſes have not the graceful eaſe that gave ſo much ſuavity to the poems of Addiſon. The tranſlation of the

* Your friend is paſſionate, perhaps unfit
For the briſk petulance of modern wit
His hair ill-cut, his robe that aukward flows,
Or his large ſhoes, to raillery expoſe
The man you love; yet is he not poſſeſs'd
Of virtues, with which very few are bleſt?
While underneath this rude uncouth diſguiſe
A genius of extenſive knowledge lies.
Francis's Hor. Book i. Sat. 3.

Meſſiah labours under two diſadvantages; it is firſt compared with Pope's inimitable performance, and afterwards with the Pollio of Vigil. It may appear trifling to remark, that he has made the letter *o*, in the word *Virgo*, long and ſhort in the ſame line; VIRGO, VIRGO PARIT. But the tranſlation has great merit, and ſome admirable lines. In the odes there is a ſweet flexibility, particularly, To his worthy friend Dr. Laurence; on himſelf at the theatre, March 8, 1771; the Ode in the iſle of Sky; and that to Mrs. Thrale from the ſame place.

His Engliſh poetry is ſuch as leaves room to think, if he had devoted himſelf to the Muſes, that he would have been the rival of Pope. His firſt production in this kind was LONDON, a poem in imitation of the third ſatire of Juvenal. The vices of the metropolis are placed in the room of antient manners. The author had heated his mind with the ardour of Juvenal, and, having the ſkill to poliſh his numbers, he became a ſharp accuſer of the times. The VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES is an imitation of the tenth ſatire of the ſame author. Though it is tranſlated

tranſlated by Dryden, Johnſon's imitation approaches neareſt to the ſpirit of the original. The ſubject is taken from the ALCIBIADES of PLATO, and has an intermixture of the ſentiments of SOCRATES concerning the object of prayers offered up to the Deity. The general propoſition is, that good and evil are ſo little underſtood by mankind, that their wiſhes when granted are always deſtructive. This is exemplified in a variety of inſtances, ſuch as riches, ſtate-preferment, eloquence, military glory, long life, and the advantages of form and beauty. Juvenal's concluſion is worthy of a Chriſtian poet, and ſuch a pen as Johnſon's. "Let "us," he ſays, "leave it to the Gods to "judge what is fitteſt for us. Man is dearer "to his Creator than to himſelf. If we muſt "pray for ſpecial favour, let it be for a "ſound mind in a ſound body. Let us pray "for fortitude, that we may think the la-"bours of Hercules and all his ſufferings "preferable to a life of luxury and the ſoft "repoſe of SARDANAPALUS. This is a bleſ-"ſing within the reach of every man; this "we can give ourſelves. It is virtue, and "virtue only, that can make us happy." In

the tranflation the zeal of the Chriftian confpired with the warmth and energy of the poet; but Juvenal is not eclipfed. For the various characters in the original the reader is pleafed, in the Englifh poem, to meet with Cardinal Wolfey, Buckingham ftabbed by Felton, Lord Strafford, Clarendon, Charles XII. of Sweden; and for Tully and Demofthenes, Lydiat, Galileo, and Archbifhop Laud. It is owing to Johnfon's delight in biography that the name of LYDIAT is called forth from obfcurity. It may, therefore, not be ufelefs to tell, that LYDIAT was a learned divine and mathematician in the beginning of the laft ceutury. He attacked the doctrine of Ariftotle and Scaliger, and wrote a number of fermons on the harmony of the Evangelifts. With all his merit, he lay in the prifon of *Bocardo* at Oxford, till Bifhop Ufher, Laud, and others, paid his debts. He petitioned Charles I. to be fent to Ethiopia to procure manufcripts. Having fpoken in favour of monarchy and bifhops, he was plundered by the Puritans, and twice carried away a prifoner from his rectory. He died very poor in 1646.

The

The Tragedy of Irene is founded on a paſſage in KNOLLES's Hiſtory of the Turks; an author highly commended in the Rambler, N° 122. An incident in the Life of Mahomet the Great, firſt emperor of the Turks, is the hinge on which the fable is made to move. The ſubſtance of the ſtory is ſhortly this. In 1453 Mahomet laid ſiege to Conſtantinople, and, having reduced the place, became enamoured of a fair Greek, whoſe name was IRENE. The ſultan invited her to embrace the law of the Prophet, and to grace his throne. Enraged at this intended marriage, the Janizaries formed a conſpiracy to dethrone the emperor. To avert the impending danger, Mahomet, in a full aſſembly of the grandees, "Catching with one "hand," as KNOLLES relates it, "the fair "Greek by the hair of her head, and draw"ing his falchion with the other, he, at one "blow, ſtruck off her head, to the great "terror of them all; and, having ſo done, "ſaid unto them, Now, by this, judge whe"ther your emperor is able to bridle his af"fections or not." The ſtory is ſimple, and it remained for the author to amplify it with

 proper

proper epiſodes, and give it complication and variety. The cataſtrophe is changed, and horror gives place to terror and piety. But, after all, the fable is cold and languid. There is not, throughout the piece, a ſingle ſituation to excite curioſity, and raiſe a conflict of paſſions. The diction is nervous, rich, and elegant; but ſplendid language, and melodious numbers, will make a fine poem, not a tragedy. The ſentiments are beautiful, always happily expreſſed, but ſeldom appropriated to the character, and generally too philoſophic. What Johnſon has ſaid of the Tragedy of *Cato* may be applied to Irene: "it is rather a poem in dialogue "than a drama; rather a ſucceſſion of juſt "ſentiments in elegant language, than a re-"preſentation of natural affections. No-"thing excites or aſſuages emotion. The "events are expected without ſolicitude, "and are remembered without joy or ſor-"row. Of the agents we have no care; we "conſider not what they are doing, nor "what they are ſuffering; we wiſh only to "know what they have to ſay. It is unaf-"fecting elegance, and chill philoſophy." The following ſpeech, in the mouth of a

Turk,

Turk, who is ſuppoſed to have heard of the Britiſh conſtitution, has been often ſelected from the numberleſs beauties with which IRENE abounds:

"If there be any land, as fame reports,
Where common laws reſtrain the prince and ſubject;
A happy land, where circulating pow'r
Flows through each member of th' embodied ſtate;
Sure, not unconſcious of the mighty bleſſing,
Her grateful ſons ſhine bright with ev'ry virtue;
Untainted with the LUST OF INNOVATION;
Sure all unite to hold her league of rule,
Unbroken as the ſacred chain of Nature,
That links the jarring elements in peace."

Theſe are Britiſh ſentiments. Above forty years ago they found an echo in the breaſt of applauding audiences, and, to this hour they are the voice of the people, in defiance of the *metaphyſics* and the *new lights* of certain politicians, who would gladly find their private advantage in the diſaſters of their country; a race of men, *quibus nulla ex honeſto ſpes*.

The Prologue to Irene is written with elegance, and, in a peculiar ſtrain, ſhews the literary pride and lofty ſpirit of the author.

The

The Epilogue, we are told in a late publication, was written by Sir William Young. This is a new discovery, but by no means probable. When the appendages to a Dramatic Performance are not assigned to a friend, or an unknown hand, or a person of fashion, they are always supposed to be written by the author of the Play. It is to be wished, however, that the Epilogue in question could be transferred to any other writer. It is the worst *Jeu d'Esprit* that ever fell from Johnson's pen.

An account of the various pieces contained in this edition, such as miscellaneous tracts, and philological dissertations, would lead beyond the intended limits of this essay. It will suffice to say, that they are the productions of a man who never wanted decorations of language, and always taught his reader to think. The life of the late king of Prussia, as far as it extends, is a model of the biographical style. The Review of THE ORIGIN OF EVIL was, perhaps, written with asperity; but the angry epitaph, which it provoked from SOAME JENYNS, was an ill-timed resentment, unworthy of the genius of that amiable author.

The

The Rambler may be confidered as Johnfon's great work. It was the bafis of that high reputation which went on increafing to the end of his days. The circulation of thofe periodical effays was not, at firft, equal to their merit. They had not, like the Spectators, the art of charming by variety; and indeed how could it be expected? The wits of queen Anne's reign fent their contributions to the Spectator; and Johnfon ftood alone. A ftage-coach, fays Sir Richard Steele, muft go forward on ftated days, whether there are paffengers or not. So it was with the Rambler, every Tuefday and Saturday, for two years. In this collection Johnfon is the great moral teacher of his countrymen; his effays form a body of ethics; the obfervations on life and manners are acute and inftructive; and the papers, profeffedly critical, ferve to promote the caufe of literature. It muft, however, be acknowledged, that a fettled gloom hangs over the author's mind; and all the effays, except eight or ten, coming from the fame fountain-head, no wonder that they have the racinefs of the foil from which they fprang. Of this uniformity

formity Johnſon was ſenſible. He uſed to ſay, that if he had joined a friend or two, who would have been able to intermix papers of a ſprightly turn, the collection would have been more miſcellaneous, and by conſequence more agreeable to the generality of readers. This he uſed to illuſtrate by repeating two beautiful ſtanzas from his own Ode to Cave, or *Silvanus Urban*:

Non ulla Muſis pagina gratior,
Quam quæ ſeveris ludicra jungere
Novit, fatigatamque nugis
Utilibus recreare mentem.

Texente nymphis ſerta Lycoride,
Roſæ ruborem ſic viola adjuvat
Immiſta, ſic Iris refulget
Æthereis variata fucis.

It is remarkable, that the pomp of diction, which has been objected to Johnſon, was firſt aſſumed in the Rambler. His Dictionary was going on at the ſame time, and, in the courſe of that work, as he grew familiar with technical and ſcholaſtic words, he thought that the bulk of his readers were equally learned; or at leaſt would admire the ſplendour and dignity of the ſtyle. And yet it is well

well known, that he praiſed in Cowley the eaſe and unaffected ſtructure of the ſentences. Cowley may be placed at the head of thoſe who cultivated a clear and natural ſtyle. Dryden, Tillotſon, and Sir William Temple, followed. Addiſon, Swift, and Pope, with more correctneſs, carried our language well nigh to perfection. Of Addiſon, Johnſon was uſed to ſay, *He is the Raphael of Eſſay Writers.* How he differed ſo widely from ſuch elegant models is a problem not to be ſolved, unleſs it be true that he took an early tincture from the writers of the laſt century, particularly Sir Thomas Browne. Hence the peculiarities of his ſtyle, new combinations, ſentences of an unuſual ſtructure, and words derived from the learned languages. His own account of the matter is, "When common words were "leſs pleaſing to the ear, or leſs diſtinct in "their ſignification, I familiarized the terms "of philoſophy, by applying them to po-"pular ideas." But he forgot the obſervation of Dryden: *If too many foreign words are poured in upon us, it looks as if they were deſigned, not to aſſiſt the natives, but to conquer them.* There is, it muſt be admitted, a ſwell of

of language, often out of all proportion to the ſentiment; but there is, in general, a fullneſs of mind, and the thought ſeems to expand with the ſound of the words. Determined to diſcard colloquial barbariſms and licentious idioms, he forgot the elegant ſimplicity that diſtinguiſhes the writings of Addiſon. He had what Locke calls a round-about view of his ſubject; and, though he was never tainted, like many modern wits, with the ambition of ſhining in parodox, he may be fairly called an ORIGINAL THINKER. His reading was extenſive. He treaſured in his mind whatever was worthy of notice, but he added to it from his own meditation. He collected, *quæ reconderet, auctaque promeret.* Addiſon was not ſo profound a thinker. He was *born to write, converſe, and live with eaſe*; and he found an early patron in Lord Somers. He depended, however, more upon a fine taſte than the vigour of his mind. His Latin Poetry ſhews, that he reliſhed, with a juſt ſelection, all the refined and delicate beauties of the Roman claſſics; and, when he cultivated his native language, no wonder that he formed that grateful ſtyle, which has been ſo juſtly admired; ſimple, yet elegant;

elegant; adorned, yet never over-wrought; rich in allufion, yet pure and perfpicuous; correct, without labour; and though fometimes deficient in ftrength, yet always mufical. His effays, in general, are on the furface of life; if ever original, it was in pieces of humour. Sir Roger de Coverley, and the Tory Fox-hunter, need not to be mentioned. Johnfon had a fund of humour, but he did not know it; nor was he willing to defcend to the familiar idiom and the variety of diction which that mode of compofition required. The letter, in the Rambler, N°. 12, from a young girl that wants a place, will illuftrate this obfervation. Addifon poffeffed an unclouded imagination, alive to the firft objects of nature and of art. He reaches the fublime without any apparent effort. When he tells us, "If we confider the fixed ftars as fo many "oceans of flame, that are each of them at-"tended with a different fet of planets; if we "ftill difcover new firmaments and new lights, "that are funk further in thofe unfathomable "depths of æther, we are loft in a labyrinth of "funs and worlds, and confounded with the "magnificence and immenfity of nature;" the eafe, with which this paffage rifes to unaffected

affected grandeur, is the ſecret charm that captivates the reader. Johnſon is always lofty; he ſeems, to uſe Dryden's phraſe, to be o'er-inform'd with meaning, and his words do not appear to himſelf adequate to his conception. He moves in ſtate, and his periods are always harmonious. His Oriental Tales are in the true ſtyle of Eaſtern magnificence, and yet none of them are ſo much admired as the Viſions of Mirza. In matters of criticiſm, Johnſon is never the echo of preceding writers. He thinks and decides for himſelf. If we except the Eſſays on the Pleaſures of Imagination, Addiſon cannot be called a philoſophical critic. His moral Eſſays are beautiful: but in that province nothing can exceed the Rambler, though Johnſon uſed to ſay, that the Eſſay on *The burthens of mankind* (in the Spectator, N° 558) was the moſt exquiſite he had ever read. Talking of himſelf, Johnſon ſaid, "Topham Beauclerk "has wit, and every thing comes from him "with eaſe; but when I ſay a good thing, I "ſeem to labour." When we compare him with Addiſon, the contraſt is ſtill ſtronger. Addiſon lends grace and ornament to truth; Johnſon gives it force and energy. Addi-

ſon

ſon makes virtue amiable; Johnſon repreſents as an awful duty. Addiſon inſinuates himſelf with an air of modeſty; Johnſon commands like a dictator; but a dictator in his ſplendid robes, not labouring at the plough. Addiſon is the Jupiter of Virgil, with placid ſerenity talking to Venus:

"Vultu, quo cœlum tempeſtateſque ſerenat."

Johnſon is JUPITER TONANS: he darts his lightning, and rolls his thunder, in the cauſe of virtue and piety. The language ſeems to fall ſhort of his ideas; he pours along, familiarizing the terms of philoſophy, with bold inverſions, and ſonorous periods; but we may apply to him what Pope has ſaid of Homer: "It is the ſentiment that ſwells and fills out "the diction, which riſes with it, and forms "itſelf about it; like glaſs in the furnace, "which grows to a greater magnitude, as the "breath within is more powerful, and the "heat more intenſe."

It is not the deſign of this compariſon to decide between theſe two eminent writers.

In matters of taſte every reader will chuſe for himſelf. Johnſon is always profound, and of courſe gives the fatigue of thinking. Addiſon charms while he inſtructs; and writing, as he always does, a pure, an elegant, and idiomatic ſtyle, he may be pronounced the ſafeſt model for imitation.

The eſſays written by Johnſon in the Adventurer may be called a continuation of the Rambler. The IDLER, in order to be conſiſtent with the aſſumed character, is written with abated vigour, in a ſtyle of eaſe and unlaboured elegance. It is the Odyſſey after the Iliad. Intenſe thinking would not become the IDLER. The firſt number preſents a well-drawn portrait of an Idler, and from that character no deviation could be made. Accordingly, Johnſon forgets his auſtere manner, and plays us into ſenſe. He ſtill continues his lectures on human life, but he adverts to common occurrences, and is often content with the topic of the day. An advertiſement in the beginning of the firſt volume informs us, that twelve entire eſſays were a contribution from different hands. One of theſe, N° 33, is the

journal of a Senior Fellow at Cambridge, but, as Johnſon, being himſelf an original thinker, always revolted from ſervile imitation, he has printed the piece, with an apology, importing that the journal of a citizen in the *Spectator* almoſt precluded the attempt of any ſubſequent writer. This account of the Idler may be cloſed, after obſerving, that the author's mother being buried on the 23d of January 1759, there is an admirable paper, occaſioned by that event, on Saturday the 27th of the ſame month, N° 41. The reader, if he pleaſes, may compare it with another fine paper in the Rambler, N° 54, on the conviction that ruſhes on the mind at the bed of a dying friend.

"Raſſelas," ſays Sir John Hawkins, "is a ſpecimen of our language ſcarcely to be paralleled; it is written in a ſtyle refined to a degree of *immaculate purity*, and diſplays the whole force of *turgid* eloquence." One cannot but ſmile at this encomium. Raſſelas is undoubtedly both elegant and ſublime. It is a view of human life, diſplayed, it muſt be owned, in gloomy colours. The author's natural melancholy, depreſſed, at the time, by the approaching diſ-

folution of his mother, darkened the picture. A tale, that fhould keep curiofity awake by the artifice of unexpected incidents, was not the defign of a mind pregnant with better things. He, who reads the heads of the chapters, will find, that it is not a courfe of adventures that invites him forward, but a difcuffion of interefting queftions; Reflections on Human Life; the Hiftory of *Imlac*, the Man of Learning; a Differtation upon Poetry; the Character of a wife and happy Man, who difcourfes with energy on the government of the paffions, and on a fudden, when Death deprives him of his daughter, forgets all his maxims of wifdom and the eloquence that adorned them, yielding to the ftroke of affliction with all the vehemence of the bittereft anguifh. It is by pictures of life, and profound moral reflection, that expectation is engaged and gratified throughout the work. The Hiftory of the Mad Aftronomer, who imagines that, for five years, he poffeffed the regulation of the weather, and that the fun paffed from tropic to tropic by his direction, reprefents in ftriking colours the fad effects of a diftempered imagination. It becomes

comes the more affecting, when we recollect that it proceeds from one, who lived in fear of the ſame dreadful viſitation; from one who ſays emphatically, "Of the uncertainties in "our preſent ſtate, the moſt dreadful and "alarming is the uncertain continuance of "reaſon." The enquiry into the cauſe of madneſs, and the dangerous prevalence of imagination, till, in time, ſome particular train of ideas fixes the attention, and the mind recurs conſtantly to the favourite conception, is carried on in a ſtrain of acute obſervation; but it leaves us room to think, that the author was tranſcribing from his own apprehenſions. The diſcourſe on the nature of the ſoul gives us all that philoſophy knows, not without a tincture of ſuperſtition. It is remarkable that the vanity of human purſuits was, about the ſame time, the ſubject that employed both Johnſon and Voltaire; but *Candide* is the work of a lively imagination, and Raſſelas, with all its ſplendour of eloquence, exhibits a gloomy picture. It ſhould, however, be remembered, that the world has known the WEEPING as well as the LAUGHING philoſopher.

The Dictionary does not properly fall within the province of this essay. The preface, however, will be found in this edition. He who reads the close of it, without acknowledging the force of the pathetic and sublime, must have more insensibility in his composition than usually falls to the share of man. The work itself, though in some instances abuse has been loud, and in others malice has endeavoured to undermine its fame, still remains the MOUNT ATLAS of English Literature.

Though storms and tempests thunder on its brow,
And oceans break their billows at its feet,
It stands unmov'd, and glories in its height.

That Johnson was eminently qualified for the office of a commentator on Shakspeare, no man can doubt; but it was an office which he never cordially embraced. The publick expected more than he had diligence to perform; and yet his edition has been the ground on which every subsequent commentator has chosen to build. One note, for its singularity, may be thought worthy of notice in this place. Hamlet says, *For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a God-kissing carrion.* In this War-

Warburton diſcovered the *origin of evil.* Hamlet, he ſays, breaks off in the middle of the ſentence; but the learned commentator knows what he was going to ſay, and, being unwilling to keep the ſecret, he goes on in a train of philoſophical reaſoning that leaves the reader in aſtoniſhment. Johnſon, with true piety, adopts the fanciful hypotheſis, declaring it to be a noble emendation, which almoſt ſets the critic on a level with the author. The general obſervations at the end of the ſeveral plays, and the preface, will be found in this edition. The former, with great elegance and preciſion, give a ſummary view of each drama. The preface is a tract of great erudition and philoſophical criticiſm.

Johnſon's political pamphlets, whatever was his motive for writing them, whether gratitude for his penſion, or the ſolicitation of men in power, did not ſupport the cauſe for which they were undertaken. They are written in a ſtyle truly harmonious, and with his uſual dignity of language. When it is ſaid that he advanced poſitions repugnant to the *common rights of mankind,* the virulence of

 party

party may be ſuſpected. It is, perhaps, true that in the clamour raiſed throughout the kingdom Johnſon over-heated his mind; but he was a friend to the rights of man, and greatly ſuperior to the littleneſs of ſpirit that might incline him to advance what he did not think and firmly believe. In the *Falſe Alarm*, though many of the moſt eminent men in the kingdom concurred in petitions to the throne, yet Johnſon, having well ſurveyed the maſs of the people, has given, with great humour and no leſs truth, what may be called, *the birth, parentage, and education of a remonſtrance.* On the ſubject of Falkland's iſlands, the fine diſſuaſive from too haſtily involving the world in the calamities of war, muſt extort applauſe even from the party that wiſhed, at that time, for ſcenes of tumult and commotion. It was in the ſame pamphlet that Johnſon offered battle to JUNIUS; a writer, who, by the uncommon elegance of his ſtyle, charmed every reader, though his object was to inflame the nation in favour of a faction. Junius fought in the dark; he ſaw his enemy and had his full blow; while he himſelf remained ſafe in obſcurity. But let us not, ſaid Johnſon, miſtake

the venom of the ſhaft for the vigour of the bow. The keen invective which he publiſhed on that occaſion, promiſed a paper-war between two combatants, who knew the uſe of their weapons. A battle between them was as eagerly expected as between Mendoza and Big Ben. But Junius, whatever was his reaſon, never returned to the field. He laid down his arms, and has, ever ſince, remained as ſecret as the MAN IN TNE MASK in Voltaire's Hiſtory.

The account of his journey to the Hebrides or Weſtern Iſles of Scotland, is a model for ſuch as ſhall hereafter relate their travels. The author did not viſit that part of the world in the character of an Antiquary, to amuſe us with wonders taken from the dark and fabulous ages; nor as a Mathematician, to meaſure a degree, and ſettle the longitude and latitude of the ſeveral iſlands. Thoſe, who expected ſuch information, expected what was never intended. *In every work regard the writer's end.* Johnſon went to ſee men and manners,, modes of life, and the progreſs of civilization. His remarks are ſo artfully blended with

with the rapidity and elegance of his narrative, that the reader is inclined to wiſh, as Johnſon did with regard to GRAY, that *to travel, and to tell his travels, had been more of his employment.*

As to Johnſon's Parliamentary Debates, nothing with propriety can be ſaid in this place. They are collected in two volumes by Mr. Stockdale, and the flow of eloquence which runs through the ſeveral ſpeeches is ſufficiently known.

It will not be uſeleſs to mention two more volumes, which may form a proper ſupplement to this edition. They contain a ſet of Sermons left for publication by John Taylor, LL.D. The Reverend Mr. Hayes, who uſhered theſe Diſcourſes into the world, has not given them as the compoſition of Dr. Taylor. All he could ſay for his departed friend was, that he left them in ſilence among his papers. Mr. Hayes knew them to be the production of a ſuperior mind; and the writer of theſe Memoirs owes it to the candour of that elegant ſcholar, that he is now warranted to give an additional proof of Johnſon's ardour in the cauſe of piety, and every moral duty. The laſt diſcourſe in the collection was intended

tended to be delivered by Dr. Taylor at the funeral of Johnſon's wife; but that Reverend gentleman declined the office, becauſe, as he told Mr. Hayes, the praiſe of the deceaſed was too much amplified. He, who reads the piece, will find it a beautiful moral leſſon, written with temper, and no where overcharged with ambitious ornaments. The reſt of the Diſcourſes were the fund, which Dr. Taylor, from time to time, carried with him to his pulpit. He had the LARGEST BULL* in England, and ſome of the beſt Sermons.

We come now to the Lives of the Poets, a work undertaken at the age of ſeventy, yet the moſt brilliant, and certainly the moſt popular of all our Author's writings. For this performance he needed little preparation. Attentive always to the hiſtory of letters, and by his own natural bias fond of Biography, he was the more willing to embrace the propoſition of the Bookſellers. He was verſed in the whole body of Engliſh Poetry, and his rules of criticiſm were ſettled with preciſion. The diſſertation, in the Life of Cowley, on the

* See Johnſon's Letters from Aſhbourne in Vol. XII. of this edition.

metaphyſical

metaphyſical Poets of the laſt century, has the attraction of novelty as well as ſound obſervation. The writers, who followed Dr. Donne, went in queſt of ſomething better than truth and nature. As Sancho ſays in Don Quixote, they wanted better bread than is made with wheat. They took pains to bewilder themſelves, and were ingenious for no other purpoſe than to err. In Johnſon's review of Cowley's works, falſe wit is detected in all its ſhapes, and the Gothic taſte for glittering conceits, and far-fetched alluſions, is exploded, never, it is hoped, to revive again.

An author who has publiſhed his obſervations on the Life and Writings of Dr. Johnſon, ſpeaking of the Lives of the Poets, ſays, "These compoſitions, abounding in ſtrong "and acute remark, and with many fine and "even ſublime paſſages, have unqueſtionably "great merit; but if they be regarded merely "as containing narrations of the lives, deli-"neations of the characters, and ſtrictures of "the ſeveral authors, they are far from being "always to be depended on." He adds, "The "characters are ſometimes partial, and there "is ſometimes TOO MUCH MALIGNITY of miſ-"repreſentation,

"representation, to which, perhaps, may be "joined no inconſiderable portion of errone-"ous criticiſm." The ſeverel clauſes of this cenſure deſerve to be anſwered as fully as the limits of this eſſay will permit.

In the firſt place, the facts are related upon the beſt intelligence, and the beſt vouchers that could be gleaned, after a great lapſe of time. Probability was to be inferred from ſuch materials as could be procured, and no man better underſtood the nature of hiſtorical evidence than Dr. Johnſon; no man was more religiouſly an obſerver of truth. If his Hiſtory is any where defective, it muſt be imputed to want of better information, and the errors of uncertain tradition.

Ad nos vix tenuis famæ prelabitur aura.

If the ſtrictures on the works of the various authors are not always ſatisfactory, and if erroneous criticiſm may ſometimes be ſuſpected, who can hope that in matters of taſte all ſhall agree? The inſtances in which the public mind has differed from the poſitions advanced by the author, are few in number. It has been

been ſaid, that juſtice has not been done to Swift; that Gay and Prior are undervalued; and that Gray has been harſhly treated. This charge, perhaps, ought not to be diſputed. Johnſon, it is well known, had conceived a prejudice againſt Swift. His friends trembled for him when he was writing that life, but were pleaſed, at laſt, to ſee it executed with temper and moderation. As to Prior, it is probable that he gave his real opinion, but an opinion that will not be adopted by men of lively fancy. With regard to Gray, when he condemns the apoſtrophe, in which Father Thames is deſired to tell who drives the hoop, or toſſes the ball, and then adds, that Father Thames had no better means of knowing than himſelf; when he compares the abrupt beginning of the firſt ſtanza of the bard to the ballad of JOHNNY ARMSTRONG, "*Is there ever* "*a man in all Scotland*;" there are, perhaps, few friends of Johnſon, who would not wiſh to blot out both the paſſages. It may be queſtioned whether the remarks on Pope's Eſſay on Man can be received without great caution. It has been already mentioned, that Crouſaz, a profeſſor in Switzerland, eminent for his Treatiſe of Logic, ſtarted up a profeſſed

professed enemy to that poem. Johnson says, "his mind was one of those, in which philosophy and piety are happily united. He "looked with distrust upon all metaphysical "systems of theology, and was persuaded, "that the positions of Pope were intended to "draw mankind away from Revelation, and "to represent the whole course of things as "a necessary concatenation of indissoluble "fatality." This is not the place for a controversy about the Leibnitzian system. Warburton, with all the powers of his large and comprehensive mind, published a Vindication of Pope; and yet Johnson says, that "in "many passages a religious eye may easily discover expressions not very favourable to mo-"rals, or to liberty." This sentence is severe, and, perhaps, dogmatical. Crousaz wrote an Examen of THE ESSAY ON MAN, and afterwards a Commentary on every remarkable passage; and though it now appears that Mrs. Elizabeth Carter translated the foreign Critic, yet it is certain that Johnson encouraged the work, and, perhaps, imbibed those early prejudices which adhered to him to the end of his life. He shuddered at the idea of irreligion. Hence

Hence we are told in the Life of Pope, "Never "were penury of knowledge and vulgarity of "ſentiment ſo happily diſguiſed; Pope, in the "chair of wiſdom, tells much that every man "knows, and much that he did not know "himſelf; and gives us comfort in the poſi-"tion, that *though man's a fool, yet God is "wiſe*; that human advantages are unſtable; "that our true honour is, not to have a great "part, but to act it well; that virtue only is "our own, and that happineſs is always in "our power. The reader, when he meets all "this in its new array, no longer knows the "talk of his mother and his nurſe." But may it not be ſaid, that every ſyſtem of ethics muſt or ought to terminate in plain and general maxims for the uſe of life? and, though in ſuch axioms no diſcovery is made, does not the beauty of the moral theory conſiſt in the premiſes, and the chain of reaſoning that leads to the concluſion? May not truth, as Johnſon himſelf ſays, be conveyed to the mind by a new train of intermediate images? Pope's doctrine about the ruling paſſion does not ſeem to be refuted, though it is called, in harſh terms, pernicious as well as falſe, tending to eſtabliſh a kind of moral predeſtination,

or

or over-ruling principle, which cannot be refisted. But Johnfon was too eafily alarmed in the caufe of religion. Organized as the human race is, individuals have different inlets of perception, different powers of mind, and different fenfations of pleafure and pain.

> All fpread their charms, but charm not all alike,
> On different fenfes different objects ftrike:
> Hence different paffions more or lefs inflame,
> As ftrong or weak the organs of the frame.
> And hence one mafter-paffion in the breaft,
> Like Aaron's ferpent, fwallows up the reft.

Brumoy fays, Pafcal from his infancy felt himfelf a geometrician; and Vandyke, in like manner, was a painter. Shakfpeare, who of all poets had the deepeft infight into human nature, was aware of a prevailing bias in the operations of every mind. By him we are told, "*Mafterlefs paffion fways us to the mood of what it likes or loaths.*"

It remains to enquire, whether in the lives before us the characters are partial, and too often drawn with malignity of mifreprefentation. To prove this it is alleged, that Johnfon has mifreprefented the circumftances relative to the tranflation of the firft Iliad, and mali-

ciously ascribed that performance to Addison, instead of Tickell, with too much reliance on the testimony of Pope, taken from the account in the papers left by Mr. Spence. For a refutation of the fallacy imputed to Addison, we are referred to a note in the *Biographia Britannica*, written by the late *Judge Blackstone*, who, it is said, examined the whole matter with accuracy, and found that the first regular statement of the accusation against Addison was published by Ruffhead, in his Life of Pope, from the materials which he received from Dr. Warburton. But, with all due deference to the learned Judge, whose talents deserve all praise, this account is by no means accurate.

Sir Richard Steele, in a dedication of the Comedy of the Drummer to Mr. Congreve, gave the first insight into that business. He says, in a style of anger and resentment, "If "that gentleman (Mr. Tickell) thinks him-"self injured, I will allow I have wronged "him upon this issue, that (if the reputed "translator of the first book of Homer shall "please to give us another book) there shall

"appear

"appear another good judge in poetry, besides Mr. Alexander Pope, who ſhall like it." The authority of Steele outweighs all opinions founded on vain conjecture, and, indeed, ſeems to be deciſive, ſince we do not find that Tickell, though warmly preſſed, thought proper to vindicate himſelf.

But the grand proof of Johnſon's malignity is the manner in which he has treated the character and conduct of Milton. To enforce this charge has wearied ſophiſtry, and exhauſted the invention of a party. What they cannot deny, they palliate; what they cannot prove, they ſay is probable. But why all this rage againſt Dr. Johnſon? Addiſon, before him, had ſaid of Milton;

Oh! had the Poet ne'er prophan'd his pen,
To varniſh o'er the guilt of faithleſs men!

And had not Johnſon an equal right to avow his ſentiments? Do his enemies claim a privilege to abuſe whatever is valuable to Engliſhmen, either in Church or State? and muſt the liberty of UNLICENSED PRINTING be denied to the friends of the Britiſh conſtitution?

It is unneceſſary to purſue the argument through all its artifices, ſince, diſmantled of ornament and ſeducing language, the plain truth may be ſtated in a narrow compaſs. Johnſon knew that Milton was a republican; he ſays, "an acrimonious and ſurly republi-"can, for which it is not known that he gave "any better reaſon, than that a popular go-"vernment was the moſt frugal; for, the "trappings of a monarchy would ſet up an "ordinary commonwealth." Johnſon knew that Milton talked aloud "of the danger of "READMITTING KINGSHIP in this nation;" and when Milton adds, "that a commonwealth "was commended, or rather ENJOINED, by "our Saviour himſelf, to all Chriſtians, not "without a remarkable diſallowance, and the "brand of Gentiliſm UPON KINGSHIP," Johnſon thought him no better than a wild enthuſiaſt. He knew as well as Milton, "that the "happineſs of a nation muſt needs be firmeſt "and certaineſt in a full and free council of "their own electing, where no ſingle perſon, "but reaſon only, ſways;" but the example of all the republics, recorded in the annals of mankind, gave him no room to hope that

REASON

REASON ONLY would be heard. He knew that the republican form of government, having little or no complication, and no confonance of parts by a nice mechanifm forming a regular whole, was too fimple to be beautiful even in theory. In practice it, perhaps, never exifted. In its moft flourifhing ftate, at Athens, Rome, and Carthage, it was a conftant fcene of tumult and commotion. From the mifchiefs of a wild democracy, the progrefs has ever been to the dominion of an ariftocracy; and the word *ariftocracy* fatally includes the boldeft and moft turbulent citizens, who rife by their crimes, and call themfelves the beft men in the ftate. By intrigue, by cabal, and faction, a pernicious oligarchy is fure to fucceed, and end at laft in the tyranny of a fingle ruler. Tacitus, the great mafter of political wifdom, faw, under the mixed authority of king, nobles, and people, a better form of government than Milton's boafted republic; and what Tacitus admired in theory, but defpaired of enjoying, Johnfon faw eftablifhed in this country. He knew that it had been overturned by the rage of frantic men; but he knew that, after the iron rod of Cromwell's ufurpation, the conftitution was once more

 reftored

reſtored to its firſt principles. Monarchy was eſtabliſhed, and this country was regenerated. It was regenerated a ſecond time at the Revolution: the rights of men were then defined, and the bleſſings of good order and civil liberty have been ever ſince diffuſed through the whole community.

The peace and happineſs of ſociety were what Dr. Johnſon had at heart. He knew that Milton called his Defence of the Regicides a defence of the people of England, but, however gloſſed and varniſhed, he thought it an apology for murder. Had the men, who, under a ſhow of liberty, brought their king to the ſcaffold, proved by their ſubſequent conduct, that the public good inſpired their actions, the end might have given ſome ſanction to the means; but uſurpation and ſlavery followed. Milton undertook the office of ſecretary under the deſpotic power of Cromwell, offering the incenſe of adulation to his maſter, with the titles of *Director of public Councils, the Leader of unconquered Armies, the Father of his Country.* Milton declared, at the ſame time, that *nothing is more pleaſing to God, or more agreeable to reaſon, than that*

that the higheſt mind ſhould have the ſovereign power. In this ſtrain of ſervile flattery Milton gives us the right divine of tyrants. But it ſeems, in the ſame piece, he exhorts Cromwell "not to deſert thoſe great principles of liberty "which he had profeſſed to eſpouſe; for, it "would be a grievous enormity, if, after "having ſucceſsfully oppoſed tyranny, he "ſhould himſelf act the part of a tyrant, and "betray the cauſe that he had defended." This deſertion of every honeſt principle the advocate for liberty lived to ſee. Cromwell acted the tyrant; and, with vile hypocriſy, told the people, that he had conſulted the Lord, and the Lord would have it ſo. Milton took an under part in the tragedy. Did that become the defender of the people of England? Brutus ſaw his country enſlaved; he ſtruck the blow for freedom, and he died with honour in the cauſe. Had he lived to be a ſecretary under Tiberius, what would now be ſaid of his memory?

But ſtill, it ſeems, the proſtitution with which Milton is charged, ſince it cannot be defended, is to be retorted on the character of Johnſon.

Johnſon. For this purpoſe a book has been publiſhed, called *Remarks on Dr. Johnſon's Life of Milton; to which are added Milton's Tractate of Education, and Areopagitica.* In this laboured tract we are told, "There is one "performance aſcribed to the pen of the "Doctor, where the proſtitution is of ſo ſin-"gular a nature, that it would be difficult to "ſelect an adequate motive for it out of the "mountainous heap of conjectural cauſes of "human paſſions or human caprice. It is "the ſpeech of the late unhappy Dr. William "Dodd, when he was about to hear the ſen-"tence of the law pronounced upon him, in "conſequence of an indictment for forgery. "The voice of the publick has given the ho-"nour of manufacturing this ſpeech to Dr. "Johnſon; and the ſtyle and configuration "of the ſpeech itſelf confirm the imputation. "But it is hardly poſſible to divine what "could be his motive for accepting the of-"fice. A man, to expreſs the preciſe ſtate of "mind of another, about to be deſtined to an "ignominious death for a capital crime, "ſhould, one would imagine, have ſome con-"ſciouſneſs, that he himſelf had incurred

"ſome

"ſome guilt of the ſame kind." In all the ſchools of ſophiſtry is there to be found ſo vile an argument? In the purlieus of Grub-ſtreet is there ſuch another mouthful of dirt? in the whole quiver of Malice is there ſo envenomed a ſhaft?

After this it is to be hoped, that a certain claſs of men will talk no more of Johnſon's malignity. The laſt apology for Milton is, that he acted according to his principles. But Johnſon thought thoſe principles deteſtable; pernicious to the conſtitution in Church and State, deſtructive of the peace of ſociety, and hoſtile to the great fabric of civil policy, which the wiſdom of ages has taught every Briton to revere, to love, and cheriſh. He reckoned Milton in that claſs of men, whom the Roman hiſtorian ſays, when they want, by a ſudden convulſion, to overturn the government, they roar and clamour for liberty; if they ſucceed, they deſtroy liberty itſelf. *Ut imperium evertant, Libertatem præferunt; ſi perverterint, libertatem ipſam aggredientur.* Such were the ſentiments of Dr. Johnſon; and it may be aſked, in the language of Bolingbroke,

"Are

"Are thefe fentiments, which any man, who "is born a Briton, in any circumftances, in "any fituation, ought to be afhamed or afraid "to avow?" Johnfon has done ample juftice to Milton's poetry: the Criticifm on Paradife Loft is a fublime compofition. Had he thought the author as good and pious a citizen as Dr. Watts, he would have been ready, notwithftanding his non-conformity, to do equal honour to the memory of the man.

It is now time to clofe this effay, which the author fears has been drawn too much into length. In the progrefs of the work, feeble as it may be, he thought himfelf performing the laft human office to the memory of a friend, whom he loved, efteemed, and honoured.

> His faltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
> Munere.——

The author of thefe Memoirs has been anxious to give the features of the man, and the true character of the author. He has not fuffered the hand of partiality to colour his excellences with too much warmth; nor has he endeavoured to throw his fingularities too much

much into the ſhade. Dr. Johnſon's failings may well be forgiven for the ſake of his virtues. His defects were ſpots in the ſun. His kind affections, and the goodneſs of his heart, preſent an example worthy of imitation. His works ſtill remain a monument of genius and of learning. Had he written nothing but what is contained in this edition, the quantity ſhews a life ſpent in ſtudy and meditation. If to this we added the labour of his Dictionary and other various productions, it may be fairly allowed, as he uſed to ſay of himſelf, that he has written his ſhare. In the volumes here preſented to the publick, the reader will find a perpetual ſource of pleaſure and inſtruction. With due precautions, authors may learn to grace their ſtyle with elegance, harmony, and preciſion; they may be taught to think with vigour and perſpicuity; and, to crown the whole, by a diligent attention to theſe books all may advance in virtue.

FINIS.

POEMS.

L O N D O N:

A P O E M:

IN IMITATION OF THE

THIRD SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

Written in 1738.

—— Quis ineptæ
Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus ut teneat ſe? JUV.

---

[1] THO' grief and fondneſs in my breaſt rebel,
When injur'd THALES bids the town farewell,
Yet ſtill my calmer thoughts his choice commend,
I praiſe the hermit, but regret the friend,
Reſolv'd at length, from vice and LONDON far,
To breathe in diſtant fields a purer air,
And, fix'd on Cambria's ſolitary ſhore,
Give to St. David one true Briton more.
[2] For who would leave, unbrib'd, Hibernia's land,
Or change the rocks of Scotland for the Strand?

JUV. SAT. III.

[1] Quamvis digreſſu veteris confuſus amici:
Laudo, tamen, vacuis quod ſedem figere Cumis
Deſtinet, atque unum civem donare Sibyllæ.
[2] —— Ego vel Prochytam præpono Suburræ,
Nam quid tam miſerum, tam ſolum vidimus, ut non
Deterius credas horrere incendia, lapſus
Tectorum aſſiduos, & mille pericula ſævæ
Urbis, & Auguſto recitantes menſe poetas?

There none are ſwept by ſudden fate away,
But all, whom hunger ſpares, with age decay:
Here malice, rapine, accident, conſpire,
And now a rabble rages, now a fire;
Their ambuſh here relentleſs ruffians lay,
And here the fell attorney prowls for prey;
Here falling houſes thunder on your head,
And here a female Atheiſt talks you dead.
[3] While THALES waits the wherry that contains
Of diſſipated wealth the ſmall remains,
On Thames's banks, in ſilent thought we ſtood
Where Greenwich ſmiles upon the ſilver flood;
Struck with the ſeat that gave ELIZA * birth,
We kneel and kiſs the conſecrated earth;
In pleaſing dreams the bliſsful age renew,
And call Britannia's glories back to view;
Behold her croſs triumphant on the main,
The guard of commerce, and the dread of Spain,
Ere maſquerades debauch'd, exciſe oppreſs'd,
Or Engliſh honour grew a ſtanding jeſt.
A tranſient calm the happy ſcenes beſtow,
And for a moment lull the ſenſe of woe.
At length awaking, with contemptuous frown,
Indignant THALES eyes the neighb'ring town.
[4] Since worth, he cries, in theſe degenerate days
Wants ev'n the cheap reward of empty praiſe;

[3] Sed, dum tota domus rhedâ componitur unâ,
Subſtitit ad veteres arcus.——
[4] Hic tunc Umbritius: Quando artibus, inquit, honeſtis
Nullus in urbe locus, nulla emolumenta laborum,
Res hodie minor eſt, heri quam fuit, atque eadem cras
Deteret exiguis aliquid: proponimus illuc
Ire, fatigatas ubi Dædalus exuit alas;
Dum nova canities.——

* Queen Elizabeth, born at Greenwich.

In

In thoſe curs'd walls, devote to vice and gain,
Since unrewarded ſcience toils in vain;
Since hope but ſooths to double my diſtreſs,
And ev'ry moment leaves my little leſs;
While yet my ſteady ſteps no [5] ſtaff ſuſtains,
And life ſtill vig'rous revels in my veins;
Grant me, kind Heaven, to find ſome happier place,
Where honeſty and ſenſe are no diſgrace;
Some pleaſing bank where verdant oſiers play,
Some peaceful vale with Nature's paintings gay;
Where once the haraſs'd Briton found repoſe,
And ſafe in poverty defy'd his foes;
Some ſecret cell, ye Pow'rs, indulgent give,
[6] Let —— live here, for ——has learn'd to live.
Here let thoſe reign, whom penſions can incite
To vote a patriot black, a courtier white;
Explain their country's dear-bought rights away,
And plead for * pirates in the face of day;
With ſlaviſh tenets taint our poiſon'd youth,
And lend a lie the confidence of truth.
[7] Let ſuch raiſe palaces, and manors buy,
Collect a tax, or farm a lottery;
With warbling eunuchs fill our † licens'd ſtage,
And lull to ſervitude a thoughtleſs age.

[5] —— et pedibus me
Porto meis, nullo dextram ſubeunte bacillo.
[6] Cedamus patriâ: vivant Arturius iſtic
Et Catullus: maneant qui nigrum in candida vertunt.
[7] Queis facile eſt ædem conducere, flumina, portus,
Siccandam eluviem, portandum ad buſta cadaver.—
Munera nunc edunt.
* The invaſions of the Spaniards were defended in the houſes of parliament.
† The licenſing act was then lately made.

Heroes, proceed! what bounds your pride ſhall hold?
What check reſtrain your thirſt of pow'r and gold?
Behold rebellious virtue quite o'erthrown,
Behold our fame, our wealth, our lives, your own.
To ſuch, the plunder of a land is giv'n,
When publick crimes inflame the wrath of Heav'n:
[8] But what, my friend, what hope remains for me,
Who ſtart at theft, and bluſh at perjury?
Who ſcarce forbear, tho' BRITAIN's court he ſing,
To pluck a titled poet's borrow'd wing;
A ſtateſman's logick unconvinc'd can hear,
And dare to ſlumber o'er the * Gazetteer;
Deſpiſe a fool in half his penſion dreſs'd,
And ſtrive in vain to laugh at Clodio's jeſt.
[9] Others with ſofter ſmiles, and ſubtler art,
Can ſap the principles, or taint the heart;
With more addreſs a lover's note convey,
Or bribe a virgin's innocence away.
Well may they riſe, while I, whoſe ruſtick tongue
Ne'er knew to puzzle right, or varniſh wrong,
Spurn'd as a beggar, dreaded as a ſpy,
Live unregarded, unlamented die.
[10] For what but ſocial guilt the friend endears?
Who ſhares Orgilio's crimes, his fortune ſhares.

[8] Quid Romæ faciam? mentiri neſcio: librum,
Si malus eſt, nequeo laudare & poſcere.—
[9] —— Ferre ad nuptas quæ mittit adulter,
Quæ mandat norint alii: me nemo miniſtro
Fur erit, atque ideo nulli comes exeo.
[10] Quis nunc diligitur niſi conſcius?——
Carus erit Verri, qui Verrem tempore, quo vult,
Accuſare poteſt.——
* The paper which at that time contained apologies for the court.

But

[11] But thou, ſhould tempting villainy preſent
All Marlb'ough hoarded, or all Villiers ſpent,
Turn from the glitt'ring bribe thy ſcornful eye,
Nor ſell for gold, what gold could never buy,
The peaceful ſlumber, ſelf-approving day,
Unſullied fame, and conſcience ever gay.
[12] The cheated nation's happy fav'rites, ſee!
Mark whom the great careſs, who frown on me!
LONDON! the needy villain's gen'ral home,
The common-ſewer of Paris and of Rome;
With eager thirſt, by folly or by fate,
Sucks-in the dregs of each corrupted ſtate.
Forgive my tranſports on a theme like this,
[13] I cannot bear a French metropolis.
[14] Illuſtrious EDWARD! from the realms of day,
The land of heroes and of ſaints ſurvey;
Nor hope the Britiſh lineaments to trace,
The ruſtick grandeur, or the ſurly grace;
But, loſt in thoughtleſs eaſe and empty ſhow,
Behold the warrior dwindled to a beau;
Senſe, freedom, piety, refin'd away,
Of France the mimick, and of Spain the prey.
All that at home no more can beg or ſteal,
Or like a gibbet better than a wheel;

[11] ——— Tanti tibi non ſit opaci
Omnis arena Tagi, quodque in mare volvitur aurum,
Ut ſomno careas.———

[12] Quæ nunc divitibus gens acceptiſſima noſtris,
Et quos præcipue fugiam, properabo fateri.

[13] ——— Non poſſum ferre, Quirites,
Græcam urbem.———

[14] Ruſticus ille tuus ſumit trechedipna, Quirine,
Et ceromatico fert niceteria collo.

Hiſs'd from the ſtage, or hooted from the court,
Their air, their dreſs, their politicks, import;
[15] Obſequious, artful, voluble, and gay,
On Britain's fond credulity they prey.
No gainful trade their induſtry can 'ſcape,
[16] They ſing, they dance, clean ſhoes, or cure a clap:
All ſciences a faſting Monſieur knows,
And, bid him go to hell, to hell he goes.
[17] Ah! what avails it, that, from ſlav'ry far,
I drew the breath of life in Engliſh air;
Was early taught a Briton's right to prize,
And liſp the tale of HENRY's victories;
If the gull'd conqueror receives the chain,
And flattery prevails when arms are vain?
[18] Studious to pleaſe, and ready to ſubmit,
The ſupple Gaul was born a paraſite:
Still to his int'reſt true, where'er he goes,
Wit, brav'ry, worth, his laviſh tongue beſtows;
In ev'ry face a thouſand graces ſhine,
From ev'ry tongue flows harmony divine.
[19] Theſe arts in vain our rugged natives try,
Strain out with fault'ring diffidence a lie,
And get a kick for aukward flattery.

[15] Ingenium velox, audacia perdita, ſermo
Promptus.———

[16] Augur, ſchœnobates, medicus, magus: omnia novit,
Græculus eſuriens, in cœlum, juſſeris, ibit.

[17] Uſque adeo nihil eſt, quod noſtra infantia cœlum
Hauſit Aventini?——

[18] Quid? quod adulandi gens prudentiſſima, laudat
Sermonem indocti, faciem deformis amici?

[19] Hæc eadem licet & nobis laudare: ſed illis
Creditur.——

Beſides,

Besides, with justice, this discerning age
Admires their wond'rous talents for the stage:
[20] Well may they venture on the mimick's art,
Who play from morn to night a borrow'd part;
Practis'd their master's notions to embrace,
Repeat his maxims, and reflect his face;
With ev'ry wild absurdity comply,
And view each object with another's eye;
To shake with laughter ere the jest they hear,
To pour at will the counterfeited tear;
And, as their patron hints the cold or heat,
To shake in dog-days, in December sweat.
[21] How, when competitors like these contend,
Can surly virtue hope to fix a friend?
Slaves that with serious impudence beguile,
And lie without a blush, without a smile;
Exalt each trifle, ev'ry vice adore,
Your taste in snuff, your judgement in a whore;
Can Balbo's eloquence applaud, and swear
He gropes his breeches with a monarch's air.
For arts like these preferr'd, admir'd, caress'd,
They first invade your table, then your breast;
[22] Explore your secrets with insidious art,
Watch the weak hour, and ransack all the heart;
Then soon your ill-plac'd confidence repay,
Commence your lords, and govern or betray.

[20] Natio comœda est. Rides? majore cachinno
Concutitur, &c.

[21] Non sumus ergo pares: melior, qui semper & omni
Nocte dieque potest alienum sumere vultum,
A facie jactare manus: laudare paratus,
Si bene ructavit, si rectum minxit amicus.——

[22] Scire volunt secreta domus, atque inde timeri.

By

[23] By numbers here from ſhame or cenſure free,
All crimes are ſafe but hated poverty.
This, only this, the rigid law purſues,
This, only this, provokes the ſnarling muſe.
The ſober trader at a tatter'd cloak
Wakes from his dream, and labours for a joke;
With briſker air the ſilken courtiers gaze,
And turn the varied taunt a thouſand ways.
[24] Of all the griefs that haraſs the diſtreſs'd,
Sure the moſt bitter is a ſcornful jeſt;
Fate never wounds more deep the gen'rous heart,
Than when a blockhead's inſult points the dart.
[25] Has Heaven reſerv'd, in pity to the poor,
No pathleſs waſte, or undiſcover'd ſhore?
No ſecret iſland in the boundleſs main?
No peaceful deſert yet unclaim'd * by SPAIN?
Quick let us riſe, the happy ſeats explore,
And bear Oppreſſion's inſolence no more.
This mournful truth is ev'ry where confeſs'd,
[26] SLOW RISES WORTH, BY POVERTY DEPRESS'D:

[23] ——— Materiem præbet cauſaſque jocorum
Omnibus hic idem? ſi fœda & ſciſſa lacerna, &c.

[24] Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in ſe,
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.

[25] ——— Agmine facto,
Debuerant olim tenues migraſſe Quirites.

[26] Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obſtat
Res anguſta domi, ſed Romæ durior illis
Conatus. ———
——— Omnia Romæ
Cum pretio. ———
Cogimur, & cultis augere peculia ſervis.

* The Spaniards at this time were ſaid to make claim to ſome of our American provinces.

But here more ſlow, where all are ſlaves to gold,
Where looks are merchandiſe, and ſmiles are ſold;
Where won by bribes, by flatteries implor'd,
The groom retails the favours of his lord.
But hark! th' affrighted crowd's tumultuous cries
Roll through the ſtreets, and thunder to the ſkies:
Rais'd from ſome pleaſing dream of wealth and pow'r,
Some pompous palace, or ſome bliſsful bow'r,
Aghaſt you ſtart, and ſcarce with aching ſight
Suſtain th' approaching fire's tremendous light;
Swift from purſuing horrors take your way,
And leave your little ALL to flames a prey;
[27] Then thro' the world a wretched vagrant roam,
For where can ſtarving merit find a home?
In vain your mournful narrative diſcloſe,
While all neglect, and moſt inſult your woes.
[28] Should Heav'n's juſt bolts Orgilio's wealth confound,
And ſpread his flaming palace on the ground,
Swift o'er the land the diſmal rumour flies,
And public mournings pacify the ſkies;
The laureat tribe in venal verſe relate,
How virtue wars with perſecuting fate;
[29] With well-feign'd gratitude the penſion'd band
Refund the plunder of the beggar'd land.

[27] ——— Ultimus autem
Ærumnæ cumulus, quod nudum, & fruſtra rogantem
Nemo cibo, nemo hoſpitio, tectoque juvabit.

[28] Si magna Aſturici cecidit domus, horrida mater,
Pullati proceres.———

[29] ——Jam accurrit, qui marmora donet,
Conferat impenſas: hic, &c.
Hic modium argenti.———

See!

See! while he builds, the gaudy vassals come,
And crowd with sudden wealth the rising dome;
The price of boroughs and of souls restore;
And raise his treasures higher than before:
Now bless'd with all the baubles of the great,
The polish'd marble and the shining plate,
[30] Orgilio sees the golden pile aspire,
And hopes from angry Heav'n another fire.

[31] Could'st thou resign the park and play content,
For the fair banks of Severn or of Trent;
There might'st thou find some elegant retreat,
Some hireling senator's deserted seat;
And stretch thy prospects o'er the smiling land,
For less than rent the dungeons of the Strand;
There prune thy walks, support thy drooping flowers,
Direct thy rivulets, and twine thy bow'rs;
And, while thy grounds a cheap repast afford,
Despise the dainties of a venal lord:
There ev'ry bush with Nature's musick rings,
There ev'ry breeze bears health upon its wings;
On all thy hours security shall smile,
And bless thine evening walk and morning toil.

[30] ———Meliora, ac plura reponit
Persicus orborum lautissimus.———

[31] Si potes avelli Circensibus, optima Soræ,
Aut Fabretariæ domus, aut Fusinone paratur,
Quanti nunc tenebras unum conducis in annum.
Hortulus hic.———
Vive bidentis amans & culti villicus horti,
Unde epulum possis centum dare Pythagoreis.

[32] Prepare for death if here at night you roam,
And ſign your will before you ſup from home.
[33] Some fiery fop, with new commiſſion vain,
Who ſleeps on brambles till he kills his man;
Some frolick drunkard, reeling from a feaſt,
Provokes a broil, and ſtabs you for a jeſt.
[34] Yet ev'n theſe heroes, miſchievouſly gay,
Lords of the ſtreet, and terrors of the way;
Fluſh'd as they are with folly, youth, and wine,
Their prudent inſults to the poor confine;
Afar they mark the flambeau's bright approach,
And ſhun the ſhining train, and golden coach.
[35] In vain, theſe dangers paſt, your doors you cloſe,
And hope the balmy bleſſings of repoſe;
Cruel with guilt, and daring with deſpair,
The midnight mur'drer burſts the faithleſs bar;
Invades the ſacred hour of ſilent reſt,
And leaves, unſeen, a dagger in your breaſt.
[36] Scarce can our fields, ſuch crowds at Tyburn die,
With hemp the gallows and the fleet ſupply.

[32] ——— Poſſis ignavus haberi,
Et ſubiti caſus improvidus, ad cœnam ſi
Inteſtatus eas.———

[33] Ebrius & petulans, qui nullum forte cecidit,
Dat pœnas, noctem patitur lugentis amicum
Peleidæ.———

[34] —— Sed, quamvis improbus annis,
Atque mero fervens, cavet hunc, quem coccina læna
Vitari jubet, & comitum longiſſimus ordo,
Multum præterea flammarum, atque ænea lampas.

[35] Nec tamen hoc tantum metuas: nam qui ſpoliet te
Non deerit: clauſis domibus, &c.

[36] Maximus in vinclis ferri modus; ut timeas, ne
Vomer deficiat, ne marræ & ſarcula deſint.

Propoſe

Propofe your fchemes, ye fenatorian band,
Whofe * ways and means fupport the finking land:
Left ropes be wanting in the tempting fpring,
To rig another convoy for the king †.
[37] A fingle goal, in ALFRED's golden reign,
Could half the nation's criminals contain;
Fair Juftice, then, without conftraint ador'd,
Held high the fteady fcale, but fheath'd the fword;
No fpies were paid, no fpecial juries known,
Bleft age! but ah! how diff'rent from our own!
[38] Much could I add,—but fee the boat at hand,
The tide retiring calls me from the land:
[39] Farewell!—When youth, and health, and fortune fpent,
Thou fly'ft for refuge to the wilds of Kent;
And, tir'd like me with follies and with crimes,
In angry numbers warn'ft fucceeding times;
Then fhall thy friend, nor thou refufe his aid,
Still foe to vice, forfake his Cambrian fhade;
In virtue's caufe once more exert his rage,
Thy fatire point, and animate thy page.

[37] Felices proavorum atavos, felicia dicas
Secula, quæ quondam fub regibus atque tribunis
Viderunt uno contentam carcere Romam.
[38] His alias poteram, & pluries fubnectere caufas:
Sed jumenta vocant.———
[39] ——— Ergo vale noftri memor: & quoties te
Roma tuo refici properantem reddet Aquino,
Me quoque ad Eleufinam Cererem, veftramque Dianam
Convelle à Cumis: fatirarum ego, ni pudet illas,
Adjutor gelidos veniam calligatus in agros.

* A cant term in the houfe of commons for methods of raifing money.

† The nation was difcontented at the vifits made by the king to Hanover.

THE

THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES,

IN IMITATION OF THE

TENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

LET * Obſervation, with extenſive view,
Survey mankind from China to Peru;
Remark each anxious toil, each eager ſtrife,
And watch the buſy ſcenes of crowded life;
Then ſay how hope and fear, deſire and hate,
O'erſpread with ſnares the clouded maze of fate,
Where wav'ring man, betray'd by vent'rous pride
To chaſe the dreary paths without a guide,
As treach'rous phantoms in the miſt delude,
Shuns fancied ills, or chaſes airy good;
How rarely reaſon guides the ſtubborn choice,
Rules the bold hand, or prompts the ſuppliant voice;
How nations ſink, by darling ſchemes oppreſs'd,
When Vengeance liſtens to the fool's requeſt.
Fate wings with ev'ry wiſh th' afflictive dart,
Each gift of nature and each grace of art;
With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,
With fatal ſweetneſs elocution flows,
Impeachment ſtops the ſpeaker's pow'rful breath,
And reſtleſs fire precipitates on death.

* Ver. 1—11.

But,

* But, ſcarce obſerv'd, the knowing and the bold
Fall in the gen'ral maſſacre of gold;
Wide waſting peſt! that rages unconfin'd,
And crowds with crimes the records of mankind;
For gold his ſword the hireling ruffian draws,
For gold the hireling judge diſtorts the laws;
Wealth heap'd on wealth, nor truth nor ſafety buys,
The dangers gather as the treaſures riſe.
  Let Hiſt'ry tell where rival kings command,
And dubious title ſhakes the madded land,
When ſtatutes glean the refuſe of the ſword,
How much more ſafe the vaſſal than the lord;
Low ſculks the hind beneath the rage of pow'r,
And leaves the wealthy traitor in the Tow'r,
Untouch'd his cottage, and his ſlumbers ſound,
Tho' Confiſcation's vultures hover round.
  The needy traveller, ſerene and gay,
Walks the wild heath, and ſings his toil away.
Does envy ſeize thee? cruſh th' upbraiding joy,
Increaſe his riches, and his peace deſtroy,
Now fears in dire viciſſitude invade,
The ruſtling brake alarms, and quiv'ring ſhade,
Nor light nor darkneſs bring his pain relief,
One ſhews the plunder, and one hides the thief.
  Yet † ſtill one gen'ral cry the ſkies aſſails,
And gain and grandeur load the tainted gales;
Few know the toiling ſtateſman's fear or care,
Th' inſidious rival and the gaping heir.
  Once ‡ more, Democritus, ariſe on earth,
With cheerful wiſdom and inſtructive mirth,

* Ver. 12—22. † Ver. 23—27. ‡ Ver. 28—55.

See

See motley life in modern trappings dreſs'd,
And feed with varied fools th' eternal jeſt:
Thou who could'ſt laugh where want enchain'd caprice,
Toil cruſh'd conceit, and man was of a piece;
Where wealth unlov'd without a mourner dy'd;
And ſcarce a ſycophant was fed by pride;
Where ne'er was known the form of mock debate,
Or ſeen a new-made mayor's unwieldy ſtate;
Where change of fav'rites made no change of laws,
And ſenates heard before they judg'd a cauſe;
How would'ſt thou ſhake at Britain's modiſh tribe,
Dart the quick taunt, and edge the piercing gibe?
Attentive truth and nature to deſcry,
And pierce each ſcene with philoſophick eye,
To thee were ſolemn toys, or empty ſhow,
The robes of pleaſure and the veils of woe:
All aid the farce, and all thy mirth maintain,
Whoſe joys are cauſeleſs, or whoſe griefs are vain.
Such was the ſcorn that fill'd the ſage's mind,
Renew'd at ev'ry glance on human kind;
How juſt that ſcorn ere yet thy voice declare,
Search ev'ry ſtate, and canvaſs ev'ry pray'r.
* Unnumber'd ſuppliants crowd Preferment's gate,
Athirſt for wealth, and burning to be great;
Deluſive Fortune hears th' inceſſant call,
They mount, they ſhine, evaporate, and fall.
On ev'ry ſtage the foes of peace attend,
Hate dogs their flight, and inſult mocks their end.
Love ends with hope, the ſinking ſtateſman's door
Pours in the morning worſhiper no more;

* Ver. 56—107.

For growing names the weekly fcribbler lies,
To growing wealth the dedicator flies;
From ev'ry room defcends the painted face,
That hung the bright palladium of the place;
And, fmoak'd in kitchens, or in auctions fold,
To better features yields the frame of gold;
For now no more we trace in ev'ry line
Heroic worth, benevolence divine:
The form diftorted juftifies the fall,
And deteftation rids th' indignant wall.
  But will not Britain hear the laft appeal,
Sign her foes' doom, or guard her fav'rites' zeal?
Thro' Freedom's fons no more remonftrance rings,
Degrading nobles and controuling kings;
Our fupple tribes reprefs their patriot throats,
And afk no queftions but the price of votes;
With weekly libels and feptennial ale,
Their wifh is full to riot and to rail.
  In full-blown dignity, fee Wolfey ftand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand:
To him the church, the realm, their pow'rs confign,
Through him the rays of regal bounty fhine,
Turn'd by his nod the ftream of honour flows,
His fmile alone fecurity beftows:
Still to new heights his reftlefs wifhes tow'r,
Claim leads to claim, and pow'r advances pow'r;
Till conqueft unrefifted ceas'd to pleafe,
And rights fubmitted left him none to feize.
At length his fov'reign frowns—the train of ftate
Mark the keen glance, and watch the fign to hate.
Where-e'er he turns he meets a ftranger's eye,
His fuppliants fcorn him, and his followers fly;
Now drops at once the pride of awful ftate,
The golden canopy, the glitt'ring plate,

The regal palace, the luxurious board,
The liv'ried army, and the menial lord.
With age, with cares, with maladies, oppreſs'd,
He ſeeks the refuge of monaſtick reſt.
Grief aids diſeaſe, remember'd folly ſtings,
And his laſt ſighs reproach the faith of kings.

Speak thou, whoſe thoughts at humble peace repine,
Shall Wolſey's wealth, with Wolſey's end, be thine?
Or liv'ſt thou now, with ſafer pride content,
The wiſeſt juſtice on the banks of Trent?
For, why did Wolſey, near the ſteeps of fate,
On weak foundations raiſe th' enormous weight?
Why but to ſink beneath misfortune's blow,
With louder ruin to the gulphs below?

* What gave great Villiers to th' aſſaſſin's knife,
And fix'd diſeaſe on Harley's cloſing life?
What murder'd Wentworth, and what exil'd Hyde,
By kings protected, and to kings ally'd?
What but their wiſh indulg'd in courts to ſhine,
And pow'r too great to keep, or to reſign?

† When firſt the college rolls receive his name,
The young enthuſiaſt quits his eaſe for fame;
Reſiſtleſs burns the fever of renown,
Caught from the ſtrong contagion of the gown:
O'er Bodley's dome his future labours ſpread,
And ‡ Bacon's manſion trembles o'er his head.
Are theſe thy views? Proceed, illuſtrious youth,
And Virtue guard thee to the throne of Truth!

* Ver. 108—113. † Ver. 114—132.

‡ There is a tradition, that the ſtudy of friar Bacon, built on an arch over the bridge, will fall when a man greater than Bacon ſhall paſs under it.

Yet, ſhould thy ſoul indulge the gen'rous heat
Till captive Science yields her laſt retreat;
Should Reaſon guide thee with her brighteſt ray,
And pour on miſty Doubt reſiſtleſs day;
Should no falſe kindneſs lure to looſe delight,
Nor praiſe relax, nor difficulty fright;
Should tempting Novelty thy cell refrain,
And Sloth effuſe her opiate fumes in vain;
Should Beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,
Nor claim the triumph of a letter'd heart;
Should no diſeaſe thy torpid veins invade,
Nor Melancholy's phantoms haunt thy ſhade;
Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,
Nor think the doom of man revers'd for thee:
Deign on the paſſing world to turn thine eyes,
And pauſe awhile from Letters, to be wiſe;
There mark what ills the ſcholar's life aſſail,
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the gaol.
See nations, ſlowly wiſe and meanly juſt,
To buried merit raiſe the tardy buſt.
If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,
Hear Lydiat's life, and Galileo's end.
    Nor deem, when Learning her laſt prize beſtows,
The glitt'ring eminence exempt from foes;
See, when the vulgar 'ſcapes, deſpis'd or aw'd,
Rebellion's vengeful talons ſeize on Laud.
From meaner minds, though ſmaller fines content
The plunder'd palace, or ſequeſter'd rent;
Mark'd out by dang'rous parts, he meets the ſhock,
And fatal Learning leads him to the block:
Around his tomb let Art and Genius weep,
But hear his death, ye blockheads, hear and ſleep.

* The feſtal blazes, the triumphal ſhow,
The raviſh'd ſtandard, and the captive foe,
The ſenate's thanks, the Gazette's pompous tale,
With force reſiſtleſs o'er the brave prevail.
Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Aſia whirl'd,
For ſuch the ſteady Romans ſhook the world;
For ſuch in diſtant lands the Britons ſhine,
And ſtain with blood the Danube or the Rhine;
This pow'r has praiſe, that virtue ſcarce can warm
Till fame ſupplies the univerſal charm.
Yet Reaſon frowns on War's unequal game,
Where waſted nations raiſe a ſingle name;
And mortgag'd ſtates their grandſires' wreaths regret,
From age to age in everlaſting debt;
Wreaths which at laſt the dear-bought right convey
To ruſt on medals, or on ſtones decay.
† On what foundation ſtands the warrior's pride,
How juſt his hopes, let Swediſh Charles decide;
A frame of adamant, a ſoul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labours tire;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
Unconquer'd lord of pleaſure and of pain;
No joys to him pacific ſceptres yield,
War ſounds the trump, he ruſhes to the field;
Behold ſurrounding kings their pow'rs combine,
And one capitulate, and one reſign;
Peace courts his hand, but ſpreads her charms in vain;
"Think nothing gain'd," he cries, "till nought remain,
"On Moſcow's walls till Gothic ſtandards fly,
"And all be mine beneath the polar ſky."

* Ver. 133—146. † Ver. 147—167.

The march begins in military ſtate,
And nations on his eye ſuſpended wait;
Stern Famine guards the ſolitary coaſt,
And Winter barricades the realms of Froſt;
He comes, nor want nor cold his courſe delay;—
Hide, bluſhing Glory, hide Pultowa's day:
The vanquiſh'd hero leaves his broken bands,
And ſhews his miſeries in diſtant lands;
Condemn'd a needy ſupplicant to wait,
While ladies interpoſe, and ſlaves debate.
But did not Chance at length her error mend?
Did no ſubverted empire mark his end?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?
Or hoſtile millions preſs him to the ground?
His fall was deſtin'd to a barren ſtrand,
A petty fortreſs, and a dubious hand;
He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.
* All times their ſcenes of pompous woes afford,
From Perſia's tyrant to Bavaria's lord.
In gay hoſtility and barb'rous pride,
With half mankind embattled at his ſide,
Great Xerxes comes to ſeize the certain prey,
And ſtarves exhauſted regions in his way;
Attendant Flatt'ry counts his myriads o'er,
Till counted myriads ſooth his pride no more;
Freſh praiſe is try'd till madneſs fires his mind,
The waves he laſhes, and enchains the wind,
New pow'rs are claim'd, new pow'rs are ſtill beſtow'd,
Till rude reſiſtance lops the ſpreading god;

* Ver. 168—187.

The

The daring Greeks deride the martial ſhow,
And heap their valleys with the gaudy foe;
Th' inſulted ſea with humbler thought he gains,
A ſingle ſkiff to ſpeed his flight remains;
Th' incumber'd oar ſcarce leaves the dreaded coaſt
Through purple billows and a floating hoſt.
The bold Bavarian, in a luckleſs hour,
Tries the dread ſummits of Cæſarean pow'r,
With unexpected legions burſts away,
And ſees defenceleſs realms receive his ſway;
Short ſway! fair Auſtria ſpreads her mournful charms,
The queen, the beauty, ſets the world in arms;
From hill to hill the beacon's rouſing blaze
Spreads wide the hope of plunder and of praiſe;
The fierce Croatian, and the wild Huſſar,
With all the ſons of ravage crowd the war;
The baffled prince, in honour's flatt'ring bloom
Of haſty greatneſs, finds the fatal doom;
His foes deriſion, and his ſubjects blame,
And ſteals to death from anguiſh and from ſhame.
* Enlarge my life with multitude of days!
In health, in ſickneſs, thus the ſuppliant prays;
Hides from himſelf his ſtate, and ſhuns to know,
That life protracted is protracted woe.
Time hovers o'er, impatient to deſtroy,
And ſhuts up all the paſſages of joy:
In vain their gifts the bounteous ſeaſons pour,
The fruit autumnal, and the vernal flow'r;
With liſtleſs eyes the dotard views the ſtore,
He views, and wonders that they pleaſe no more;

* Ver. 188—288.

Now pall the taftelefs meats, and joylefs wines,
And Luxury with fighs her flave refigns.
Approach, ye minftrels, try the foothing ftrain,
Diffufe the tuneful lenitives of pain :
No founds, alas ! would touch th' impervious ear,
Though dancing mountains witnefs Orpheus near ;
Nor lute nor lyre his feeble pow'rs attend,
Nor fweeter mufick of a virtuous friend ;
But everlafting dictates crowd his tongue,
Perverfely grave, or pofitively wrong.
The ftill returning tale, and ling'ring jeft,
Perplex the fawning niece and pamper'd gueft,
While growing hopes fcarce awe the gath'ring fneer,
And fcarce a legacy can bribe to hear ;
The watchful guefts ftill hint the laft offence ;
The daughter's petulance, the fon's expence,
Improve his heady rage with treach'rous fkill,
And mould his paffions till they make his will.
  Unnumber'd maladies his joints invade,
Lay fiege to life, and prefs the dire blockade ;
But unextinguifh'd Av'rice ftill remains,
And dreaded loffes aggravate his pains ;
He turns, with anxious heart and crippled hands,
His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands ;
Or views his coffers with fufpicious eyes,
Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.
  But grant, the virtues of a temp'rate prime
Blefs with an age exempt from fcorn or crime ;
An age that melts with unperceiv'd decay,
And glides in modeft innocence away ;
Whofe peaceful day Benevolence endears,
Whofe night congratulating Confcience cheers ;

The gen'ral fav'rite as the gen'ral friend :
Such age there is, and who ſhall wiſh its end ?
  Yet ev'n on this her load Misfortune flings,
To preſs the weary minutes' flagging wings ;
New ſorrow riſes as the day returns,
A ſiſter ſickens, or a daughter mourns.
Now kindred Merit fills the ſable bier,
Now lacerated Friendſhip claims a tear ;
Year chaſes year, decay purſues decay,
Still drops ſome joy from with'ring life away ;
New forms ariſe, and diff'rent views engage,
Superfluous lags the vet'ran on the ſtage,
Till pitying Nature ſigns the laſt releaſe,
And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.
  But few there are whom hours like theſe await,
Who ſet unclouded in the gulphs of Fate.
From Lydia's monarch ſhould the ſearch deſcend,
By Solon caution'd to regard his end,
In life's laſt ſcene what prodigies ſurprize,
Fears of the brave, and follies of the wiſe !
From Marlb'rough's eyes the ſtreams of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driv'ler and a ſhow.
  * The teeming mother, anxious for her race,
Begs for each birth the fortune of a face ;
Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty ſpring ;
And Sedley curs'd the form that pleas'd a king.
Ye nymphs of roſy lips and radiant eyes,
Whom Pleaſure keeps too buſy to be wiſe ;
Whom joys with ſoft varieties invite,
By day the frolick, and the dance by night ;

* Ver. 289—345.

Who

Who frown with vanity, who ſmile with art,
And aſk the lateſt faſhion of the heart;
What care, what rules your heedleſs charms ſhall ſave,
Each nymph your rival, and each youth your ſlave?
Againſt your fame with fondneſs hate combines,
The rival batters, and the lover mines.
With diſtant voice neglected Virtue calls,
Leſs heard and leſs, the faint remonſtrance falls;
Tir'd with contempt, ſhe quits the ſlipp'ry reign,
And Pride and Prudence take her ſeat in vain.
In crowd at once, where none the paſs defend,
The harmleſs freedom, and the private friend.
The guardians yield, by force ſuperior ply'd;
To Int'reſt, Prudence; and to Flatt'ry, Pride.
Here Beauty falls betray'd, deſpis'd, diſtreſs'd,
And hiſſing Infamy proclaims the reſt.
* Where then ſhall Hope and Fear their objects find?
Muſt dull Suſpenſe corrupt the ſtagnant mind?
Muſt helpleſs man, in ignorance ſedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?
Muſt no diſlike alarm, no wiſhes riſe,
No cries invoke the mercies of the ſkies?
Enquirer, ceaſe; petitions yet remain
Which Heav'n may hear, nor deem Religion vain.
Still raiſe for good the ſupplicating voice,
But leave to Heav'n the meaſure and the choice.
Safe in his pow'r, whoſe eyes diſcern afar
The ſecret ambuſh of a ſpecious pray'r;
Implore his aid, in his deciſions reſt,
Secure, whate'er he gives, he gives the beſt.

Ver. 346—366.

Yet,

Yet, when the ſenſe of ſacred preſence fires,
And ſtrong devotion to the ſkies aſpires,
Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
Obedient paſſions, and a will reſign'd;
For love, which ſcarce collective man can fill;
For patience, ſov'reign o'er tranſmuted ill;
For faith, that, panting for a happier ſeat,
Counts death kind Nature's ſignal of retreat:
Theſe goods for man the laws of Heav'n ordain,
Theſe goods he grants, who grants the pow'r to gain;
With theſe celeſtial Wiſdom calms the mind,
And makes the happineſs ſhe does not find.

PRO-

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK,

At the Opening of the Theatre Royal, DRURY LANE, 1747.

WHEN Learning's triumph o'er her bar'brous foes
First rear'd the stage, immortal Shakspeare rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain.
His pow'rful strokes presiding Truth impress'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.
Then Jonson came, instructed from the school,
To please in method, and invent by rule;
His studious patience and laborious art,
By regular approach assail'd the heart:
Cold Approbation gave the ling'ring bays,
For those, who durst not censure, scarce could praise.
A mortal born, he met the gen'ral doom,
But left, like Egypt's kings, a lasting tomb.
The wits of Charles found easier ways to fame,
Nor wish'd for Jonson's art, or Shakspeare's flame.
Themselves they studied, as they felt they writ;
Intrigue was plot, obscenity was wit.
Vice always found a sympathetic friend;
They pleas'd their age, and did not aim to mend.
Yet bards like these aspir'd to lasting praise,
And proudly hop'd to pimp in future days.
Their cause was gen'ral, their supports were strong,
Their slaves were willing, and their reign was long:

Till

Till Shame regain'd the poſt that Senſe betray'd,
And Virtue call'd Oblivion to her aid.
Then, cruſh'd by rules, and weaken'd as refin'd,
For years the pow'r of Tragedy declin'd;
From bard to bard the frigid caution crept,
Till Declamation roar'd whilſt Paſſion ſlept;
Yet ſtill did Virtue deign the ſtage to tread,
Philoſophy remain'd, though Nature fled.
But forc'd, at length, her antient reign to quit,
She ſaw great Fauſtus lay the ghoſt of Wit;
Exulting Folly hail'd the joyful day,
And Pantomime and Song confirm'd her ſway.
But who the coming changes can preſage,
And mark the future periods of the ſtage?
Perhaps, if ſkill could diſtant times explore,
New Behns, new Durfeys, yet remain in ſtore;
Perhaps where Lear has rav'd, and Hamlet dy'd,
On flying cars new ſorcerers may ride;
Perhaps (for who can gueſs th' effects of chance?)
Here Hunt may box, or Mahomet * may dance.
Hard is his lot that, here by Fortune plac'd,
Muſt watch the wild viciſſitudes of taſte;
With ev'ry meteor of caprice muſt play,
And chaſe the new-blown bubbles of the day.
Ah! let not Cenſure term our fate our choice,
The ſtage but echoes back the publick voice;
The drama's laws, the drama's patrons give,
For we that live to pleaſe, muſt pleaſe to live.
Then prompt no more the follies you decry,
As tyrants doom their tools of guilt to die;

* Hunt, a famous boxer on the ſtage; Mahomet, a rope-dancer, who had exhibited at Covent-Garden Theatre the winter before, ſaid to be a Turk.

'Tis

'Tis yours, this night, to bid the reign commence
Of reſcued Nature and reviving Senſe ;
To chaſe the charms of Sound, the pomp of Show,
For uſeful Mirth and ſalutary Woe ;
Bid ſcenic Virtue form the riſing age,
And Truth diffuſe her radiance from the ſtage.

IRENE;

A

TRAGEDY.

PROLOGUE.

YE glitt'ring train, whom lace and velvet bleſs,
Suſpend the ſoft ſolicitudes of dreſs!
From grov'ling buſineſs and ſuperfluous care,
Ye ſons of Avarice, a moment ſpare!
Vot'ries of Fame, and worſhipers of Pow'r,
Diſmiſs the pleaſing phantoms for an hour!
Our daring Bard, with ſpirit unconfin'd,
Spreads wide the mighty moral for mankind.
Learn here how Heav'n ſupports the virtuous mind,
Daring, though calm; and vig'rous, though reſign'd.
Learn here what anguiſh racks the guilty breaſt,
In pow'r dependent, in ſucceſs depreſt.
Learn here that Peace from Innocence muſt flow;
All elſe is empty ſound and idle ſhow.
If truths like theſe with pleaſing language join;
Ennobled, yet unchang'd, if Nature ſhine;
If no wild draught depart from Reaſon's rules,
Nor gods his heroes, nor his lovers fools;
Intriguing Wits! his artleſs plot forgive;
And ſpare him, Beauties! though his lovers live.
Be this at leaſt his praiſe, be this his pride;
To force applauſe no modern arts are try'd.
Should partial cat-calls all his hopes confound,
He bids no trumpet quell the fatal ſound.
Should welcome ſleep relieve the weary wit,
He rolls no thunders o'er the drowſy pit.
No ſnares to captivate the judgement ſpreads;
Nor bribes your eyes to prejudice your heads.
Unmov'd though Witlings ſneer and Rivals rail;
Studious to pleaſe, yet not aſham'd to fail.
He ſcorns the meek addreſs, the ſuppliant ſtrain,
With merit needleſs, and without it vain.
In Reaſon, Nature, Truth, he dares to truſt:
Ye Fops, be ſilent; and ye Wits, be juſt!

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

MEN.

MAHOMET,	Emperor of the Turks,	Mr. Barry.
CALI BASSA,	First Visier,	Mr. Berry.
MUSTAPHA,	A Turkish Aga,	Mr. Sowden.
ABDALLA,	An Officer,	Mr. Havard.
HASAN,	Turkish Captains,	Mr. Usher.
CARASA,		Mr. Burton.
DEMETRIUS,	Greek Noblemen,	Mr. Garrick.
LEONTIUS,		Mr. Blakes.
MURZA,	An Eunuch,	Mr. King.

WOMEN.

ASPASIA,	Greek Ladies,	Mrs. Cibber.
IRENE,		Mrs. Pritchard.

Attendants on IRENE.

IRENE;
A
TRAGEDY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

DEMETRIUS and LEONTIUS, in Turkiſh Habits.

LEONTIUS.

AND is it thus Demetrius meets his friend,
Hid in the mean diſguiſe of Turkiſh robes,
With ſervile ſecrecy to lurk in ſhades,
And vent our ſuff'rings in clandeſtine groans?

DEMETRIUS.

Till breathleſs fury reſted from deſtruction,
Theſe groans were fatal, theſe diſguiſes vain:
But now our Turkiſh conquerors have quench'd
Their rage, and pall'd their appetite of murder;
No more the glutted ſabre thirſts for blood,
And weary cruelty remits her tortures.

LEONTIUS.

Yet Greece enjoys no gleam of tranſient hope,
No ſoothing interval of peaceful ſorrow;
The luſt of gold ſucceeds the rage of conqueſt,
The luſt of gold, unfeeling and remorſeleſs,

The laſt corruption of degenerate man!
Urg'd by th' imperious ſoldier's fierce command,
The groaning Greeks break up their golden caverns
Pregnant with ſtores that India's mines might envy,
Th' accumulated wealth of toiling ages.

DEMETRIUS.

That wealth, too ſacred for their country's uſe!
That wealth, too pleaſing to be loſt for freedom!
That wealth, which, granted to their weeping prince,
Had rang'd embattled nations at our gates!
But, thus reſerv'd to lure the wolves of Turkey,
Adds ſhame to grief, and infamy to ruin.
Lamenting Av'rice now too late diſcovers
Her own neglected in the publick ſafety.

LEONTIUS.

Reproach not miſery.—The ſons of Greece,
Ill-fated race; ſo oft beſieg'd in vain,
With falſe ſecurity beheld invaſion.
Why ſhould they fear?—That pow'r that kindly ſpreads
The clouds, a ſignal of impending ſhow'rs,
To warn the wand'ring linnet to the ſhade,
Beheld without concern expiring Greece,
And not one prodigy foretold our fate.

DEMETRIUS.

A thouſand horrid prodigies foretold it.
A feeble government, eluded laws,
A factious populace, luxurious nobles,
And all the maladies of ſinking ſtates.
When publick Villainy, too ſtrong for juſtice,
Shews his bold front, the harbinger of ruin,

Can

Can brave Leontius call for airy wonders,
Which cheats interpret, and which fools regard?
When ſome neglected fabrick nods beneath
The weight of years, and totters to the tempeſt,
Muſt Heav'n diſpatch the meſſengers of light,
Or wake the dead, to warn us of its fall?

LEONTIUS.

Well might the weakneſs of our empire ſink
Before ſuch foes of more than human force;
Some Pow'r inviſible, from Heav'n or Hell,
Conducts their armies and aſſerts their cauſe.

DEMETRIUS.

And yet, my friend, what miracles were wrought
Beyond the pow'r of conſtancy and courage?
Did unreſiſted lightning aid their cannon?
Did roaring whirlwinds ſweep us from the ramparts?
'Twas vice that ſhook our nerves, 'twas vice, Leontius,
That froze our veins, and wither'd all our pow'rs.

LEONTIUS.

Whate'er our crimes, our woes demand compaſſion.
Each night, protected by the friendly darkneſs,
Quitting my cloſe retreat, I range the city,
And, weeping, kiſs the venerable ruins:
With ſilent pangs I view the tow'ring domes,
Sacred to pray'r; and wander through the ſtreets,
Where commerce laviſh'd unexhauſted plenty,
And jollity maintain'd eternal revels.—

DEMETRIUS.

—How chang'd, alas!—Now ghaſtly Deſolation
In triumph ſits upon our ſhatter'd ſpires;

Now ſuperſtition, ignorance, and error,
Uſurp our temples, and profane our altars.

LEONTIUS.

From ev'ry palace burſts a mingled clamour,
The dreadful diſſonance of barb'rous triumph,
Shrieks of affright and wailings of diſtreſs.
Oft when the cries of violated beauty
Aroſe to Heav'n, and pierc'd my bleeding breaſt,
I felt thy pains, and trembled for Aſpaſia.

DEMETRIUS.

Aſpaſia! ſpare that lov'd, that mournful name:
Dear hapleſs maid—tempeſtuous grief o'erbears
My reaſoning pow'rs—Dear, hapleſs, loſt, Aſpaſia!

LEONTIUS.

Suſpend the thought.

DEMETRIUS.

All thought on her is madneſs;
Yet let me think—I ſee the helpleſs maid,
Behold the monſters gaze with ſavage rapture,
Behold how luſt and rapine ſtruggle round her!

LEONTIUS.

Awake, Demetrius from this diſmal dream,
Sink not beneath imaginary ſorrows;
Call to your aid your courage and your wiſdom;
Think on the ſudden change of human ſcenes;
Think on the various accidents of war;
Think on the mighty pow'r of awful virtue;
Think on that Providence that guards the good.

DEMETRIUS.

DEMETRIUS.

O Providence! extend thy care to me,
For Courage droops unequal to the combat,
And weak Philoſophy denies her ſuccours.
Sure ſome kind ſabre in the heat of battle,
Ere yet the foe found leiſure to be cruel,
Diſmiſs'd her to the ſky.

LEONTIUS.

Some virgin-martyr,
Perhaps, enamour'd of reſembling virtue,
With gentle hand reſtrain'd the ſtreams of life,
And ſnatch'd her timely from her country's fate.

DEMETRIUS.

From thoſe bright regions of eternal day,
Where now thou ſhin'ſt among thy fellow-ſaints,
Array'd in purer light, look down on me:
In pleaſing viſions and aſſuaſive dreams,
O! ſooth my ſoul and teach me how to loſe thee.

LEONTIUS.

Enough of unavailing tears, Demetrius:
I came obedient to thy friendly ſummons,
And hop'd to ſhare thy counſels, not thy ſorrows:
While thus we mourn the fortune of Aſpaſia,
To what are we reſerv'd?

DEMETRIUS.

To what I know not:
But hope, yet hope, to happineſs and honour;
If happineſs can be without Aſpaſia.

LEONTIUS.

But whence this new-ſprung hope?

DEMETRIUS.

From Cali Baſſa,
The chief, whoſe wiſdom guides the Turkiſh counſels.
He, tir'd of ſlav'ry, though the higheſt ſlave,
Projects at once our freedom and his own;
And bids us thus diſguis'd await him here.

LEONTIUS.

Can he reſtore the ſtate he could not ſave?
In vain, when Turkey's troops aſſail'd our walls,
His kind intelligence betray'd their meaſures;
Their arms prevail'd, though Cali was our friend.

DEMETRIUS.

When the tenth ſun had ſet upon our ſorrows,
At midnight's private hour, a voice unknown
Sounds in my ſleeping ear, ' Awake, Demetrius,
' Awake, and follow me to better fortunes.'
Surpriz'd I ſtart, and bleſs the happy dream;
Then, rouzing, know the fiery chief Abdalla,
Whoſe quick impatience ſeiz'd my doubtful hand,
And led me to the ſhore where Cali ſtood,
Penſive and liſt'ning to the beating ſurge.
There, in ſoft hints and in ambiguous phraſe,
With all the diffidence of long experience,
That oft' had practis'd fraud, and oft' detected,
The vet'ran courtier half reveal'd his project.
By his command, equipp'd for ſpeedy flight,
Deep in a winding creek a galley lies,
Mann'd with the braveſt of our fellow-captives,

Selected

Selected by my care, a hardy band,
That long to hail thee chief.

LEONTIUS.

But what avails
So ſmall a force? or why ſhould Cali fly?
Or how can Cali's flight reſtore our country?

DEMETRIUS.

Reſerve theſe queſtions for a ſafer hour;
Or hear himſelf, for ſee the Baſſa comes.

SCENE II.

DEMETRIUS, LEONTIUS, CALI BASSA.

CALI.

Now ſummon all thy ſoul, illuſtrious Chriſtian!
Awake each faculty that ſleeps within thee,
The courtier's policy, the ſage's firmneſs,
The warrior's ardour, and the patriot's zeal:
If chaſing paſt events with vain purſuit,
Or wand'ring in the wilds of future being,
A ſingle thought now rove, recall it home.
But can thy friend ſuſtain the glorious cauſe,
The cauſe of liberty, the cauſe of nations?

DEMETRIUS.

Obſerve him cloſely with a ſtateſman's eye,
Thou that haſt long perus'd the draughts of Nature,
And knowſt the characters of vice and virtue,
Left by the hand of Heav'n on human clay.

CALI.

His mien is lofty, his demeanour great,
Nor ſprightly folly wantons in his air,

Nor

Nor dull ſerenity becalms his eyes.
Such had I truſted once as ſoon as ſeen,
But cautious age ſuſpects the flatt'ring form,
And only credits what experience tells.
Has Silence preſs'd her ſeal upon his lips?
Does adamantine faith inveſt his heart?
Will he not bend beneath a tyrant's frown?
Will he not melt before ambition's fire?
Will he not ſoften in a friend's embrace?
Or flow diſſolving in a woman's tears?

DEMETRIUS.

Sooner the trembling leaves ſhall find a voice,
And tell the ſecrets of their conſcious walks;
Sooner the breeze ſhall catch the flying ſounds,
And ſhock the tyrant with a tale of treaſon.
Your ſlaughter'd multitudes, that ſwell the ſhore
With monuments of death, proclaim his courage;
Virtue and liberty engroſs his ſoul,
And leave no place for perfidy or fear.

LEONTIUS.

I ſcorn a truſt unwillingly repos'd;
Demetrius will not lead me to diſhonour;
Conſult in private, call me when your ſcheme
Is ripe for action, and demands the ſword. [*Going.*

DEMETRIUS.

Leontius, ſtay.

CALI.

Forgive an old man's weakneſs,
And ſhare the deepeſt ſecrets of my ſoul,
My wrongs, my fears, my motives, my deſigns.—
When unſucceſsful wars, and civil factions,
Embroil'd

Embroil'd the Turkiſh ſtate, our Sultan's father,
Great Amurath, at my requeſt, forſook
The cloiſter's eaſe, reſum'd the tott'ring throne,
And ſnatch'd the reins of abdicated pow'r
From giddy Mahomet's unſkilful hand.
This fir'd the youthful king's ambitious breaſt:
He murmurs vengeance at the name of Cali,
And dooms my raſh fidelity to ruin.

DEMETRIUS.

Unhappy lot of all that ſhine in courts,
For forc'd compliance, or for zealous virtue,
Still odious to the monarch, or the people.

CALI.

Such are the woes when arbitrary pow'r,
And lawleſs paſſion, hold the ſword of juſtice.
If there be any land, as fame reports,
Where common laws reſtrain the prince and ſubject,
A happy land, where circulating pow'r
Flows through each member of th' embodied ſtate;
Sure, not unconſcious of the mighty bleſſing,
Her grateful ſons ſhine bright with ev'ry virtue;
Untainted with the luſt of innovation,
Sure all unite to hold her league of rule
Unbroken as the ſacred chain of nature,
That links the jarring elements in peace.

LEONTIUS.

But ſay, great Baſſa, why the Sultan's anger,
Burning in vain, delays the ſtroke of death?

CALI.

Young, and unſettled in his father's kingdoms,
Fierce as he was, he dreaded to deſtroy

The

The empire's darling and the ſoldier's boaſt;
But now confirm'd, and ſwelling with his conqueſts,
Secure he tramples my declining fame,
Frowns unreſtrain'd, and dooms me with his eyes.

DEMETRIUS.

What can reverſe thy doom?

CALI.

The tyrant's death.

DEMETRIUS.

But Greece is ſtill forgot.

CALI.

On Aſia's coaſt,
Which lately bleſs'd my gentle government,
Soon as the Sultan's unexpected fate
Fills all th' aſtoniſh'd empire with confuſion,
My policy ſhall raiſe an eaſy throne;
The Turkiſh pow'rs from Europe ſhall retreat,
And harraſs Greece no more with waſteful war.
A galley mann'd with Greeks, thy charge, Leontius,
Attends to waft us to repoſe and ſafety.

DEMETRIUS.

That veſſel, if obſerv'd, alarms the court,
And gives a thouſand fatal queſtions birth:
Why ſtor'd for flight? and why prepar'd by Cali?

CALI.

This hour I'll beg, with unſuſpecting face,
Leave to perform my pilgrimage to Mecca;
Which granted, hides my purpoſe from the world,
And, though refus'd, conceals it from the Sultan.

LEONTIUS.

LEONTIUS.

How can a ſingle hand attempt a life
Which armies guard, and citadels encloſe?

CALI.

Forgetful of command, with captive beauties,
Far from his troops, he toys his hours away.
A roving ſoldier ſeiz'd in Sophia's temple
A virgin ſhining with diſtinguiſh'd charms,
And brought his beauteous plunder to the Sultan.

DEMETRIUS.

In Sophia's temple!—What alarm!—Proceed.

CALI.

The Sultan gaz'd, he wonder'd, and he lov'd;
In paſſion loſt, he bade the conqu'ring fair
Renounce her faith, and be the Queen of Turkey.
The pious maid, with modeſt indignation,
Threw back the glitt'ring bribe.

DEMETRIUS.

Celeſtial goodneſs!
It muſt, it muſt be ſhe; her name?

CALI.

Aſpaſia.

DEMETRIUS.

What hopes, what terrors ruſh upon my ſoul!
O lead me quickly to the ſcene of fate;
Break through the politician's tedious forms:
Aſpaſia calls me, let me fly to ſave her.

LEONTIUS.

Did Mahomet reproach or praiſe her virtue?

CALI.

His offers oft repeated, ſtill refus'd,
At length rekindled his accuſtom'd fury,
And chang'd th' endearing ſmile and am'rous whiſper
To threats of torture, death, and violation.

DEMETRIUS.

Theſe tedious narratives of frozen age
Diſtract my ſoul; diſpatch thy ling'ring tale;
Say, did a voice from Heav'n reſtrain the tyrant?
Did interpoſing angels guard her from him?

CALI.

Juſt in the moment of impending fate,
Another plund'rer brought the bright Irene;
Of equal beauty, but of ſofter mien,
Fear in her eye, ſubmiſſion on her tongue,
Her mournful charms attracted his regards,
Diſarm'd his rage, and in repeated viſits
Gain'd all his heart; at length his eager love
To her transferr'd the offer of a crown.

LEONTIUS.

Nor found again the bright temptation fail?

CALI.

Trembling to grant, nor daring to refuſe,
While Heav'n and Mahomet divide her fears,
With coy careſſes and with pleaſing wiles
She feeds his hopes, and ſooths him to delay.
For her, repoſe is baniſh'd from the night,
And buſineſs from the day. In her apartments
He lives——

LEONTIUS.

And there muſt fall.

CALI.

CALI.

But yet th' attempt
Is hazardous.

LEONTIUS.

Forbear to ſpeak of hazards;
What has the wretch that has ſurviv'd his country,
His friends, his liberty, to hazard?

CALI.

Life.

DEMETRIUS.

Th' ineſtimable privilege of breathing!
Important hazard! What's that airy bubble,
When weigh'd with Greece, with Virtue, with Aſpaſia?
A floating atom, duſt that falls unheeded
Into the adverſe ſcale, nor ſhakes the balance.

CALI.

At leaſt this day be calm—If we ſucceed,
Aſpaſia's thine, and all thy life is rapture.—
See! Muſtapha, the tyrant's minion, comes;
Inveſt Leontius with his new command;
And wait Abdalla's unſuſpected viſits:
Remember Freedom, Glory, Greece, and Love.
[*Exeunt* Demetrius *and* Leontius.

SCENE III.

CALI, MUSTAPHA.

MUSTAPHA.

By what enchantment does this lovely Greek
Hold in her chains the captivated Sultan?
He tires his fav'rites with Irene's praiſe,

And

And ſeeks the ſhades to muſe upon Irene;
Irene ſteals unheeded from his tongue,
And mingles unperceiv'd with ev'ry thought.

CALI.

Why ſhould the Sultan ſhun the joys of beauty,
Or arm his breaſt againſt the force of love?
Love, that with ſweet viciſſitude relieves
The warrior's labours and the monarch's cares.
But will ſhe yet receive the faith of Mecca?

MUSTAPHA.

Thoſe pow'rful tyrants of the female breaſt,
Fear and Ambition, urge her to compliance;
Dreſs'd in each charm of gay magnificence,
Alluring grandeur courts her to his arms,
Religion calls her from the wiſh'd embrace,
Paints future joys, and points to diſtant glories.

CALI.

Soon will th' unequal conteſt be decided.
Proſpects, obſcur'd by diſtance, faintly ſtrike;
Each pleaſure brightens at its near approach,
And ev'ry danger ſhocks with double horror.

MUSTAPHA.

How ſhall I ſcorn the beautiful apoſtate!
How will the bright Aſpaſia ſhine above her!

CALI.

Should ſhe, for proſelytes are always zealous,
With pious warmth receive our Prophet's law—

MUSTAPHA.

Heav'n will contemn the mercenary fervour,
Which love of greatneſs, not of truth, inflames.

CALI.

CALI.

Ceaſe, ceaſe thy cenſures, for the Sultan comes
Alone, with am'rous haſte to ſeek his love.

SCENE IV.

MAHOMET, CALI BASSA, MUSTAPHA.

CALI.

Hail! terror of the monarchs of the world,
Unſhaken be thy throne as earth's firm baſe,
Live till the ſun forgets to dart his beams,
And weary planets loiter in their courſes.

MAHOMET.

But, Cali, let Irene ſhare thy prayers;
For what is length of days without Irene?
I come from empty noiſe, and taſteleſs pomp,
From crouds that hide a monarch from himſelf,
To prove the ſweets of privacy and friendſhip,
And dwell upon the beauties of Irene.

CALI.

O may her beauties laſt unchang'd by time,
As thoſe that bleſs the manſions of the good!

MAHOMET.

Each realm where beauty turns the graceful ſhape,
Swells the fair breaſt or animates the glance,
Adorns my palace with its brighteſt virgins;
Yet, unacquainted with theſe ſoft emotions,
I walk'd ſuperior through the blaze of charms,
Prais'd without rapture, left without regret.
Why rove I now, when abſent from my fair,
From ſolitude to crowds, from crowds to ſolitude,

Still reſtleſs, till I claſp the lovely maid,
And eaſe my loaded ſoul upon her boſom?

MUSTAPHA.

Forgive, great Sultan, that intruſive duty
Enquires the final doom of Menodorus,
The Grecian counſellor.

MAHOMET.

Go ſee him die;
His martial rhet'rick taught the Greeks reſiſtance;
Had they prevail'd I ne'er had known Irene.
[*Exit* Muſtapha.

SCENE V.

MAHOMET, CALI.

MAHOMET.

Remote from tumult, in th' adjoining palace,
Thy care ſhall guard this treaſure of my ſoul;
There let Aſpaſia, ſince my Fair entreats it,
With converſe chaſe the melancholy moments.
Sure, chill'd with ſixty winter camps, thy blood
At ſight of female charms will glow no more.

CALI.

Theſe years, unconquer'd Mahomet, demand
Deſires more pure, and other cares than Love.
Long have I wiſh'd, before our prophet's tomb,
To pour my pray'rs for thy ſucceſsful reign,
To quit the tumults of the noiſy camp,
And ſink into the ſilent grave in peace.

MAHOMET.

What! think of peace while haughty Scanderbeg,
Elate with conqueſt, in his native mountains,
Prowls

Prowls o'er the wealthy ſpoils of bleeding Turkey!
While fair Hungaria's unexhauſted valleys
Pour fourth their legions, and the roaring Danube
Rolls half his floods unheard through ſhouting camps!
Nor could'ſt thou more ſupport a life of ſloth
Than Amurath—

CALI.

Still full of Amurath! [*Aſide.*

MAHOMET.

Than Amurath, accuſtom'd to command,
Could bear his ſon upon the Turkiſh throne.

CALI.

This pilgrimage our lawgiver ordain'd—

MAHOMET.

For thoſe who could not pleaſe by nobler ſervice.—
Our warlike prophet loves an active faith,
The holy flame of enterprizing virtue,
Mocks the dull vows of ſolitude and penance,
And ſcorns the lazy hermit's cheap devotion.
Shine thou, diſtinguiſh'd by ſuperior merit,
With wonted zeal purſue the taſk of war,
Till ev'ry nation reverence the Koran,
And ev'ry ſuppliant lift his eyes to Mecca.

CALI.

This regal confidence, this pious ardour,
Let prudence moderate, though not ſuppreſs.
Is not each realm that ſmiles with kinder ſuns,
Or boaſts a happier ſoil, already thine?
Extended empire, like expanded gold,
Exchanges ſolid ſtrength for feeble ſplendour.

MAHOMET.

Preach thy dull politicks to vulgar kings,
Thou know'ſt not yet thy maſter's future greatneſs,
His vaſt deſigns, his plans of boundleſs pow'r.
When ev'ry ſtorm in my domain ſhall roar,
When ev'ry wave ſhall beat a Turkiſh ſhore;
Then, Cali, ſhall the toils of battle ceaſe,
Then dream of prayer, and pilgrimage, and peace.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

ASPASIA, IRENE.

IRENE.

ASPASIA, yet purſue the ſacred theme;
Exhauſt the ſtores of pious eloquence,
And teach me to repel the Sultan's paſſion.
Still at Aſpaſia's voice a ſudden rapture
Exalts my ſoul and fortifies my heart.
The glitt'ring vanities of empty greatneſs,
The hopes and fears, the joys and pains of life,
Diſſolve in air, and vaniſh into nothing.

ASPASIA.

Let nobler hopes and juſter fears ſucceed,
And bar the paſſes of Irene's mind
Againſt returning guilt.

IRENE.

When thou art abſent,
Death riſes to my view, with all his terrors;

Then

Then viſions, horrid as a murd'rer's dreams,
Chill my reſolves, and blaſt my blooming virtue:
Stern Torture ſhakes his bloody ſcourge before me,
And Anguiſh gnaſhes on the fatal wheel.

ASPASIA.

Since fear predominates in ev'ry thought,
And ſways thy breaſt with abſolute dominion,
Think on th' inſulting ſcorn, the conſcious pangs,
The future mis'ries that wait th' apoſtate;
So ſhall Timidity aſſiſt thy reaſon,
And Wiſdom into virtue turn thy frailty.

IRENE.

Will not that Power that form'd the heart of woman,
And wove the feeble texture of her nerves,
Forgive thoſe fears that ſhake the tender frame?

ASPASIA.

The weakneſs we lament, ourſelves create;
Inſtructed from our infant years to court,
With counterfeited fears, the aid of man,
We learn to ſhudder at the ruſtling breeze,
Start at the light, and tremble in the dark;
Till, affectation ripening to belief,
And Folly frighted at her own chimeras,
Habitual cowardice uſurps the ſoul.

IRENE.

Not all like thee can brave the ſhocks of fate,
Thy ſoul, by nature great, enlarg'd by knowledge,
Soars unincumber'd with our idle cares,
And all Aſpaſia, but her beauty, 's man.

ASPASIA.

Each gen'rous ſentiment is thine, Demetrius,
Whoſe ſoul, perhaps, yet mindful of Aſpaſia,
Now hovers o'er this melancholy ſhade,
Well pleas'd to find thy precepts not forgotten.
O! could the grave reſtore the pious hero,
Soon would his art or valour ſet us free,
And bear us far from ſervitude and crimes.

IRENE.

He yet may live.

ASPASIA.

Alas! deluſive dream!
Too well I know him; his immoderate courage,
Th' impetuous ſallies of exceſſive virtue,
Too ſtrong for love, have hurried him on death.

SCENE II.

ASPASIA, IRENE, CALI, ABDALLA.

CALI to ABDALLA, AS THEY ADVANCE.

Behold our future Sultaneſs, Abdalla;—
Let artful flatt'ry now, to lull ſuſpicion,
Glide through Irene to the Sultan's ear.
Wouldſt thou ſubdue th' obdurate cannibal
To tender friendſhip, praiſe him to his miſtreſs.

[To IRENE.]

Well may thoſe eyes that view theſe heav'nly charms
Reject the daughters of contending kings;
For what are pompous titles, proud alliance,
Empire or wealth, to excellence like thine?

ABDALLA.

ABDALLA.

Receive th' impatient Sultan to thy arms;
And may a long posterity of monarchs,
The pride and terror of succeeding days,
Rise from the happy bed; and future queens
Diffuse Irene's beauty through the world.

IRENE.

Can Mahomet's imperial hand descend
To clasp a slave? or can a soul like mine,
Unus'd to pow'r, and form'd for humbler scenes,
Support the splendid miseries of greatness?

CALI.

No regal pageant deck'd with casual honours,
Scorn'd by his subjects, trampled by his foes,
No feeble tyrant of a petty state,
Courts thee to shake on a dependant throne;
Born to command, as thou to charm mankind,
The Sultan from himself derives his greatness.
Observe, bright maid, as his resistless voice
Drives on the tempest of destructive war,
How nation after nation falls before him.

ABDALLA.

At his dread name the distant mountains shake
Their cloudy summits, and the sons of fierceness,
That range uncivilized from rock to rock,
Distrust th' eternal fortresses of Nature,
And wish their gloomy caverns more obscure.

ASPASIA.

Forbear this lavish pomp of dreadful praise;
The horrid images of war and slaughter
Renew our sorrows, and awake our fears.

ABDALLA.

Cali, methinks yon waving trees afford
A doubtful glimpſe of our approaching friends;
Juſt as I mark'd them they forſook the ſhore,
And turn'd their haſty ſteps towards the garden.

CALI.

Conduct theſe queens, Abdalla, to the palace:
Such heav'nly beauty, form'd for adoration,
The pride of monarchs, the reward of conqueſt!
Such beauty muſt not ſhine to vulgar eyes.

SCENE III.

CALI, *solus.*

How Heav'n, in ſcorn of human arrogance,
Commits to trivial chance the fate of nations!
While with inceſſant thought laborious man
Extends his mighty ſchemes of wealth and pow'r,
And towers and triumphs in ideal greatneſs;
Some accidental guſt of oppoſition
Blaſts all the beauties of his new creation,
O'erturns the fabrick of preſumptuous reaſon,
And whelms the ſwelling architect beneath it.
Had not the breeze untwin'd the meeting boughs,
And through the parted ſhade diſclos'd the Greeks,
Th' important hour had paſs'd unheeded by,
In all the ſweet oblivion of delight,
In all the fopperies of meeting lovers;
In ſighs and tears, in tranſports and embraces,
In ſoft complaints, and idle proteſtations.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

CALI, DEMETRIUS, LEONTIUS.

CALI.

Could omens fright the resolute and wise,
Well might we fear impending disappointments.

LEONTIUS.

Your artful suit, your monarch's fierce denial,
The cruel doom of hapless Menodorus.——

DEMETRIUS.

And your new charge, that dear, that heav'nly maid.—

LEONTIUS.

All this we know already from Abdalla.

DEMETRIUS.

Such slight defeats but animate the brave
To stronger efforts and maturer counsels.

CALI.

My doom confirm'd establishes my purpose.
Calmly he heard till Amurath's resumption
Rose to his thought and set his soul on fire:
When from his lips the fatal name burst out,
A sudden pause th' imperfect sense suspended,
Like the dread stillness of condensing storms.

DEMETRIUS.

The loudest cries of Nature urge us forward;
Despotic rage pursues the life of Cali;
His groaning country claims Leontius' aid;
And yet another voice, forgive me, Greece,

The

The pow'rful voice of Love inflames Demetrius,
Each lingring hour alarms me for Aſpaſia.

CALI.

What paſſions reign among thy crew, Leontius?
Does cheerleſs diffidence oppreſs their hearts?
Or ſprightly hope exalt their kindling ſpirits?
Do they with pain repreſs the ſtruggling ſhout,
And liſten eager to the riſing wind?

LEONTIUS.

All there is hope, and gaiety, and courage,
No cloudy doubts, or languiſhing delays;
Ere I could range them on the crowded deck,
At once an hundred voices thunder'd round me,
And ev'ry voice was Liberty and Greece.

DEMETRIUS.

Swift, let us ruſh upon the careleſs tyrant,
Nor give him leiſure for another crime.

LEONTIUS.

Then let us now reſolve, nor idly waſte
Another hour in dull deliberation.

CALI.

But ſee, where, deſtin'd to protract our counſels,
Comes Muſtapha.—Your Turkiſh robes conceal you.
Retire with ſpeed, while I prepare to meet him
With artificial ſmiles, and ſeeming friendſhip.

SCENE

SCENE V.

CALI, MUSTAPHA.

CALI.

I ſee the gloom that low'rs upon thy brow;
Theſe days of love and pleaſure charm not thee;
Too ſlow theſe gentle conſtellations roll;
Thou long'ſt for ſtars that frown on human kind,
And ſcatter diſcord from their baleful beams.

MUSTAPHA.

How bleſt art thou, ſtill jocund and ſerene,
Beneath the load of buſineſs, and of years!

CALI.

Sure, by ſome wond'rous ſympathy of ſouls,
My heart ſtill beats reſponſive to the Sultan's;
I ſhare, by ſecret inſtinct, all his joys,
And feel no ſorrow while my ſov'reign ſmiles.

MUSTAPHA.

The Sultan comes, impatient for his love;
Conduct her hither; let no rude intruſion
Moleſt theſe private walks, or care invade
Theſe hours aſſign'd to Pleaſure and Irene.

SCENE VI.

MAHOMET, MUSTAPHA.

MAHOMET.

Now, Muſtapha, purſue thy tale of horror.
Has treaſon's dire infection reach'd my palace?

Can

Can Cali dare the ſtroke of heav'nly juſtice
In the dark precincts of the gaping grave,
And load with perjuries his parting ſoul?
Was it for this, that, ſick'ning in Epirus,
My father call'd me to his couch of death,
Join'd Cali's hand to mine, and fault'ring cry'd,
Reſtrain the fervour of impetuous youth
With venerable Cali's faithful counſels?
Are theſe the counſels? This the faith of Cali?
Were all our favours laviſh'd on a villain?
Confeſt?——

MUSTAPHA.

Confeſt by dying Menodorus.
In his laſt agonies the gaſping coward,
Amidſt the tortures of the burning ſteel,
Still fond of life, groan'd out the dreadful ſecret,
Held forth this fatal ſcroll, then ſunk to nothing.

MAHOMET, EXAMINING THE PAPER.

His correſpondence with our foes of Greece!
His hand! His ſeal! The ſecrets of my ſoul
Conceal'd from all but him! All, all conſpire
To baniſh doubt, and brand him for a villain!
Our ſchemes for ever croſs'd, our mines diſcover'd,
Betray'd ſome traitor lurking near my boſom.
Oft have I rag'd, when their wide-waſting cannon
Lay pointed at our batt'ries yet unform'd,
And broke the meditated lines of war.
Deteſted Cali too, with artful wonder,
Would ſhake his wily head, and cloſely whiſper,
Beware of Muſtapha, beware of treaſon.

MUSTAPHA.

MUSTAPHA.

The faith of Muftapha difdains fufpicion;
But yet, great Emperor, beware of treafon;
Th' infidious Baffa, fired by difappointment—

MAHOMET.

Shall feel the vengeance of an injured king.
Go, feize him, load him with reproachful chains;
Before th' affembled troops proclaim his crimes;
Then leave him ftretch'd upon the ling'ring rack,
Amidft the camp to howl his life away.

MUSTAPHA.

Should we before the troops proclaim his crimes,
I dread his arts of feeming innocence,
His bland addrefs, and forcery of tongue;
And, fhould he fall unheard by fudden juftice,
Th' adoring foldiers would revenge their idol.

MAHOMET.

Cali, this day, with hypocritic zeal,
Implor'd my leave to vifit Mecca's temple;
Struck with the wonder of a ftatefman's goodnefs,
I rais'd his thoughts to more fublime devotion.
Now let him go, purfu'd by filent wrath,
Meet unexpected daggers in his way,
And in fome diftant land obfcurely die.

MUSTAPHA.

There will his boundlefs wealth, the fpoil of Afia,
Heap'd by your father's ill-plac'd bounties on him,
Difperfe rebellion through the Eaftern world;
Bribe to his caufe, and lift beneath his banners,

Arabia's

Arabia's roving troops, the ſons of ſwiftneſs,
And arm the Perſian heretick againſt thee;
There ſhall he waſte thy frontiers, check thy conqueſts,
And though at length ſubdu'd elude thy vengeance.

MAHOMET.

Elude my vengeance! No—My troops ſhall range
Th' eternal ſnows that freeze beyond Meotis,
And Africk's torrid ſands, in ſearch of Cali.
Should the fierce North upon his frozen wings
Bear him aloft above the wond'ring clouds,
And ſeat him in the Pleiads' golden chariots,
Thence ſhall my fury drag him down to tortures;
Wherever guilt can fly, revenge can follow.

MUSTAPHA.

Wilt thou diſmiſs the ſavage from the toils,
Only to hunt him round the ravag'd world?

MAHOMET.

Suſpend his ſentence—Empire and Irene
Claim my divided ſoul. This wretch, unworthy
To mix with nobler cares, I'll throw aſide
For idle hours, and cruſh him at my leiſure.

MUSTAPHA.

Let not th' unbounded greatneſs of his mind
Betray my king to negligence of danger.
Perhaps the clouds of dark conſpiracy
Now roll full fraught with thunder o'er your head.
Twice ſince the morning roſe I ſaw the Baſſa,
Like a fell adder ſwelling in a brake,
Beneath the covert of this verdant arch

In

In private conference; beſide him ſtood
Two men unknown, the partners of his boſom;
I mark'd them well, and trac'd in either face
The gloomy reſolution, horrid greatneſs,
And ſtern compoſure, of deſpairing heroes;
And, to confirm my thought, at ſight of me,
As blaſted by my preſence, they withdrew
With all the ſpeed of terror and of guilt.

MAHOMET.

The ſtrong emotions of my troubled ſoul
Allow no pauſe for art or for contrivance;
And dark perplexity diſtracts my counſels.
Do thou reſolve: for ſee Irene comes!
At her approach each ruder guſt of thought
Sinks like the ſighing of a tempeſt ſpent,
And gales of ſofter paſſion fan my boſom.

[Cali *enters with* Irene, *and exit with* Muſtapha.

SCENE VII.

MAHOMET, IRENE.

MAHOMET.

Wilt thou deſcend, fair daughter of perfection,
To hear my vows, and give mankind a queen?
Ah! ceaſe, Irene, ceaſe thoſe flowing ſorrows,
That melt a heart impregnable till now,
And turn thy thoughts henceforth to love and empire.
How will the matchleſs beauties of Irene,
Thus bright in tears, thus amiable in ruin,
With all the graceful pride of greatneſs heighten'd,

Amidſt the blaze of jewels and of gold,
Adorn a throne, and dignify dominion!

IRENE.

Why all this glare of ſplendid eloquence,
To paint the pageantries of guilty ſtate?
Muſt I for theſe renounce the hope of Heav'n,
Immortal crowns, and fullneſs of enjoyment?

MAHOMET.

Vain raptures all—For your inferior natures,
Form'd to delight, and happy by delighting,
Heav'n has reſerv'd no future paradiſe,
But bids you rove the paths of bliſs, ſecure
Of total death, and careleſs of hereafter;
While Heav'n's high miniſter, whoſe awful volume
Records each act, each thought of ſov'reign man,
Surveys your plays with inattentive glance,
And leaves the lovely trifler unregarded.

IRENE.

Why then has Nature's vain munificence
Profuſely pour'd her bounties upon woman?
Whence then thoſe charms thy tongue has deign'd to flatter,
That air reſiſtleſs, and enchanting bluſh,
Unleſs the beauteous fabrick was deſign'd
A habitation for a fairer ſoul?

MAHOMET.

Too high, bright maid, thou rat'ſt exterior grace:
Not always do the faireſt flow'rs diffuſe
The richeſt odours, nor the ſpeckled ſhells

Conceal the gem; let female arrogance
Obſerve the feather'd wand'rers of the ſky;
With purple varied and bedropp'd with gold,
They prune the wing, and ſpread the gloſſy plumes,
Ordain'd, like you, to flutter and to ſhine,
Aud cheer the weary paſſenger with muſick.

IRENE.

Mean as we are, this tyrant of the world
Implores our ſmiles and trembles at our feet.
Whence flow the hopes and fears, deſpair and rapture,
Whence all the bliſs and agonies of love?

MAHOMET.

Why, when the balm of ſleep deſcends on man,
Do gay deluſions, wand'ring o'er the brain,
Sooth the delighted ſoul with empty bliſs?
To want give affluence? and to ſlav'ry freedom?
Such are love's joys, the lenitives of life,
A fancy'd treaſure and a waking dream.

IRENE.

Then let me once, in honour of our ſex,
Aſſume the boaſtful arrogance of man.
Th' attractive ſoftneſs, and th' endearing ſmile,
And pow'rful glance, 'tis granted are our own;
Nor has impartial Nature's frugal hand
Exhauſted all her nobler gifts on you.
Do not we ſhare the comprehenſive thought,
Th' enlivening wit, the penetrating reaſon?
Beats not the female breaſt with gen'rous paſſions,
The thirſt of empire, and the love of glory?

MAHOMET.

Illuſtrious maid, new wonders fix me thine,
Thy ſoul completes the triumphs of thy face.
I thought, forgive my fair, the nobleſt aim,
The ſtrongeſt effort of a female ſoul,
Was but to chuſe the graces of the day,
To tune the tongue, to teach the eye to roll,
Diſpoſe the colours of the flowing robe,
And add new roſes to the faded cheek.
Will it not charm a mind like thine exalted,
To ſhine the goddeſs of applauding nations,
To ſcatter happineſs and plenty round thee,
To bid the proſtrate captive riſe and live,
To ſee new cities tow'r at thy command,
And blaſted kingdoms flouriſh at thy ſmile?

IRENE.

Charm'd with the thought of bleſſing human kind,
Too calm I liſten to the flatt'ring ſounds.

MAHOMET.

O ſeize the power to bleſs—Irene's nod
Shall break the fetters of the groaning Chriſtian;
Greece, in her lovely patroneſs ſecure,
Shall mourn no more her plunder'd palaces.

IRENE.

Forbear—O do not urge me to my ruin!

MAHOMET.

To ſtate and pow'r I court thee, not to ruin:
Smile on my wiſhes, and command the globe.

Security ſhall ſpread her ſhield before thee,
And Love infold thee with his downy wings.
If greatneſs pleaſe thee, mount th' imperial ſeat;
If pleaſure charm thee, view this ſoft retreat;
Here ev'ry warbler of the ſky ſhall ſing;
Here ev'ry fragrance breathe of ev'ry ſpring:
To deck theſe bow'rs each region ſhall combine,
And e'en our prophet's gardens envy thine:
Empire and love ſhall ſhare the bliſsful day,
And varied life ſteal unperceiv'd away.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

CALI, ABDALLA.

[CALI enters with a diſcontented Air; to him enters ABDALLA.]

CALI.

IS this the fierce conſpirator Abdalla?
Is this the reſtleſs diligence of treaſon?
Where haſt thou linger'd while th' encumber'd hours
Fly lab'ring with the fate of future nations,
And hungry ſlaughter ſcents imperial blood?

ABDALLA.

Important cares detain'd me from your counſels.

CALI.

Some petty paſſion! ſome domeſtic trifle!
Some vain amuſement of a vacant ſoul!
A weeping wife, perhaps, or dying friend,
Hung on your neck, and hinder'd your departure.
Is this a time for ſoftneſs or for ſorrow?
Unprofitable, peaceful, female virtues!
When eager vengeance ſhews a naked foe,
And kind ambition points the way to greatneſs.

ABDALLA.

Muſt then ambition's votaries infringe
The laws of kindneſs, break the bonds of nature,
And quit the names of brother, friend, and father?

CALI.

This ſov'reign paſſion, ſcornful of reſtraint,
E'en from the birth affects ſupreme command,
Swells in the breaſt, and with reſiſtleſs force
O'erbears each gentler motion of the mind.
As when a deluge overſpreads the plains,
The wand'ring rivulet, and ſilver lake,
Mix undiſtinguiſh'd in the gen'ral roar.

ABDALLA.

Yet can Ambition in Abdalla's breaſt
Claim but the ſecond place: there mighty Love
Has fix'd his hopes, inquietudes, and fears,
His glowing wiſhes, and his jealous pangs.

CALI.

Love is indeed the privilege of youth;
Yet on a day like this, when expectation
Pants for the dread event—But let us reaſon—

ABDALLA.

ABDALLA.

Haſt thou grown old amidſt the crowd of courts,
And turn'd th' inſtructive page of human life,
To cant, at laſt, of reaſon to a lover?
Such ill-tim'd gravity, ſuch ſerious folly,
Might well befit the ſolitary ſtudent,
Th' unpractis'd dervife, or ſequeſter'd faquir.
Know'ſt thou not yet, when Love invades the Soul,
That all her faculties receive his chains?
That Reaſon gives her ſceptre to his hand,
Or only ſtruggles to be more enſlav'd?
Aſpaſia, who can look upon thy beauties?
Who hear thee ſpeak and not abandon reaſon?
Reaſon! the hoary dotard's dull directreſs,
That loſes all becauſe ſhe hazards nothing!
Reaſon! the tim'rous pilot, that, to ſhun
The rocks of life, for ever flies the port!

CALI.

But why this ſudden warmth?

ABDALLA.

Becauſe I love:
Becauſe my ſlighted paſſion burns in vain!
Why roars the lioneſs diſtreſs'd by hunger?
Why foams the ſwelling wave when tempeſts riſe?
Why ſhakes the ground when ſubterraneous fires
Fierce through the burſting caverns rend their way?

CALI.

Not till this day thou ſaw'ſt this fatal fair;
Did ever paſſion make ſo ſwift a progreſs?
Once more reflect, ſuppreſs this infant folly.

ABDALLA.

Grofs fires, enkindled by a mortal hand,
Spread by degrees, and dread th' oppreffing ftream;
The fubtler flames emitted from the fky,
Flafh out at once, with ftrength above refiftance.

CALI.

How did Afpafia welcome your addrefs?
Did you proclaim this unexpected conqueft?
Or pay with fpeaking eyes a lover's homage?

ABDALLA.

Confounded, aw'd, and loft in admiration,
I gaz'd, I trembled; but I could not fpeak:
When e'en as love was breaking off from wonder,
And tender accents quiver'd on my lips,
She mark'd my fparkling eyes, and heaving breaft,
And fmiling, confcious of her charms, withdrew.
[*Enter* Demetrius *and* Leontius.

CALI.

Now be fome moments mafter of thyfelf;
Nor let Demetrius know thee for a rival.
Hence! or be calm—To difagree is ruin.

SCENE II.

CALI, DEMETRIUS, LEONTIUS, ABDALLA.

DEMETRIUS.

When will occafion fmile upon our wifhes,
And give the tortures of fufpenfe a period?
Still muft we linger in uncertain hope?

Still languiſh in our chains, and dream of freedom,
Like thirſty ſailors gazing on the clouds,
Till burning death ſhoots through their wither'd limbs?

CALI.

Deliverance is at hand; for Turkey's tyrant,
Sunk in his pleaſures, confident and gay,
With all the hero's dull ſecurity,
Truſts to my care his miſtreſs and his life,
And laughs and wantons in the jaws of death.

LEONTIUS.

So weak is man, when deſtin'd to deſtruction;—
The watchful ſlumber, and the crafty truſt.

CALI.

At my command yon iron gates unfold;
At my command the centinels retire;
With all the licence of authority,
Through bowing ſlaves, I range the private rooms,
And of to-morrow's action fix the ſcene.

DEMETRIUS.

To-morrow's action! Can that hoary wiſdom,
Borne down with years, ſtill doat upon to-morrow?
That fatal miſtreſs of the young, the lazy,
The coward, and the fool, condemn'd to loſe
An uſeleſs life in waiting for to-morrow,
To gaze with longing eyes upon to-morrow,
Till interpoſing death deſtroys the proſpect!
Strange! that this gen'ral fraud from day to day
Should fill the world with wretches undetected.

The ſoldier, lab'ring through a winter's march,
Sill ſees to-morrow dreſt in robes of triumph;
Still to the lover's long-expecting arms
To-morrow brings the viſionary bride.
But thou, too old to bear another cheat,
Learn, that the preſent hour alone is man's.

LEONTIUS.

The preſent hour with open arms invites;
Seize the kind fair, and preſs her to thy boſom.

DEMETRIUS.

Who knows, ere this important morrow riſe,
But fear or mutiny may taint the Greeks?
Who knows, if Mahomet's awaking anger
May ſpare the fatal bow-ſtring till to-morrow?

ABDALLA.

Had our firſt Aſian foes but known this ardour,
We ſtill had wander'd on Tartarian hills.
Rouſe, Cali; ſhall the ſons of conquer'd Greece
Lead us to danger, and abaſh their victors?
This night with all her conſcious ſtars be witneſs,
Who merits moſt, Demetrius or Abdalla.

DEMETRIUS.

Who merits moſt!—I knew not we were rivals.

CALI.

Young man, forbear—The heat of youth, no more—
Well,—'tis decreed—This night ſhall fix our fate.
Soon as the veil of evening clouds the ſky,
With cautious ſecrecy, Leontius, ſteer

Th' appointed veſſel to yon ſhaded bay,
Form'd by this garden jutting on the deep;
There, with your ſoldiers arm'd, and ſails expanded,
Await our coming, equally prepar'd
For ſpeedy flight, or obſtinate defence. [*Exit* Leont.

SCENE III.

CALI, ABDALLA, DEMETRIUS.

DEMETRIUS.

Now pauſe, great Baſſa, from the thoughts of blood,
And kindly grant an ear to gentler ſounds.
If e'er thy youth has known the pangs of abſence,
Or felt th' impatience of obſtructed love,
Give me, before th' approaching hour of fate,
Once to behold the charms of bright Aſpaſia,
And draw new virtue from her heav'nly tongue.

CALI.

Let prudence, ere the ſuit be farther urg'd,
Impartial weigh the pleaſure with the danger.
A little longer, and ſhe's thine for ever.

DEMETRIUS.

Prudence and love conſpire in this requeſt,
Leſt, unacquainted with our bold attempt,
Surprize o'erwhelm her, and retard our flight.

CALI.

What I can grant, you cannot aſk in vain—

DEMETRIUS.

I go to wait thy call; this kind conſent
Completes the gift of freedom and of life. [*Exit* Dem.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

CALI, ABDALLA.

ABDALLA.

And this is my reward—to burn, to languifh,
To rave unheeded; while the happy Greek,
The refufe of our fwords, the drofs of conqueft,
Throws his fond arms about Afpafia's neck,
Dwells on her lips, and fighs upon her breaft.
Is't not enough he lives by our indulgence,
But he muft live to make his mafters wretched?

CALI.

What claim haft thou to plead?

ABDALLA.

The claim of pow'r,
Th' unqueftion'd claim of conquerors and kings!

CALI.

Yet in the ufe of pow'r remember juftice.

ABDALLA.

Can then th' affaffin lift his treach'rous hand
Againft his king, and cry, remember juftice?
Juftice demands the forfeit life of Cali;
Juftice demands that I reveal your crimes;
Juftice demands—but fee th' approaching Sultan!
Oppofe my wifhes, and—remember juftice.

CALI.

Diforder fits upon thy face—retire.

[*Exit* Abdalla, *enter* Mahomet.

SCENE

SCENE V.

CALI, MAHOMET.

CALI.

Long be the Sultan bleſs'd with happy love!
My zeal marks gladneſs dawning on thy cheek,
With raptures ſuch as fire the Pagan crowds,
When, pale and anxious for their years to come,
They ſee the ſun ſurmount the dark eclipſe,
And hail unanimous their conqu'ring god.

MAHOMET.

My vows, 'tis true, ſhe hears with leſs averſion;
She ſighs, ſhe bluſhes, but ſhe ſtill denies.

CALI.

With warmer courtſhip preſs the yielding fair:
Call to your aid, with boundleſs promiſes,
Each rebel wiſh, each traitor inclination,
That raiſes tumults in the female breaſt,
The love of pow'r, of pleaſure, and of ſhow.

MAHOMET.

Theſe arts I try'd, and, to inflame her more,
By hateful buſineſs hurried from her ſight,
I bade a hundred virgins wait around her,
Sooth her with all the pleaſures of command,
Applaud her charms, and court her to be great.
[*Exit* Mahomet.

SCENE VI.

CALI, *solus.*

He's gone—Here reſt, my ſoul, thy fainting wing,
Here recollect thy diſſipated pow'rs.——
Our diſtant int'reſts, and our diff'rent paſſions,
Now haſte to mingle in one common center,
And fate lies crowded in a narrow ſpace.
Yet in that narrow ſpace what dangers riſe!—
Far more I dread Abdalla's fiery folly,
Than all the wiſdom of the grave divan.
Reaſon with reaſon fights on equal terms;
The raging madman's unconnected ſchemes
We cannot obviate, for we cannot gueſs.
Deep in my breaſt be treaſur'd this reſolve,
When Cali mounts the throne, Abdalla dies,
Too fierce, too faithleſs, for neglect or truſt.

[*Enter* Irene *with Attendants.*

SCENE VII.

CALI, IRENE, ASPASIA, &c.

CALI.

Amidſt the ſplendor of encircling beauty,
Superior majeſty proclaims the queen,
And nature juſtifies our monarch's choice.

IRENE.

Reſerve this homage for ſome other fair;
Urge me not on to glitt'ring guilt, nor pour
In my weak ear th' intoxicating ſounds.

CALI.

CALI.

Make haſte, bright maid, to rule the willing world;
Aw'd by the rigour of the Sultan's juſtice,
We court thy gentleneſs.

ASPASIA.

Can Cali's voice
Concur to preſs a hapleſs captive's ruin?

CALI.

Long would my zeal for Mahomet and thee
Detain me here. But nations call upon me,
And duty bids me chooſe a diſtant walk,
Nor taint with care the privacies of love.

SCENE VIII.

IRENE, ASPASIA, ATTENDANTS.

ASPASIA.

If yet this ſhining pomp, theſe ſudden honours,
Swell not thy ſoul beyond advice or friendſhip,
Nor yet inſpire the follies of a queen,
Or tune thine ear to ſoothing adulation,
Suſpend awhile the privilege of pow'r
To hear the voice of Truth; diſmiſs thy train,
Shake off th' incumbrances of ſtate a moment,
And lay the tow'ring ſultaneſs aſide,
[Irene *ſigns to her Attendants to retire.*
While I foretel thy fate; that office done,—
No more I boaſt th' ambitious name of friend,
But ſink among thy ſlaves without a murmur.

IRENE.

IRENE.

Did regal diadems inveſt my brow,
Yet ſhould my ſoul, ſtill faithful to her choice,
Eſteem Aſpaſia's breaſt the nobleſt kingdom.

ASPASIA.

The ſoul, once tainted with ſo foul a crime,
No more ſhall glow with friedſhip's hallow'd ardour:
Thoſe holy Beings, whoſe ſuperior care
Guides erring mortals to the paths of virtue,
Affrighted at impiety like thine,
Reſign their charge to baſeneſs and to ruin.

IRENE.

Upbraid me not with fancied wickedneſs;
I am not yet a queen or an apoſtate.
But ſhould I ſin beyond the hope of mercy,
If, when religion prompts me to refuſe,
The dread of inſtant death reſtrains my tongue?

ASPASIA.

Reflect that life and death, affecting ſounds!
Are only varied modes of endleſs being;
Reflect that life, like ev'ry other bleſſing,
Derives its value from its uſe alone;
Not for itſelf, but for a nobler end,
Th' Eternal gave it, and that end is virtue.
When inconſiſtent with a greater good,
Reaſon commands to caſt the leſs away;
Thus life, with loſs of wealth is well preſerv'd,
And virtue cheaply ſav'd with loſs of life.

IRENE.

IRENE.

If built on ſettled thought, this conſtancy
Not idly flutters on a boaſtful tongue,
Why, when deſtruction rag'd around our walls,
Why fled this haughty heroine from the battle?
Why then did not this warlike Amazon
Mix in the war, and ſhine among the heroes?

ASPASIA.

Heav'n, when its hand pour'd ſoftneſs on our limbs,
Unfit for toil, and poliſh'd into weakneſs,
Made paſſive fortitude the praiſe of woman:
Our only arms are innocence and meekneſs.
Not then with raving cries I fill'd the city;
But while Demetrius, dear lamented name!
Pour'd ſtorms of fire upon our fierce invaders,
Implor'd th' Eternal pow'r to ſhield my country,
With ſilent ſorrows, and with calm devotion.

IRENE.

O! did Irene ſhine the queen of Turkey,
No more ſhould Greece lament thoſe pray'rs rejected;
Again ſhould golden ſplendor grace her cities,
Again her proſtrate palaces ſhould riſe,
Again her temples ſound with holy muſick:
No more ſhould danger fright, or want diſtreſs
The ſmiling widows, and protected orphans.

ASPASIA.

Be virtuous ends purſu'd by virtuous means,
Nor think th' intention ſanctifies the deed:
That maxim, publiſh'd in an impious age,
Would looſe the wild enthuſiaſt to deſtroy,

And

And fix the fierce uſurper's bloody title ;
Then Bigotry might ſend her ſlaves to war,
And bid ſucceſs become the teſt of truth ;
Unpitying maſſacre might waſte the world,
And perſecution boaſt the call of Heaven.

IRENE.

Shall I not wiſh to cheer afflicted kings,
And plan the happineſs of mourning millions?

ASPASIA.

Dream not of pow'r thou never canſt attain :
When ſocial laws firſt harmonis'd the world,
Superior man poſſeſs'd the charge of rule,
The ſcale of juſtice, and the ſword of pow'r,
Nor left us aught but flattery and ſtate.

IRENE.

To me my lover's fondneſs will reſtore
Whate'er man's pride has raviſh'd from our ſex.

ASPASIA.

When ſoft ſecurity ſhall prompt the Sultan,
Freed from the tumults of unſettled conqueſt,
To fix his court and regulate his pleaſures,
Soon ſhall the dire ſeraglio's horrid gates
Cloſe like th' eternal bars of death upon thee.
Immur'd, and buried in perpetual ſloth,
That gloomy ſlumber of the ſtagnant ſoul,
There ſhalt thou view from far the quiet cottage,
And ſigh for chearful poverty in vain ;
There wear the tedious hours of life away,
Beneath each curſe of unrelenting Heav'n,
Deſpair and ſlav'ry, ſolitude and guilt.

IRENE.

IRENE.

There ſhall we find the yet untaſted bliſs
Of grandeur and tranquillity combin'd.

ASPASIA.

Tranquillity and guilt, disjoin'd by Heav'n,
Still ſtretch in vain their longing arms afar;
Nor dare to paſs th' inſuperable bound.
Ah ! let me rather ſeek the convent's cell;
There when my thoughts, at interval of pray'r,
Deſcend to range theſe manſions of misfortune,
Oft' ſhall I dwell on our diſaſtrous friendſhip,
And ſhed the pitying tear for loſt Irene.

IRENE.

Go, languiſh on in dull obſcurity;
Thy dazzled ſoul, with all its boaſted greatneſs,
Shrinks at th' o'erpow'ring gleams of regal ſtate,
Stoops from the blaze like a degenerate eagle,
And flies for ſhelter to the ſhades of life.

ASPASIA

On me ſhould Providence, without a crime,
The weighty charge of royalty confer;
Call me to civilize the Ruſſian wilds,
Or bid ſoft ſcience poliſh Britain's heroes:
Soon ſhould'ſt thou ſee, how falſe thy weak reproach.
My boſom feels, enkindled from the ſky,
The lambent flames of mild benevolence,
Untouch'd by fierce ambition's raging fires.

IRENE.

Ambition is the ſtamp, impreſs'd by Heav'n
To mark the nobleſt minds; with active heat
Inform'd, they mount the precipice of pow'r,
Graſp at command, and tow'r in queſt of empire;
While vulgar ſouls compaſſionate their cares,
Gaze at their height, and tremble at their danger:
Thus meaner ſpirits with amazement mark
The varying ſeaſons, and revolving ſkies,
And aſk, what guilty Pow'r's rebellious hand
Rolls with eternal toil the pond'rous orbs;
While ſome archangel, nearer to perfection,
In eaſy ſtate preſides o'er all their motions,
Directs the planets with a careleſs nod,
Conducts the ſun, and regulates the ſpheres.

ASPASIA.

Well mayſt thou hide in labyrinths of ſound
The cauſe that ſhrinks from Reaſon's pow'rful voice.
Stoop from thy flight, trace back th' entangled thought,
And ſet the glitt'ring fallacy to view.
Not pow'r I blame, but pow'r obtained by crime;
Angelick greatneſs is angelick virtue.
Amidſt the glare of courts, the ſhout of armies,
Will not th' apoſtate feel the pangs of guilt,
And wiſh, too late, for innocence and peace,
Curſt as the tyrant of th' infernal realms,
With gloomy ſtate and agonizing pomp?

SCENE

SCENE IX.

IRENE, ASPASIA, MAID.

MAID.

A Turkiſh ſtranger, of majeſtick mien,
Aſks at the gate admiſſion to Aſpaſia,
Commiſſion'd, as he ſays, by Cali Baſſa.

IRENE.

Whoe'er thou art, or whatſoe'er thy meſſage, [*Aſide.*
Thanks for this kind relief—With ſpeed admit him.

ASPASIA.

He comes, perhaps, to ſeparate us for ever;
When I am gone, remember, O! remember,
That none are great, or happy, but the virtuous.
[*Exit* Irene, *enter* Demetrius.

SCENE X.

ASPASIA, DEMETRIUS.

DEMETRIUS.

'Tis ſhe—my hope, my happineſs, my love!
Aſpaſia! do I once again behold thee?
Still, ſtill the ſame—unclouded by misfortune!
Let my bleſt eyes for ever gaze——

ASPASIA.

Demetrius!

DEMETRIUS.

Why does the blood forſake thy lovely cheek?
Why ſhoots this chilneſs through thy ſhaking nerves?
Why does thy ſoul retire into herſelf?
Recline upon my breaſt thy ſinking beauties:
Revive—Revive to freedom and to love.

ASPASIA.

What well-known voice pronounc'd the grateful
ſounds
Freedom and love? Alas! I'm all confuſion,
A ſudden miſt o'ercaſts my darken'd ſoul;
The preſent, paſt, and future, ſwim before me,
Loſt in a wild perplexity of joy.

DEMETRIUS.

Such ecſtacy of love, ſuch pure affection,
What worth can merit? or what faith reward?

ASPASIA.

A thouſand thoughts, imperfect and diſtracted,
Demand a voice, and ſtruggle into birth;
A thouſand queſtions preſs upon my tongue,
But all give way to rapture and Demetrius.

DEMETRIUS.

O ſay, bright Being, in this age of abſence,
What fears, what griefs, what dangers, haſt thou
known?
Say, how the tyrant threaten'd, flatter'd, ſigh'd;
Say, how he threaten'd, flatter'd, ſigh'd in vain!
Say,

Say, how the hand of Violence was rais'd;
Say, how thou call'dſt in tears upon Demetrius!

ASPASIA.

Inform me rather how thy happy courage
Stemm'd in the breach the deluge of deſtruction,
And paſs'd uninjur'd through the walks of death.
Did ſavage anger and licentious conqueſt
Behold the heroe with Aſpaſia's eyes?
And, thus protected in the gen'ral ruin,
O ſay, what guardian pow'r convey'd thee hither.

DEMETRIUS.

Such ſtrange events, ſuch unexpected chances,
Beyond my warmeſt hope, or wildeſt wiſhes,
Concurr'd to give me to Aſpaſia's arms,
I ſtand amaz'd, and aſk, if yet I claſp thee.

ASPASIA.

Sure Heav'n, for wonders are not wrought in vain,
That joins us thus, will never part us more.

SCENE XI.

DEMETRIUS, ASPASIA, ABDALLA.

ABDALLA.

It parts you now—The haſty Sultan ſign'd
The laws unread, and flies to his Irene.

DEMETRIUS.

Fix'd and intent on his Irene's charms,
He envies none the converſe of Aſpaſia.

ABDALLA.

Aſpaſia's abſence will inflame ſuſpicion;
She cannot, muſt not, ſhall not, linger here;
Prudence and Friendſhip bid me force her from you.

DEMETRIUS.

Force her! profane her with a touch, and die!

ABDALLA.

'Tis Greece, 'tis Freedom, calls Aſpaſia hence;
Your careleſs love betrays your country's cauſe.

DEMETRIUS.

If we muſt part———

ASPASIA.

No! let us die together.

DEMETRIUS.

If we muſt part———

ABDALLA.

Diſpatch; th' encreaſing danger
Will not admit a lover's long farewell,
The long-drawn intercourſe of ſighs and kiſſes.

DEMETRIUS.

Then—O my fair, I cannot bid thee go;
Receive her, and protect her, gracious Heav'n!
Yet let me watch her dear departing ſteps,
If Fate purſues me, let it find me here.
Reproach not, Greece, a lover's fond delays,
Nor think thy cauſe neglected while I gaze;
New force, new courage, from each glance I gain,
And find our paſſions not infus'd in vain. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

DEMETRIUS, ASPASIA, enter as talking.

ASPASIA.

ENOUGH—reſiſtleſs Reaſon calms my ſoul—
Approving Juſtice ſmiles upon your cauſe,
And Nature's rights entreat th' aſſerting ſword.
Yet, when your hand is lifted to deſtroy,
Think—but excuſe a woman's needleſs caution,—
Purge well thy mind from ev'ry private paſſion,
Drive int'reſt, love, and vengeance, from thy thoughts,
Fill all thy ardent breaſt with Greece and Virtue,
Then ſtrike ſecure, and Heav'n aſſiſt the blow!

DEMETRIUS.

Thou kind aſſiſtant of my better angel,
Propitious guide of my bewilder'd ſoul,
Calm of my cares, and guardian of my virtue!

ASPASIA.

My ſoul, firſt kindled by thy bright example
To noble thought and gen'rous emulation,
Now but reflects thoſe beams that flow'd from thee.

DEMETRIUS.

With native luſtre and unborrow'd greatneſs,
Thou ſhin'ſt, bright maid, ſuperior to diſtreſs;
Unlike the trifling race of vulgar beauties,
Thoſe glitt'ring dew-drops of a vernal morn,

 That

That ſpread their colours to the genial beam,
And ſparkling quiver to the breath of May;
But, when the tempeſt with ſonorous wing
Sweeps o'er the grove, forſake the lab'ring bough,
Diſpers'd in air, or mingled with the duſt.

ASPASIA.

Forbear this triumph—ſtill new conflicts wait us,
Foes unforeſeen, and dangers unſuſpected.
Oft when the fierce beſiegers' eager hoſt
Beholds the fainting garriſon retire,
And ruſhes joyful to the naked wall,
Deſtruction flaſhes from th' inſidious mine,
And ſweeps th' exulting conqueror away:
Perhaps in vain the Sultan's anger ſpar'd me,
To find a meaner fate from treach'rous friendſhip—
Abdalla! ———

DEMETRIUS.

Can Abdalla then diſſemble?
That fiery chief, renown'd for gen'rous freedom,
For zeal unguarded, undiſſembled hate,
For daring truth, and turbulence of honour?

ASPASIA.

This open friend, this undeſigning heroe,
With noiſy falſehoods forc'd me from your arms,
To ſhock my virtue with a tale of love.

DEMETRIUS.

Did not the cauſe of Greece reſtrain my ſword,
Aſpaſia ſhould not fear a ſecond inſult.

ASPASIA.

His pride and love by turns inſpir'd his tongue,
And

And intermix'd my praiſes with his own ;
His wealth, his rank, his honours, he recounted,
Till, in the midſt of arrogance and fondneſs,
Th' approaching Sultan forc'd me from the palace ;
Then, while he gaz'd upon his yielding miſtreſs,
I ſtole unheeded from their raviſh'd eyes,
And ſought this happy grove in queſt of thee.

DEMETRIUS.

Soon may the final ſtroke decide our fate,
Leſt baleful diſcord cruſh our infant ſcheme,
And ſtrangled freedom periſh in the birth !

ASPASIA.

My boſom, haraſs'd with alternate paſſions,
Now hopes, now fears—

DEMETRIUS.

Th' anxieties of love.

ASPASIA.

Think how the Sov'reign Arbiter of kingdoms
Deteſts thy falſe aſſociates' black deſigns,
And frowns on perjury, revenge, and murder.
Embark'd with treaſon on the ſeas of fate,
When Heav'n ſhall bid the ſwelling billows rage,
And point vindictive lightnings at rebellion,
Will not the patriot ſhare the traitor's danger ?
Oh could thy hand unaided free thy country,
Nor mingled guilt pollute the ſacred cauſe !

DEMETRIUS.

Permitted oft, though not inſpir'd by Heav'n,
Succeſsful treaſons puniſh impious kings.

ASPASIA.

Nor end my terrors with the Sultan's death;
Far as futurity's untravell'd waſte
Lies open to conjecture's dubious ken,
On ev'ry ſide confuſion, rage, and death,
Perhaps the phantoms of a woman's fear,
Beſet the treacherous way with fatal ambuſh;
Each Turkiſh boſom burns for thy deſtruction,
Ambitious Cali dreads the ſtateſman's arts,
And hot Abdalla hates the happy lover.

DEMETRIUS.

Capricious man! to good and ill inconſtant,
Too much to fear or truſt is equal weakneſs.
Sometimes the wretch, unaw'd by Heav'n or Hell,
With mad devotion idolizes honour.
The Baſſa, reeking with his maſter's murder,
Perhaps may ſtart at violated friendſhip.

ASPASIA.

How ſoon, alas! will int'reſt, fear, or envy,
O'erthrow ſuch weak, ſuch accidental, virtue,
Nor built on faith, nor fortified by conſcience?

DEMETRIUS.

When deſp'rate ills demand a ſpeedy cure,
Diſtruſt is cowardice, and prudence folly.

ASPASIA

Yet think a moment, ere you court deſtruction:
What hand, when death has ſnatch'd away Demetrius,
Shall guard Aſpaſia from triumphant luſt.

DEMETRIUS.

DEMETRIUS.

Diſmiſs theſe needleſs fears—a troop of Greeks,
Well known, long try'd, expect us on the ſhore.
Borne on the ſurface of the ſmiling deep,
Soon ſhalt thou ſcorn, in ſafety's arms repos'd,
Abdalla's rage and Cali's ſtratagems.

ASPASIA.

Still, ſtill, diſtruſt ſits heavy on my heart.
Will e'er an happier hour reviſit Greece?

DEMETRIUS.

Should Heav'n, yet unappeas'd, refuſe its aid,
Diſperſe our hopes, and fruſtrate our deſigns,
Yet ſhall the conſcience of the great attempt
Diffuſe a brightneſs o'er our future days;
Nor will his country's groans reproach Demetrius.
But how canſt thou ſupport the woes of exile?
Canſt thou forget hereditary ſplendours,
To live obſcure upon a foreign coaſt,
Content with ſcience, innocence, and love?

ASPASIA.

Nor wealth, nor titles, make Aſpaſia's bliſs.
O'erwhelm'd and loſt amidſt the publick ruins,
Unmov'd I ſaw the glitt'ring trifles periſh,
And thought the petty droſs beneath a ſigh.
Chearful I follow to the rural cell,
Love be my wealth, and my diſtinction virtue.

DEMETRIUS.

Submiſſive, and prepar'd for each event,
Now let us wait the laſt award of Heav'n,

Secure

Secure of happineſs from flight or conqueſt:
Nor fear the fair and learn'd can want protection,
The mighty Tuſcan courts the baniſh'd arts
To kind Italia's hoſpitable ſhades;
There ſhall ſoft leiſure wing th' excurſive ſoul,
And Peace propitious ſmile on fond deſire;
There ſhall deſpotic Eloquence reſume
Her antient empire o'er the yielding heart;
There Poetry ſhall tune her ſacred voice,
And wake from ignorance the Weſtern world.

SCENE II.

DEMETRIUS, ASPASIA, CALI.

CALI.

At length th' unwilling ſun reſigns the world
To ſilence and to reſt. The hours of darkneſs,
Propitious hours to ſtratagem and death,
Purſue the laſt remains of ling'ring light.

DEMETRIUS.

Count not theſe hours as part of vulgar time,
Think them a ſacred treaſure lent by Heav'n,
Which, ſquander'd by neglect, or fear, or folly,
No pray'r recalls, no diligence redeems;
To-morrow's dawn ſhall ſee the Turkiſh king
Stretch'd in the duſt, or tow'ring on his throne;
To-morrow's dawn ſhall ſee the mighty Cali
The ſport of tyranny, or lord of nations.

CALI.

Then waſte no longer theſe important moments
In ſoft endearments, and in gentle murmurs;
Nor loſe in love the patriot and the heroe.

DEMETRIUS.

DEMETRIUS.

'Tis love, combin'd with guilt alone, that melts
The ſoften'd ſoul to cowardice and ſloth;
But virtuous paſſion prompts the great reſolve,
And fans the ſlumbering ſpark of heav'nly fire.
Retire, my fair; that Pow'r that ſmiles on goodneſs
Guide all thy ſteps, calm ev'ry ſtormy thought,
And ſtill thy boſom with the voice of Peace!

ASPASIA.

Soon may we meet again, ſecure and free,
To feel no more the pangs of ſeparation! [*Exit.*

DEMETRIUS, CALI.

DEMETRIUS.

This night alone is ours—Our mighty foe,
No longer loſt in am'rous ſolitude,
Will now remount the ſlighted ſeat of empire,
And ſhew Irene to the ſhouting people:
Aſpaſia left her ſighing in his arms,
And liſt'ning to the pleaſing tale of pow'r;
With ſoften'd voice ſhe dropp'd the faint refuſal,
Smiling conſent ſhe ſat, and bluſhing love.

CALI.

Now, tyrant, with ſatiety of beauty
Now feaſt thine eyes, thine eyes that ne'er hereafter
Shall dart their am'rous glances at the fair,
Or glare on Cali with malignant beams.

SCENE

SCENE III.

DEMETRIUS, CALI, LEONTIUS, ABDALLA.

LEONTIUS.

Our bark unſeen has reach'd th' appointed bay,
And where yon trees wave o'er the foaming ſurge
Reclines againſt the ſhore: our Grecian troop
Extends its lines along the ſandy beach,
Elate with hope, and panting for a foe.

ABDALLA.

The fav'ring winds aſſiſt the great deſign,
Sport in our ſails, and murmur o'er the deep.

CALI.

'Tis well—A ſingle blow completes our wiſhes;
Return with ſpeed, Leontius, to your charge;
The Greeks, diſorder'd by their leader's abſence,
May droop diſmay'd, or kindle into madneſs.

LEONTIUS.

Suſpected ſtill!—What villain's pois'nous tongue
Dare join Leontius' name with fear or falſehood?
Have I for this preſerv'd my guiltleſs boſom,
Pure as the thoughts of infant innocence?
Have I for this defy'd the chiefs of Turkey,
Intrepid in the flaming front of war?

CALI.

Haſt thou not ſearch'd my ſoul's profoundeſt thoughts?
Is not the fate of Greece and Cali thine?

LEON-

LEONTIUS.

Why has thy choice then pointed out Leontius,
Unfit to ſhare this night's illuſtrious toils?
To wait remote from action, and from honour,
An idle liſt'ner to the diſtant cries
Of ſlaughter'd infidels, and claſh of ſwords?
Tell me the cauſe, that while thy name, Demetrius,
Shall ſoar triumphant on the wings of Glory,
Deſpis'd and curs'd, Leontius muſt deſcend
Through hiſſing ages, a proverbial coward,
The tale of women, and the ſcorn of fools?

DEMETRIUS.

Can brave Leontius be the ſlave of Glory?
Glory, the caſual gift of thoughtleſs crowds!
Glory, the bribe of avaricious virtue!
Be but my country free, be thine the praiſe;
I aſk no witneſs, but atteſting conſcience,
No records, but the records of the ſky.

LEONTIUS.

Wilt thou then head the troop upon the ſhore,
While I deſtroy th' oppreſſor of mankind?

DEMETRIUS.

What canſt thou boaſt ſuperior to Demetrius?
Aſk to whoſe ſword the Greeks will truſt their cauſe?
My name ſhall echo through the ſhouting field?
Demand whoſe force yon Turkiſh heroes dread,
The ſhudd'ring camp ſhall murmur out Demetrius.

CALI.

CALI.

Muſt Greece, ſtill wretched by her children's folly,
For ever mourn their avarice or factions?
Demetrius juſtly pleads a double title,
The lover's int'reſt aids the patriot's claim.

LEONTIUS.

My pride ſhall ne'er protract my country's woes;
Succeed, my friend, unenvied by Leontius.

DEMETRIUS.

I feel new ſpirit ſhoot along my nerves,
My ſoul expands to meet approaching freedom.
Now hover o'er us with propitious wings,
Ye ſacred ſhades of patriots and of martyrs;
All ye, whoſe blood tyrannick rage effus'd,
Or perſecution drank, attend our call;
And from the manſions of perpetual peace
Deſcend, to ſweeten labours once your own.

CALI.

Go then, and with united eloquence
Confirm your troops; and when the moon's fair beam
Plays on the quiv'ring waves, to guide our flight,
Return, Demetrius, and be free for ever.

Exeunt Dem. *and* Leon.

SCENE IV.

CALI, ABDALLA.

ABDALLA.

How the new monarch, ſwell'd with airy rule,
Looks down, contemptuous, from his fancy'd height,
And utters fate, unmindful of Abdalla!

CALI.

CALI.

Far be ſuch black ingratitude from Cali!
When Aſia's nations own me for their lord,
Wealth, and command, and grandeur, ſhall be thine.

ABDALLA.

Is this the recompence reſerv'd for me?
Dar'ſt thou thus dally with Abdalla's paſſion?
Henceforward hope no more my ſlighted friendſhip,
Wake from thy dream of power to death and tortures,
And bid thy viſionary throne farewell!

CALI.

Name, and enjoy thy wiſh—

ABDALLA.

I need not name it;
Aſpaſia's lovers know but one deſire,
Nor hope, nor wiſh, nor live, but for Aſpaſia.

CALI.

That fatal beauty plighted to Demetrius
Heav'n makes not mine to give.

ABDALLA.

Nor to deny.

CALI.

Obtain her and poſſeſs, thou know'ſt thy rival.

ABDALLA.

Too well I know him, ſince on Thracia's plains
I felt the force of his tempeſtuous arm,
And ſaw my ſcatter'd ſquadrons fly before him.

Nor will I truſt th' uncertain chance of combat ;
The rights of princes let the ſword decide,
The petty claims of empire and of honour :
Revenge and ſubtle jealouſy ſhall teach
A ſurer paſſage to his hated heart.

CALI.

O ſpare the gallant Greek, in him we loſe
The politician's art, and hero's flame.

ABDALLA.

When next we meet, before we ſtorm the palace,
The bowl ſhall circle to confirm our league ;
Then ſhall theſe juices taint Demetrius' draught,
[*Shewing a phial.*
And ſtream deſtructive through his freezing veins :
Thus ſhall he live to ſtrike th' impoftant blow,
And periſh ere he taſtes the joys of conqueſt.

SCENE V.

MAHOMET, MUSTAPHA, CALI, ABDALLA.

MAHOMET.

Henceforth for ever happy be this day,
Sacred to love, to pleaſure, and Irene!
The matchleſs fair has bleſs'd me with compliance ;
Let ev'ry tongue reſound Irene's praiſe,
And ſpread the general tranſport through mankind.

CALI.

Bleſt prince, for whom indulgent Heav'n ordains
At once the joys of paradiſe and empire,

Now

Now join thy people's and thy Cali's prayers ;
Sufpend thy paffage to the feats of blifs,
Nor wifh for Houries in Irene's arms.

MAHOMET.

Forbear—I know the long-try'd faith of Cali.

CALI.

O! could the eyes of kings, like thofe of Heav'n,
Search to the dark receffes of the foul,
Oft would they find ingratitude and treafon,
By fmiles, and oaths, and praifes, ill difguis'd.
How rarely would they meet, in crowded courts,
Fidelity fo firm, fo pure, as mine

MUSTAPHA.

Yet ere we give our loofen'd thoughts to rapture,
Let prudence obviate an impending danger :
Tainted by floth, the parent of fedition,
The hungry Janizary burns for plunder,
And growls in private o'er his idle fabre.

MAHOMET.

To ftill their murmurs, ere the twentieth fun
Shall fhed his beams upon the bridal bed,
I rouze to war, and conquer for Irene.
Then fhall the Rhodian mourn his finking tow'rs,
And Buda fall, and proud Vienna tremble :
Then fhall Venetia feel the Turkifh pow'r,
And fubject feas roar round their queen in vain.

ABDALLA.

Then feize fair Italy's delightful coaft,
To fix your ftandard in imperial Rome.

MAHOMET.

Her fons malicious Clemency ſhall ſpare,
To form new legends, ſanctify new crimes,
To canonize the ſlaves of ſuperſtition,
And fill the world with follies and impoſtures,
Till angry Heav'n ſhall mark them out for ruin,
And war o'erwhelm them in their dream of vice.
O, could her fabled ſaints and boaſted prayers,
Call forth her antient heroes to the field,
How ſhould I joy, 'midſt the fierce ſhock of nations,
To croſs the tow'rings of an equal ſoul,
And bid the maſter genius rule the world!
Abdalla, Cali, go—proclaim my purpoſe.
[*Exeunt* Cali *and* Abdalla.

SCENE VI.

MAHOMET, MUSTAPHA.

MAHOMET.

Still Cali lives: and muſt he live to-morrow?
That fawning villain's forc'd congratulations
Will cloud my triumphs, and pollute the day.

MUSTAPHA.

With cautious vigilance, at my command,
Two faithful captains, Haſan and Caraza,
Purſue him through his labyrinths of treaſon,
And wait your ſummons to report his conduct.

MAHOMET.

Call them—but let them not prolong their tale,
Nor preſs too much upon a lover's patience.
[*Exit* Muſtapha.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

MAHOMET, *solus.*

Whome'er the hope, ſtill blaſted, ſtill renew'd,
Of happineſs lures on from toil to toil,
Remember Mahomet, and ceaſe thy labour.
Behold him here, in love, in war, ſucceſsful,
Behold him wretched in his double triumph;
His fav'rite faithleſs, and his miſtreſs baſe.
Ambition only gave her to my arms,
By reaſon not convinc'd, nor won by love.
Ambition was her crime; but meaner folly
Dooms me to loath at once, and doat on falſehood,
And idolize th' apoſtate I contemn.
If thou art more than the gay dream of fancy,
More than a pleaſing ſound without a meaning,
O happineſs! ſure thou art all Aſpaſia's.

SCENE VIII.

MAHOMET, MUSTAPHA, HASAN, CARAZA.

MAHOMET.

Caraza, ſpeak—have ye remark'd the Baſſa?

CARAZA.

Cloſe, as we might unſeen, we watch'd his ſteps;
His hair diſorder'd, and his gait unequal,
Betray'd the wild emotions of his mind.
Sudden he ſtops, and inward turns his eyes,
Abſorb'd in thought; then, ſtarting from his trance,
Conſtrains a ſullen ſmile, and ſhoots away.
With him Abdalla we beheld—

MUSTAPHA.

Abdalla!

MAHOMET.

He wears of late refentment on his brow,
Deny'd the government of Servia's province.

CARAZA.

We mark'd him ftorming in excefs of fury,
And heard, within the thicket that conceal'd us,
An undiftinguifh'd found of threat'ning rage.

MUSTAPHA.

How guilt, once harbour'd in the confcious breaft,
Intimidates the brave, degrades the great!
See Cali, dread of kings, and pride of armies,
By treafon level'd with the dregs of men!
Ere guilty fear deprefs'd the hoary chief,
An angry murmur, a rebellious frown,
Had ftretch'd the fiery boafter in the grave.

MAHOMET.

Shall monarchs fear to draw the fword of juftice,
Aw'd by the crowd, and by their flaves reftrain'd?
Seize him this night, and through the private paffage
Convey him to the prifon's inmoft depths,
Referv'd to all the pangs of tedious death.

[*Exeunt* Mahomet *and* Muftapha.

SCENE

SCENE IX.

HASAN, CARAZA

HASAN.

Shall then the Greeks, unpunifh'd and conceal'd,
Contrive perhaps the ruin of our empire,
League with our chiefs, and propagate fedition?

CARAZA.

Whate'er their fcheme, the Baffa's death defeats it,
And gratitude's ftrong ties reftrain my tongue.

HASAN.

What ties to flaves? what gratitude to foes?

CARAZA.

In that black day when flaughter'd thoufands fell,
Around thefe fatal walls, the tide of war
Bore me victorious onward, where Demetrius
Tore unrefifted from the giant hand
Of ftern Sebalias the triumphant crefcent,
And dafh'd the might of Afem from the ramparts.
There I became, nor blufh to make it known,
The captive of his fword. The coward Greeks,
Enrag'd by wrongs, exulting with fuccefs,
Doom'd me to die with all the Turkifh captains;
But brave Demetrius fcorn'd the mean revenge,
And gave me life—

HASAN.

Do thou repay the gift,
Left unrewarded mercy lofe its charms.

Profuſe of wealth, or bounteous of ſucceſs,
When Heav'n beſtows the privilege to bleſs;
Let no weak doubt the gen'rous hand reſtrain,
For when was pow'r beneficent in vain?

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

ASPASIA, *sola.*

IN theſe dark moments of ſuſpended fate,
While yet the future fortune of my country
Lies in the womb of Providence conceal'd,
And anxious angels wait the mighty birth;
O grant thy ſacred influence, pow'rful Virtue!
Attention riſe, ſurvey the fair creation,
Till, conſcious of th' encircling deity,
Beyond the miſts of care thy pinion tow'rs.
This calm, theſe joys, dear Innocence! are thine,
Joys ill exchang'd for gold, and pride, and empire.

[*Enter* Irene *and* attendants.

SCENE II.

ASPASIA, IRENE, and Attendants.

IRENE.

See how the Moon through all th' unclouded ſky
Spreads her mild radiance, and deſcending dews
Revive

Revive the languid flow'rs ; thus nature ſhone
New from the Maker's hand, and fair array'd
In the bright colours of primæval ſpring ;
When purity, while fraud was yet unknown,
Play'd fearleſs in th' inviolated ſhades.
This elemental joy, this gen'ral calm,
Is ſure the ſmile of unoffended Heav'n.
Yet ! why—

MAID.

Behold, within th' embow'ring grove
Aſpaſia ſtands—

IRENE.

With melancholy mien,
Penſive, and envious of Irene's greatneſs.
Steal unperceiv'd upon her meditations—
But ſee, the lofty maid, at our approach,
Reſumes th' imperious air of haughty Virtue.
Are theſe th' unceaſing joys, th' unmingled pleaſures
[*To* Aſpaſia.
For which Aſpaſia ſcorn'd the Turkiſh crown ?
Is this th' unſhaken confidence in Heav'n ?
Is this the boaſted bliſs of conſcious Virtue ?
When did Content ſigh out her cares in ſecret ?
When did Felicity repine in deſerts ?

ASPASIA.

Ill ſuits with guilt the gaieties of triumph ;
When daring vice inſults eternal juſtice,
The miniſters of wrath forget compaſſion,
And ſnatch the flaming bolt with haſty hand.

IRENE.

IRENE.

Forbear thy threats, proud Prophetefs of ill,
Vers'd in the fecret counfels of the fky.

ASPASIA.

Forbear—But thou art funk beneath reproach;
In vain affected raptures flufh the cheek,
And fongs of pleafure warble from the tongue,
When fear and anguifh labour in the breaft,
And all within is darknefs and confufion.
Thus on deceitful Etna's flow'ry fide
Unfading verdure glads the roving eye;
While fecret flames, with unextinguifh'd rage,
Infatiate on her wafted entrails prey,
And melt her treach'rous beauties into ruin.
[*Enter* Demetrius.

SCENE III.

ASPASIA, IRENE, DEMETRIUS.

DEMETRIUS.

Fly, fly, my Love! deftruction rufhes on us,
The rack expects us, and the fword purfues.

ASPASIA.

Is Greece deliver'd? is the tyrant fall'n?

DEMETRIUS.

Greece is no more; the profperous tyrant lives,
Referv'd, for other lands, the fcourge of Heav'n.

ASPASIA.

ASPASIA.

Say by what fraud, what force, were you defeated?
Betray'd by falſehood or by crowds o'erborne?

DEMETRIUS.

The preſſing exigence forbids relation.
Abdalla——

ASPASIA.

Hated name! his jealous rage
Broke out in perfidy—Oh curs'd Aſpaſia,
Born to complete the ruin of her country!
Hide me, oh hide me from upbraiding Greece,
Oh, hide me from myſelf!

DEMETRIUS.

Be fruitleſs grief
The doom of guilt alone, nor dare to ſeize
The breaſt where Virtue guards the throne of Peace.
Devolve, dear maid, thy ſorrows on the wretch,
Whoſe fear, or rage, or treachery, betray'd us!

IRENE, ASIDE.

A private ſtation may diſcover more;
Then let me rid them of Irene's preſence:
Proceed, and give a looſe to love and treaſon.
[*Withdraws.*

ASPASIA.

Yet tell.

DEMETRIUS.

To tell or hear were waſte of life.

ASPASIA.

ASPASIA.

The life, which only this deſign ſupported,
Were now well loſt in hearing how you fail'd.

DEMETRIUS.

Or meanly fraudulent or madly gay,
Abdalla, while we waited near the palace,
With ill-tim'd mirth propos'd the bowl of love.
Juſt as it reach'd my lips, a ſudden cry
Urg'd me to daſh it to the ground untouch'd,
And ſeize my ſword with diſencumber'd hand.

ASPASIA.

What cry? The ſtratagem? Did then Abdalla—

DEMETRIUS.

At once a thouſand paſſions fir'd his cheek!
Then all is paſt, he cry'd—and darted from us;
Nor at the call of Cali deign'd to turn.

ASPASIA.

Why did you ſtay, deſerted and betray'd?
What more could force attempt or art contrive?

DEMETRIUS.

Amazement ſeiz'd us, and the hoary Baſſa
Stood torpid in ſuſpence; but ſoon Abdalla
Return'd with force that made reſiſtance vain,
And bade his new confederates ſeize the traitors.
Cali diſarm'd was borne away to death;
Myſelf eſcap'd, or favour'd, or neglected.

ASPASIA.

O Greece! renown'd for ſcience and for wealth,
Behold thy boaſted honours ſnatch'd away.

DEMETRIUS.

DEMETRIUS.

Though difappointment blaft our general fcheme,
Yet much remains to hope. I fhall not call
The day difaftrous that fecures our flight;
Nor think that effort loft which refcues thee.
[*Enter* Abdalla.

SCENE IV.

IRENE, ASPASIA, DEMETRIUS, ABDALLA.

ABDALLA.

At length the prize is mine—The haughty maid
That bears the fate of empires in her air,
Henceforth fhall live for me; for me alone
Shall plume her charms, and, with attentive watch,
Steal from Abdalla's eye the fign to fmile.

DEMETRIUS.

Ceafe this wild roar of favage exultation;
Advance, and perifh in the frantic boaft.

ASPASIA.

Forbear, Demetrius, 'tis Afpafia calls thee;
Thy love, Afpafia, calls; reftrain thy fword;
Nor rufh on ufelefs wounds with idle courage.

DEMETRIUS.

What now remains?

ASPASIA.

It now remains to fly!

DEMETRIUS.

DEMETRIUS.

Shall then the ſavage live, to boaſt his inſult;
Tell how Demetrius ſhunn'd his ſingle hand,
And ſtole his life and miſtreſs from his ſabre?

ABDALLA.

Infatuate loiterer, has Fate in vain
Unclaſp'd his iron gripe to ſet thee free?
Still doſt thou flutter in the jaws of death;
Snar'd with thy fears, and maz'd in ſtupefaction?

DEMETRIUS.

Forgive, my fair, 'tis life 'tis nature calls:
Now, traitor, feel the fear that chills my hand.

ASPASIA.

'Tis madneſs to provoke ſuperfluous danger,
And cowardice to dread the boaſt of folly.

ABDALLA.

Fly, wretch, while yet my pity grants thee flight;
The power of Turkey waits upon my call.
Leave but this maid, reſign a hopeleſs claim,
And drag away thy life in ſcorn and ſafety,
Thy life, too mean a prey to lure Abdalla.

DEMETRIUS.

Once more I dare thy ſword; behold the prize,
Behold I quit her to the chance of battle.

[*Quitting* Aſpaſia.

ABDALLA.

ABDALLA.

Well may'ſt thou call thy maſter to the combat,
And try the hazard, that haſt nought to ſtake;
Alike my death or thine is gain to thee;
But ſoon thou ſhalt repent: another moment
Shall throw th' attending Janizaries round thee.
[*Exit haſtily* Abdalla.

SCENE V.

ASPASIA, IRENE, DEMETRIUS.

IRENE.

Abdalla fails; now Fortune, all is mine. [*Aſide.*
Haſte, Murza, to the palace, let the Sultan
[*To one of her Attendants.*
Diſpatch his guards to ſtop the flying traitors.
While I protract their ſtay. Be ſwift and faithful.
[*Exit* Murza.
This lucky ſtratagem ſhall charm the Sultan, [*Aſide.*
Secure his confidence, and fix his love.

DEMETRIUS.

Behold a boaſter's worth! Now ſnatch, my fair,
The happy moment: haſten to the ſhore,
Ere he return with thouſands at his ſide.

ASPASIA.

In vain I liſten to th' inviting call
Of freedom and of love; my trembling joints,
Relax'd with fear, refuſe to bear me forward.
Depart, Demetrius, leſt my fate involve thee;

Forſake a wretch abandon'd to deſpair,
To ſhare the miſeries herſelf has caus'd.

DEMETRIUS.

Let us not ſtruggle with th' eternal will,
Nor languiſh o'er irreparable ruins;
Come, haſte and live—Thy innocence and truth
Shall bleſs our wand'rings, and propitiate Heav'n.

IRENE.

Preſs not her flight, while yet her feeble nerves
Refuſe their office, and uncertain life
Still labours with imaginary woe;
Here let me tend her with officious care,
Watch each unquiet flutter of the breaſt,
And joy to feel the vital warmth return,
To ſee the cloud forſake her kindling cheek,
And hail the roſy dawn of riſing health.

ASPASIA.

Oh! rather ſcornful of flagitious greatneſs,
Reſolve to ſhare our dangers and our toils,
Companion of our flight, illuſtrious exile,
Leave ſlav'ry, guilt, and infamy, behind.

IRENE.

My ſoul attends thy voice, and baniſh'd Virtue
Strives to regain her empire of the mind:
Aſſiſt her efforts with thy ſtrong perſuaſion;
Sure 'tis the happy hour ordain'd above,
When vanquiſh'd vice ſhall tyranize no more.

DEMETRIUS.

Remember peace and anguiſh are before thee,
And honour and reproach, and Heav'n and Hell.

ASPASIA.

ASPASIA.

Content with freedom, and precarious greatneſs.

DEMETRIUS.

Now make thy choice, while yet the pow'r of choice
Kind Heav'n affords thee, and inviting Mercy
Holds out her hand to lead thee back to ruth.

IRENE.

Stay—in this dubious twilight of conviction,
The gleams of reaſon, and the clouds of paſſion,
Irradiate and obſcure my breaſt by turns:
Stay but a moment, and prevailing truth
Will ſpread reſiſtleſs light upon my ſoul.

DEMETRIUS.

But ſince none knows the danger of a moment,
And Heav'n forbids to laviſh life away,
Let kind compulſion terminate the conteſt.
[*Seizing her hand.*
Ye Chriſtian captives, follow me to freedom:
A galley waits us, and the winds invite.

IRENE.

Whence is this violence?

DEMETRIUS.

Your calmer thought
Will teach a gentler term.

IRENE.

Forbear this rudeneſs,
And learn the rev'rence due to Turkey's Queen:
Fly, ſlaves, and call the Sultan to my reſcue.

DEMETRIUS.

Farewel, unhappy maid: may every joy
Be thine, that wealth can give, or guilt receive!

ASPASIA.

And when, contemptuous of imperial pow'r,
Disease shall chase the phantoms of ambition,
May penitence attend thy mournful bed,
And wing thy latest pray'r to pitying Heav'n!
[*Exeunt* Dem. Asp. *with part of the attendants.*

SCENE VI.

IRENE walks at a distance from her attendants.

After a pause.

Against the head, which innocence secures,
Insidious Malice aims her darts in vain,
Turn'd backwards by the pow'rful breath of Heav'n.
Perhaps even now the lovers unpursu'd
Bound o'er the sparkling waves. Go, happy bark,
Thy sacred freight shall still the raging main.
To guide thy passage shall th' aërial spirits
Fill all the starry lamps with double blaze;
Th' applauding sky shall pour forth all its beams,
To grace the triumph of victorious virtue;
While I, not yet familiar to my crimes,
Recoil from thought, and shudder at myself.
How am I chang'd! How lately did Irene
Fly from the busy pleasures of her sex,
Well pleas'd to search the treasures of remembrance,
And

And live her guiltleſs moments o'er anew!
Come, let us ſeek new pleaſures in the palace,
[*To her attendants, going off.*
Till ſoft fatigue invite us to repoſe.

SCENE VII.

Enter MUSTAPHA, meeting and ſtopping her.

MUSTAPHA.

Fair Falſehood, ſtay.

IRENE.

What dream of ſudden power
Has taught my ſlave the language of command!
Henceforth be wiſe, nor hope a ſecond pardon.

MUSTAPHA.

Who calls for pardon from a wretch condemn'd?

IRENE.

Thy look, thy ſpeech, thy action, all is wildneſs—
Who charges guilt on me?

MUSTAPHA.

Who charges guilt!
Aſk of thy heart; attend the voice of Conſcience—
Who charges guilt! lay by this proud reſentment
That fires thy cheek, and elevates thy mien,
Nor thus uſurp the dignity of virtue.
Review this day.

IRENE.

Whate'er thy accuſation,
The Sultan is my judge.

MUSTAPHA.

That hope is paſt;
Hard was the ſtrife of juſtice and of love;
But now tis o'er, and juſtice has prevail'd.
Know'ſt thou not Cali? know'ſt thou not Demetrius?

IRENE.

Bold ſlave, I know them both—I know them traitors.

MUSTAPHA.

Perfidious!—yes—too well thou know'ſt them traitors.

IRENE.

Their treaſon throws no ſtain upon Irene.
This day has prov'd my fondneſs for the Sultan;
He knew Irene's truth.

MUSTAPHA.

The Sultan knows it,
He knows how near apoſtacy to treaſon—
But 'tis not mine to judge—I ſcorn and leave thee.
I go, leſt vengeance urge my hand to blood,
To blood, too mean to ſtain a ſoldier's ſabre.
[*Exit* Muſtapha.

IRENE, *to her attendants.*

Go, bluſt'ring ſlave—He has not heard of Murza.
That dext'rous meſſage frees me from ſuſpicion.

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

Enter Hasan, Caraza, with Mutes, who throw the black robe upon Irene, and ſign to her attendants to withdraw.

HASAN.

Forgive, fair Excellence, th' unwilling tongue,
The tongue, that, forc'd by ſtrong neceſſity,
Bids beauty, ſuch as thine, prepare to die.

IRENE.

What wild miſtake is this! Take hence with ſpeed
Your robe of mourning, and your dogs of death.
Quick from my ſight, you inauſpicious monſters,
Nor dare henceforth to ſhock Irene's walks.

HASAN.

Alas! they come commanded by the Sultan,
Th' unpitying miniſters of Turkiſh juſtice,
Nor dare to ſpare the life his frown condemns.

IRENE.

Are theſe the rapid thunderbolts of war,
That pour with ſudden violence on kingdoms,
And ſpread their flames reſiſtleſs o'er the world?
What ſleepy charms benumb theſe active heroes,
Depreſs their ſpirits, and retard their ſpeed?
Beyond the fear of ling'ring puniſhment,
Aſpaſia now within her lover's arms
Securely ſleeps, and in delightful dreams
Smiles at the threat'nings of defeated rage.

CARAZA.

We come, bright Virgin, though relenting Nature
Shrinks at the hated taſk, for thy deſtruction;
When ſummon'd by the Sultan's clam'rous fury,
We aſk'd, with tim'rous tongue, th' offender's name,
He ſtruck his tortur'd breaſt, and roar'd, Irene:
We ſtarted at the ſound, again enquir'd,
Again his thund'ring voice return'd, Irene.

IRENE.

Whence is this rage? what barb'rous tongue has
wrong'd me?
What fraud miſleads him? or what crimes incenſe?

HASAN.

Expiring Cali nam'd Irene's chamber,
The place appointed for his maſter's death.

IRENE.

Irene's chamber! From my faithful boſom
Far be the thought—But hear my proteſtation.

CARAZA.

'Tis ours, alas! to puniſh, not to judge,
Not call'd to try the cauſe, we heard the ſentence,
Ordain'd the mournful meſſengers of death.

IRENE.

Some ill-deſigning ſtateſman's baſe intrigue!
Some cruel ſtratagem of jealous beauty!
Perhaps yourſelves the villains that defame me,
Now haſte to murder, ere returning thought
Recall th' extorted doom.——It muſt be ſo:

Confeſs your crime, or lead me to the Sultan;
There dauntleſs truth ſhall blaſt the vile accuſer;
Then ſhall you feel what language cannot utter,
Each piercing torture, ev'ry change of pain,
That vengeance can invent, or pow'r inflict.
[*Enter* ABDALLA: *he ſtops ſhort, and liſtens.*

SCENE IX.

IRENE, HASAN, CARAZA, ABDALLA.

ABDALLA *aſide.*

All is not loſt, Abdalla; ſee the queen,
See the laſt witneſs of thy guilt and fear
Enrob'd in death—Diſpatch her, and be great.

CARAZA.

Unhappy fair! compaſſion calls upon me
To check this torrent of imperious rage;
While unavailing anger crowds thy tongue
With idle threats and fruitleſs exclamation,
The fraudful moments ply their ſilent wings,
And ſteal thy life away. Death's horrid angel
Already ſhakes his bloody ſabre o'er thee.
The raging Sultan burns till our return,
Curſes the dull delays of ling'ring mercy,
And thinks his fatal mandates ill obey'd.

ABDALLA.

Is then your ſov'reign's life ſo cheaply rated,
That thus you parly with detected treaſon?
Should ſhe prevail to gain the Sultan's preſence,
Soon might her tears engage a lover's credit;

Perhaps her malice might transfer the charge;
Perhaps her pois'nous tongue might blaſt Abdalla.

IRENE.

O let me but be heard, nor fear from me
Or flights of pow'r, or projects of ambition.
My hopes, my wiſhes, terminate in life,
A little life for grief, and for repentance.

ABDALLA.

I mark'd her wily meſſenger afar,
And ſaw him ſkulking in the cloſeſt walks:
I gueſs'd her dark deſigns, and warn'd the Sultan,
And bring her former ſentence new confirm'd.

HASAN.

Then call it not our cruelty, nor crime,
Deem us not deaf to woe, nor blind to beauty,
That thus conſtrain'd we ſpeed the ſtroke of death.
[*Beckons the Mutes.*

IRENE.

O name not death! Diſtraction and amazement,
Horror and agony, are in that ſound!
Let me but live, heap woes on woes upon me,
Hide me with murd'rers in the dungeon's gloom,
Send me to wander on ſome pathleſs ſhore,
Let ſhame and hooting infamy purſue me,
Let ſlav'ry haraſs, and let hunger gripe.

CARAZA.

Could we reverſe the ſentence of the Sultan,
Our bleeding boſoms plead Irene's cauſe.

But

But cries and tears are vain; prepare with patience
To meet that fate we can delay no longer.
[*The Mutes at the ſign lay hold of her.*

ABDALLA.

Diſpatch, ye ling'ring ſlaves; or nimbler hands,
Quick at my call, ſhall execute your charge;
Diſpatch, and learn a fitter time for pity.

IRENE.

Grant me one hour, O grant me but a moment,
And bounteous Heav'n repay the mighty mercy
With peaceful death, and happineſs eternal.

CARAZA.

The pray'er I cannot grant—I dare not hear.
Short be thy pains. [*Signs again to the Mutes.*

IRENE.

Unutterable anguiſh!
Guilt and Deſpair, pale ſpectres! grin around me,
And ſtun me with the yellings of damnation!
O, hear my pray'rs! accept, all pitying Heav'n,
Theſe tears, theſe pangs, theſe laſt remains of life;
Nor let the crimes of this deteſted day
Be charg'd upon my ſoul. O, mercy! mercy!
[*Mutes force her out.*

SCENE X.

ABDALLA, HASAN, CARAZA.

ABDALLA *Aſide.*

Safe in her death, and in Demetrius' flight,
A bdalla, bid thy troubled breaſt be calm.

Now ſhalt thou ſhine the darling of the Sultan,
The plot all Cali's, the detection thine.

HASAN TO CARAZA.

Does not thy boſom (for I know thee tender,
A ſtranger to th' oppreſſor's ſavage joy,)
Melt at Irene's fate, and ſhare her woes?

CARAZA

Her piercing cries yet fill the loaded air,
Dwell on my ear, and ſadden all my ſoul.
But let us try to clear our clouded brows,
And tell the horrid tale with chearful face;
The ſtormy Sultan rages at our ſtay.

ABDALLA.

Frame your report with circumſpective art;
Inflame her crimes, exalt your own obedience;
But let no thoughtleſs hint involve Abdalla.

CARAZA.

What need of caution to report the fate
Of her the Sultan's voice condemn'd to die?
Or why ſhould he, whoſe violence of duty
Has ſerv'd his prince ſo well, demand our ſilence?

ABDALLA.

Perhaps my zeal too fierce betray'd my prudence;
Perhaps my warmth exceeded my commiſſion;
Perhaps I will not ſtoop to plead my cauſe,
Or argue with the ſlave that ſav'd Demetrius.

CARAZA.

From his eſcape learn thou the pow'r of virtue;
Nor hope his fortune while thou want'ſt his worth.

HASAN.

HASAN.

The Sultan comes, ſtill gloomy, ſtill enrag'd.

SCENE XI.

HASAN, CARAZA, MAHOMET, MUSTAPHA, ABDALLA

MAHOMET.

Where's this fair trait'reſs? Where's this ſmiling miſchief,
Whom neither vows could fix, nor favours bind?

HASAN.

Thine orders, mighty Sultan! are perform'd,
And all Irene nòw is breathleſs clay.

MAHOMET.

Your haſty zeal defrauds the claim of juſtice,
And diſappointed vengeance burns in vain.
I came to heighten tortures by reproach,
And add new terrors to the face of death.
Was this the maid whoſe love I bought with empire?
True, ſhe was fair; the ſmile of innocence
Play'd on her cheek—So ſhone the firſt apoſtate—
Irene's chamber! Did not roaring Cali,
Juſt as the rack forc'd out his ſtruggling ſoul,
Name for the ſcene of death Irene's chamber?

MUSTAPHA

His breath prolong'd but to detect her treaſon,
Then in ſhort ſighs forſook his broken frame.

MAHOMET.

MAHOMET.

Decree'd to perifh in Irene's chamber!
There had fhe lull'd me with endearing falfehoods,
Clafp'd in her arms, or flumb'ring on her breaft,
And bar'd my bofom to the ruffian's dagger.

SCENE XII.

HASAN, CARAZA, MAHOMET, MUSTAPHA, MURZA, ABDALLA.

MURZA.

Forgive, great Sultan! that, by fate prevented,
I bring a tardy meffage from Irene.

MAHOMET.

Some artful wile of counterfeited love!
Some foft decoy to lure me to deftruction!
And thou, the curs'd accomplice of her treafon,
Declare thy meffage, and expect thy doom.

MURZA.

The queen requefted that a chofen troop
Might intercept the traitor Greek, Demetrius,
Then ling'ring with his captive miftrefs here.

MUSTAPHA.

The Greek Demetrius! whom th' expiring Baffa
Declar'd the chief affociate of his guilt!

MAHOMET.

A chofen troop—to intercept—Demetrius—
The queen requefted—Wretch, repeat the meffage;
And, if one varied accent prove thy falfehood,

Or

Or but one moment's pauſe betray confuſion,
Thoſe trembling limbs—Speak out, thou ſhiv'ring
traitor.

MURZA.

The queen requeſted——

MAHOMET.

Who? the dead Irene?
Was ſhe then guiltleſs! has my thoughtleſs rage
Deſtroy'd the faireſt workmanſhip of Heav'n!
Doom'd her to death unpity'd and unheard,
Amidſt her kind ſolicitudes for me!
Ye ſlaves of cruelty, ye tools of rage, [*To* Haſ. *and* Car.
Ye blind officious miniſters of folly,
Could not her charms repreſs your zeal for murder?
Could not her pray'rs, her innocence, her tears,
Suſpend the dreadful ſentence for an hour?
One hour had freed me from the fatal error!
One hour had ſav'd me from deſpair and madneſs.

CARAZA.

Your fierce impatience forc'd us from your preſence,
Urg'd us to ſpeed, and bade us baniſh Pity,
Nor truſt our paſſions with her fatal charms.

MAHOMET.

What hadſt thou loſt by ſlighting thoſe commands?
Thy life perhaps—Were but Irene ſpar'd,
Well if a thouſand lives like thine had periſh'd;
Such beauty, ſweetneſs, love, were cheaply bought
With half the grov'ling ſlaves that load the globe.

MUSTAPHA.

Great is thy woe! But think, illuſtrious Sultan,
Such ills are ſent for ſouls like thine to conquer.
Shake off this weight of unavailing grief,
Ruſh to the war, diſplay thy dreadful banners,
And lead thy troops victorious round the world.

MAHOMET.

Robb'd of the maid with whom I wiſh'd to triumph,
No more I burn for fame, or for dominion;
Succeſs and conqueſt now are empty ſounds,
Remorſe and anguiſh ſeize on all my breaſt;
Thoſe groves, whoſe ſhades embower'd the dear Irene,
Heard her laſt cries, and fann'd her dying beauties,
Shall hide me from the taſteleſs world for ever.
[Mahomet *goes back, and returns.*
Yet ere I quit the ſceptre of dominion,
Let one juſt act conclude the hateful day.
Hew down, ye guards, thoſe vaſſals of diſtraction,
[*Pointing to* Haſan *and* Caraza.
Thoſe hounds of blood, that catch the hint to kill;
Bear off with eager haſte th' unfiniſh'd ſentence,
And ſpeed the ſtroke, leſt mercy ſhould o'ertake them.

CARAZA.

Then hear, great Mahomet, the voice of truth.

MAHOMET.

Hear, ſhall I hear thee! didſt thou hear Irene?

CARAZA.

Hear but a moment.

MAHOMET.

MAHOMET.

Had'ſt thou heard a moment,
Thou might'ſt have liv'd, for thou hadſt ſpar'd Irene.

CARAZA.

I heard her, pitied her, and wiſh'd to ſave her.

MAHOMET.

And wiſh'd—be ſtill thy fate to wiſh in vain.

CARAZA.

I heard and ſoften'd, till Abdalla brought
Her final doom, and hurried her deſtruction.

MAHOMET.

Abdalla brought her doom! Abdalla brought it!
The wretch, whoſe guilt, declar'd by tortur'd Cali,
My rage and grief had hid from my remembrance:
Abdalla brought her doom!

HASAN.

Abdalla brought it,
While yet ſhe begg'd to plead her cauſe before thee.

MAHOMET.

O ſeize me, Madneſs—Did ſhe call on me!
I feel, I ſee the ruffian's barb'rous rage.
He ſeiz'd her melting in the fond appeal,
And ſtopp'd the heav'nly voice that call'd on me.
My ſpirits fail, awhile ſupport me, Vengeance—
Be juſt, ye ſlaves; and, to be juſt, be cruel;
Contrive new racks, imbitter ev'ry pang,
Inflict whatever treaſon can deſerve,
Which murder'd innocence that call'd on me.

[*Exit* Mahomet; Abdalla *is dragged off.*

SCENE

SCENE XIII.

HASAN, CARAZA, MUSTAPHA, MURZA.

MUSTAPHA to MURZA.

What plagues, what tortures, are in ſtore for thee,
Thou ſluggiſh idler, dilatory ſlave!
Behold the model of conſummate beauty,
Torn from the mourning earth by thy neglect!

MURZA.

Such was the will of Heav'n—A band of Greeks
That mark'd my courſe, ſuſpicious of my purpoſe,
Ruſh'd out and ſeiz'd me, thoughtleſs and unarm'd,
Breathleſs, amaz'd, and on the guarded beach
Detain'd me till Demetrius ſet me free.

MUSTAPHA.

So ſure the fall of greatneſs rais'd on crimes!
So fix'd the juſtice of all-conſcious Heav'n!
When haughty guilt exults with impious joy,
Miſtake ſhall blaſt, or accident deſtroy;
Weak man with erring rage may throw the dart,
But Heav'n ſhall guide it to the guilty heart.

EPILOGUE.

MARRY a Turk! a haughty, tyrant king!
Who thinks us women born to drefs and fing
To pleafe his fancy! fee no other man!
Let him perfuade me to it—if he can:
Befides, he has fifty wives, and who can bear
To have the fiftieth part her paltry fhare?

'Tis true, the fellow's handfome, ftrait, and tall,
But how the devil fhould he pleafe us all!
My fwain is little—true—but, be it known,
My pride's to have that little all my own.
Men will be ever to their errors blind,
Where woman's not allow'd to fpeak her mind.
I fwear this Eaftern pageantry is nonfenfe,
And for one man—one wife's enough of confcience.

In vain proud man ufurps what's woman's due;
For us alone, they honour's paths purfue:
Infpir'd by us, they glory's heights afcend;
Woman the fource, the object, and the end.
Though wealth, and pow'r, and glory, they receive,
Thefe are all trifles to what we can give.
For us the ftatefman labours, hero fights,
Bears toilfome days, and wakes long tedious nights;
And, when bleft peace has filenc'd war's alarms,
Receives his full reward in beauty's arms.

PROLOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK, APRIL 5, 1750,

BEFORE THE MASQUE OF COMUS.

Acted at DRURY-LANE THEATRE, for the Benefit of MILTON'S Grand-daughter*.

YE patriot crowds, who burn for England's fame,
Ye nymphs, whofe bofoms beat at Milton's name,
Whofe gen'rous zeal, unbought by flatt'ring rhymes,
Shames the mean penfions of Auguftan times,
Immortal patrons of fucceeding days,
Attend this prelude of perpetual praife;
Let wit, condemn'd the feeble war to wage
With clofe malevolence, or publick rage,
Let ftudy, worn with virtue's fruitlefs lore,
Behold this theatre, and grieve no more.
This night, diftinguifh'd by your fmiles, fhall tell
That never Britain can in vain excel;
The flighted arts futurity fhall truft,
And rifing ages haften to be juft.
At length our mighty bard's victorious lays
Fill the loud voice of univerfal praife;
And baffled fpite, with hopelefs anguifh dumb,
Yields to renown the centuries to come;
With ardent hafte each candidate of fame,
Ambitious, catches at his tow'ring name;
He fees, and pitying fees, vain wealth beftow
Thofe pageant honours which he fcorn'd below,
While crowds aloft the laureat buft behold,
Or trace his form on circulating gold.

* See Vol. IX. p. 150.

Unknown, unheeded, long his offspring lay,
And want hung threat'ning o'er her ſlow decay.
What though ſhe ſhine with no Miltonian fire,
No fav'ring Muſe her morning dreams inſpire;
Yet ſofter claims the melting heart engage,
Her youth laborious, and her blameleſs age;
Hers the mild merits of domeſtic life,
The patient ſufferer, and the faithful wife.
Thus, grac'd with humble virtue's native charms,
Her grandſire leaves her in Britannia's arms;
Secure with peace, with competence, to dwell,
While tutelary nations guard her cell.
Yours is the charge, ye fair, ye wiſe, ye brave!
'Tis yours to crown deſert—beyond the grave.

PROLOGUE

TO THE COMEDY OF

THE GOOD-NATUR'D MAN. 1769.

PREST by the load of life, the weary mind
Surveys the gen'ral toil of human kind,
With cool ſubmiſſion joins the lab'ring train,
And ſocial ſorrow loſes half its pain:
Our anxious bard without complaint may ſhare
This buſtling ſeaſon's epidemick care;
Like Cæſar's pilot dignify'd by fate,
Toſt in one common ſtorm with all the great;

Diſtreſt

Diſtreſt alike the ſtateſman and the wit,
When one a Borough courts, and one the Pit.
The buſy candidates for power and fame
Have hopes, and fears, and wiſhes, juſt the ſame;
Diſabled both to combat or to fly,
Muſt hear all taunts, and hear without reply.
Uncheck'd on both loud rabbles vent their rage,
As mongrels bay the lion in a cage.
Th' offended burgeſs hoards his angry tale,
For that bleſt year when all that vote may rail;
Their ſchemes of ſpite the poet's foes diſmiſs,
Till that glad night when all that hate may hiſs.
"This day the powder'd curls and golden coat,"
Says ſwelling Criſpin, "begg'd a cobler's vote."
"This night our wit," the pert apprentice cries,
"Lies at my feet; I hiſs him, and he dies."
The great, 'tis true, can charm th' electing tribe;
The bard may ſupplicate, but cannot bribe.
Yet, judg'd by thoſe whoſe voices ne'er were ſold,
He feels no want of ill-perſuading gold;
But, confident of praiſe, if praiſe be due,
Truſts without fear to merit and to you.

PROLOGUE

TO THE COMEDY OF

A WORD TO THE WISE*,

SPOKEN BY MR. HULL.

THIS night preſents a play which public rage,
Or right, or wrong, once hooted from the ſtage †.
From zeal or malice, now no more we dread,
For Engliſh vengeance wars not with the dead.
A gen'rous foe regards with pitying eye
The man whom fate has laid where all muſt lie.
To wit reviving from its author's duſt,
Be kind, ye judges, or at leaſt be juſt.
For no renew'd hoſtilities invade
Th' oblivious grave's inviolable ſhade.
Let one great payment ev'ry claim appeaſe,
And him, who cannot hurt, allow to pleaſe;
To pleaſe by ſcenes unconſcious of offence,
By harmleſs merriment, or uſeful ſenſe.
Where aught of bright or fair the piece diſplays,
Approve it only—'tis too late to praiſe.
If want of ſkill or want of care appear,
Forbear to hiſs—the poet cannot hear.
By all like him muſt praiſe and blame be found,
At beſt a fleeting gleam, or empty ſound.

* Performed at Covent-Garden theatre in 1777, for the benefit of Mrs. Kelly, widow of Hugh Kelly, Eſq. (the author of the play), and her children.

† Upon the firſt repreſentation of this play, 1770, a party aſſembled to damn it, and ſucceeded.

Yet

Yet then ſhall calm reflection bleſs the night,
When liberal pity dignify'd delight;
When Pleaſure fir'd her torch at Virtue's flame,
And Mirth was bounty with an humbler name.

SPRING,

AN ODE.

STERN Winter now, by Spring repreſs'd,
  Forbears the long continued-ſtrife;
And Nature on her naked breaſt
  Delights to catch the gales of life.
Now o'er the rural kingdom roves
  Soft pleaſure with the laughing train,
Love warbles in the vocal groves,
  And vegetation plants the plain.
Unhappy! whom to beds of pain,
  Arthritic * tyranny conſigns;
Whom ſmiling nature courts in vain,
  Though rapture ſings and beauty ſhines.
Yet though my limbs diſeaſe invades,
  Her wings Imagination tries,
And bears me to the peaceful ſhades,
  Where ——'s humble turrets riſe.
Here ſtop, my ſoul, thy rapid flight,
  Nor from the pleaſing groves depart,
Where firſt great nature charm'd my ſight,
  Where wiſdom firſt inform'd my heart.

* The author being ill of the gout.

Here let me through the vales purſue
A guide—a father—and a friend,
Once more great nature's works renew,
Once more on wiſdom's voice attend.

From falſe careſſes, cauſeleſs ſtrife,
Wild hope, vain fear, alike remov'd;
Here let me learn the uſe of life,
When beſt enjoy'd—when moſt improv'd.

Teach me, thou venerable bower,
Cool meditation's quiet ſeat,
The gen'rous ſcorn of venal power,
The ſilent grandeur of retreat.

When pride by guilt to greatneſs climbs,
Or raging factions ruſh to war,
Here let me learn to ſhun the crimes
I can't prevent, and will not ſhare.

But leſt I fall by ſubtler foes,
Bright Wiſdom, teach me Curio's art,
The ſwelling paſſions to compoſe,
And quell the rebels of the heart.

MIDSUMMER,

AN ODE.

O PHOEBUS! down the weſtern ſky,
Far hence diffuſe thy burning ray,
Thy light to diſtant worlds ſupply,
And wake them to the cares of day.

Come,

Come, gentle Eve, the friend of care,
  Come, Cynthia, lovely queen of night!
Refresh me with a cooling air,
  And cheer me with a lambent light.
Lay me, where o'er the verdant ground
  Her living carpet Nature spreads;
Where the green bower, with roses crown'd,
  In showers its fragrant foliage sheds;
Improve the peaceful hour with wine,
  Let musick die along the grove;
Around the bowl let myrtles twine,
  And ev'ry strain be tun'd to love.
Come, Stella, queen of all my heart!
  Come, born to fill its vast desires!
Thy looks perpetual joys impart,
  Thy voice perpetual love inspires.
Whilst all my wish and thine complete,
  By turns we languish and we burn,
Let sighing gales our sighs repeat,
  Our murmurs—murmuring brooks return.
Let me when nature calls to rest,
  And blushing skies the morn foretell,
Sink on the down of Stella's breast,
  And bid the waking world farewell.

AUTUMN,

AN ODE.

ALAS! with swift and silent pace,
  Impatient time rolls on the year;
The seasons change, and nature's face
  Now sweetly smiles, now frowns severe.

'Twas

'Twas Spring, 'twas Summer, all was gay,
Now Autumn bends a cloudy brow;
The flowers of Spring are ſwept away,
And Summer-fruits deſert the bough.
The verdant leaves that play'd on high,
And wanton'd on the weſtern breeze,
Now trod in duſt neglected lie,
As Boreas ſtrips the bending trees.
The fields that wav'd with golden grain,
As ruſſet heaths, are wild and bare;
Not moiſt with dew, but drench'd in rain,
Nor health, nor pleaſure, wanders there.
No more while through the midnight ſhade,
Beneath the moon's pale orb, I ſtray,
Soft pleaſing woes my heart invade,
As Progne pours the melting lay.
From this capricious clime ſhe ſoars,
O! would ſome god but wings ſupply!
To where each morn the Spring reſtores,
Companion of her flight I'd fly.
Vain wiſh! me fate compels to bear
The downward ſeaſon's iron reign,
Compels to breathe polluted air,
And ſhiver on a blaſted plain.
What bliſs to life can Autumn yield,
If glooms, and ſhowers, and ſtorms prevail;
And Ceres flies the naked field,
And flowers, and fruits, and Phœbus fail?
Oh! what remains, what lingers yet,
To cheer me in the darkening hour?
The grape remains! the friend of wit,
In love, and mirth, of mighty power.

Haſte

Hafte—prefs the clufters, fill the bowl;
Apollo! fhoot thy parting ray:
This gives the funfhine of the foul,
This god of health, and verfe, and day.
Still—ftill the jocund ftrain fhall flow,
The pulfe with vigorous rapture beat;
My Stella with new charms fhall glow,
And ev'ry blifs in wine fhall meet.

WINTER,

AN ODE.

No more the morn, with tepid rays,
Unfolds the flower of various hue;
Noon fpreads no more the genial blaze,
Nor gentle eve diftills the dew.
The ling'ring hours prolong the night,
Ufurping Darknefs fhares the day;
Her mifts reftrain the force of light,
And Phœbus holds a doubtful fway.
By gloomy twilight half reveal'd,
With fighs we view the hoary hill,
The leaflefs wood, the naked field,
The fnow-topt cot, the frozen rill.
No mufick warbles through the grove,
No vivid colours paint the plain;
No more with devious fteps I rove
Through verdant paths now fought in vain.
Aloud the driving tempeft roars,
Congeal'd, impetuous fhowers defcend;
Hafte, clofe the window, bar the doors,
Fate leaves me Stella, and a friend.

In

In nature's aid let art ſupply
  With light and heat my little ſphere;
Rouze, rouze the fire, and pile it high,
  Light up a conſtellation here.

Let muſick ſound the voice of joy,
  Or mirth repeat the jocund tale;
Let love his wanton wiles employ,
  And o'er the ſeaſon wine prevail.

Yet time life's dreary winter brings,
  When mirth's gay tale ſhall pleaſe no more;
Nor muſick charm—though Stella ſings;
  Nor love, nor wine, the ſpring reſtore.

Catch then, O! catch the tranſient hour,
  Improve each moment as it flies;
Life's a ſhort ſummer—man a flower:
  He dies—alas! how ſoon he dies!

THE WINTER'S WALK.

BEHOLD, my fair, where'er we rove,
  What dreary proſpects round us riſe;
The naked hill, the leafleſs grove,
  The hoary ground, the frowning ſkies!

Nor only thought the waſted plain,
  Stern Winter in thy force confeſs'd;
Still wider ſpreads thy horrid reign,
  I feel thy power uſurp my breaſt.

Enlivening hope, and fond deſire,
  Reſign the heart to ſpleen and care;
Scarce frighted Love maintains her fire,
  And rapture ſaddens to deſpair.

In

In groundlefs hope, and caufelefs fear,
  Unhappy man! behold thy doom;
Still changing with the changeful year,
  The flave of funfhine and of gloom.

Tir'd with vain joys, and falfe alarms,
  With mental and corporeal ftrife,
Snatch me, my Stella, to thy arms,
  And fcreen me from the ills of life.

To Mifs *****

ON HER GIVING THE AUTHOR A GOLD AND SILK NET-WORK PURSE OF HER OWN WEAVING *.

THOUGH gold and filk their charms unite
  To make thy curious web delight,
In vain the varied work would fhine,
If wrought by any hand but thine;
Thy hand that knows the fubtler art,
To weave thofe nets that catch the heart.
  Spread out by me, the roving coin
Thy nets may catch, but not confine;
Nor can I hope thy filken chain
The glitt'ring vagrants fhall reftrain.
Why, Stella, was it then decreed
The heart once caught fhould ne'er be freed?

* Printed among Mrs. Williams's Mifcellanies.

To Miſs *****

ON HER PLAYING UPON THE HARPSICHORD IN A ROOM HUNG WITH FLOWER-PIECES OF HER OWN PAINTING *.

WHEN Stella ſtrikes the tuneful ſtring
In ſcenes of imitated Spring,
Where Beauty laviſhes her powers
On beds of never-fading flowers,
And pleaſure propagates around
Each charm of modulated ſound;
Ah! think not, in the dangerous hour,
The Nymph fictitious as the flower;
But ſhun, raſh youth, the gay alcove,
Nor tempt the ſnares of wily love.
When charms thus preſs on ev'ry ſenſe,
What thought of flight, or of defence?
Deceitful hope, and vain deſire,
For ever flutter o'er her lyre,
Delighting as the youth draws nigh,
To point the glances of her eye,
And forming with unerring art
New chains to hold the captive heart.
But on thoſe regions of delight
Might truth intrude with daring flight,
Could Stella, ſprightly, fair, and young,
One moment hear the moral ſong,
Inſtruction with her flowers might ſpring,
And wiſdom warble from her ſtring.

* Printed among Mrs Williams's Miſcellanies.

Mark,

Mark, when from thousand mingled dyes
Thou seest one pleasing form arise,
How active light, and thoughtful shade,
In greater scenes each other aid;
Mark, when the different notes agree
In friendly contrariety,
How passion's well accorded strife
Gives all the harmony of life;
Thy pictures shall thy conduct frame,
Consistent still, though not the same;
Thy music teach the nobler art,
To tune the regulated heart.

EVENING: an Ode.

To STELLA.

EVENING now from purple wings
Sheds the grateful gifts she brings;
Brilliant drops bedeck the mead,
Cooling breezes shake the reed;
Shake the reed, and curl the stream
Silver'd o'er with Cynthia's beam;
Near the chequer'd, lonely grove,
Hears, and keeps thy secrets, Love.
Stella, thither let us stray,
Lightly o'er the dewy way.
Phœbus drives his burning car,
Hence, my lovely Stella, far;
In his stead, the Queen of Night
Round us pours a lambent light;

Light

Light that ſeems but juſt to ſhow
Breaſts that beat, and cheeks that glow.
Let us now, in whiſper'd joy,
Evening's ſilent hours employ,
Silence beſt, and conſcious ſhades,
Pleaſe the hearts that love invades,
Other pleaſures give them pain,
Lovers all but love diſdain.

TO THE SAME.

WHETHER Stella's eyes are found
Fix'd on earth, or glancing round,
If her face with pleaſure glow,
If ſhe ſigh at others woe,
If her eaſy air expreſs
Conſcious worth, or ſoft diſtreſs,
Stella's eyes, and air, and face,
Charm with undiminiſh'd grace.
If on her we ſee diſplay'd
Pendant gems, and rich brocade,
If her chintz with leſs expence
Flows in eaſy negligence;
Still ſhe lights the conſcious flame,
Still her charms appear the ſame;
If ſhe ſtrikes the vocal ſtrings,
If ſhe's ſilent, ſpeaks, or ſings,
If ſhe ſit, or if ſhe move,
Still we love and ſtill approve.

Vain the caſual, tranſient glance,
Which alone can pleaſe by chance,

Beauty,

Beauty, which depends on art,
Changing with the changing art,
Which demands the toilet's aid,
Pendant gems and rich brocade.
I thoſe charms alone can prize,
Which from conſtant nature riſe,
Which nor circumſtance, nor dreſs,
E'er can make, or more, or leſs.

To a FRIEND.

NO more thus brooding o'er yon heap,
With Avărice painful vigils keep;
Still unenjoy'd the preſent ſtore,
Still endleſs ſighs are breath'd for more.
O! quit the ſhadow, catch the prize,
Which not all India's treaſure buys!
To purchaſe Heaven has gold the power?
Can gold remove the mortal hour?
In life can love be bought with gold?
Are friendſhip's pleaſures to be ſold?
No—all that 's worth a wiſh—a thought,
Fair virtue gives unbrib'd, unbought.
Ceaſe then on traſh thy hopes to bind,
Let nobler views engage thy mind.
With ſcience tread the wond'rous way,
Or learn the Muſes' moral lay;
In ſocial hours indulge thy ſoul,
Where mirth and temperance mix the bowl;

To virtuous love refign thy breaft,
And be, by bleffing beauty — bleft.
Thus tafte the feaft by nature fpread,
Ere youth and all its joys are fled;
Come tafte with me the balm of life,
Secure from pomp, and wealth, and ftrife.
I boaft whate'er for man was meant,
In health, and Stella, and content;
And fcorn! oh! let that fcorn be thine!
Mere things of clay that dig the mine.

STELLA IN MOURNING.

When lately Stella's form difplay'd
The beauties of the gay brocade,
The nymphs, who found their power decline,
Proclaim'd her not fo fair as fine.
"Fate! fnatch away the bright difguife,
"And let the goddefs truft her eyes."
Thus blindly pray'd the fretful Fair,
And Fate malicious heard the pray'r;
But, brighten'd by the fable drefs,
As virtue rifes in diftrefs,
Since Stella ftill extends her reign,
Ah! how fhall envy footh her pain?
Th' adoring Youth and envious Fair,
Henceforth fhall form one common prayer;
And love and hate alike implore
The fkies — "That Stella mourn no more."

To STELLA.

NOT the soft sighs of vernal gales,
The fragrance of the flowery vales,
The murmurs of the crystal rill,
The vocal grove, the verdant hill;
Not all their charms, though all unite,
Can touch my bosom with delight.

Not all the gems on India's shore,
Not all Peru's unbounded store,
Not all the power, nor all the fame,
That heroes, kings, or poets, claim;
Nor knowledge, which the learn'd approve;
To form one wish my soul can move.

Yet Nature's charms allure my eyes,
And knowledge, wealth, and fame, I prize;
Fame, wealth, and knowledge, I obtain,
Nor seek I nature's charms in vain;
In lovely Stella all combine;
And, lovely Stella! thou art mine.

VERSES,

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF A GENTLEMAN TO WHOM A LADY HAD GIVEN A SPRIG OF MYRTLE *.

WHAT hopes, what terrors, does this gift create?
Ambiguous emblem of uncertain fate.
The myrtle (enſign of ſupreme command,
Conſign'd to Venus by Meliſſa's hand)
Not leſs capricious than a reigning fair,
Oft favours, oft rejects, a lover's pray'r.
In myrtle ſhades oft ſings the happy ſwain,
In myrtle ſhades deſpairing ghoſts complain.
The myrtle crowns the happy lovers heads,
Th' unhappy lovers graves the myrtle ſpreads.
Oh! then, the meaning of thy gift impart,
And eaſe the throbbings of an anxious heart.
Soon muſt this ſprig, as you ſhall fix its doom,
Adorn Philander's head, or grace his tomb.

* Theſe verſes were firſt printed in a Magazine for 1768, but were written between forty and fifty years ago. Elegant as they are, they were compoſed in the ſhort ſpace of five minutes.

To

To Lady FIREBRACE*, At BURY ASSIZES.

AT length muſt Suffolk beauties ſhine in vain,
So long renown'd in B——n's deathleſs ſtrain?
Thy charms at leaſt, fair Firebrace, might inſpire
Some zealous bard to wake the ſleeping lyre;
For, ſuch thy beauteous mind and lovely face,
Thou ſeem'ſt at once, bright nymph, a *Muſe* and *Grace*.

To LYCE, an elderly Lady.

YE nymphs whom ſtarry rays inveſt,
By flatt'ring poets given,
Who ſhine, by laviſh lovers dreſt,
In all the pomp of Heaven;

Engroſs not all the beams on high,
Which gild a lover's lays,
But, as your ſiſter of the ſky,
Let Lyce ſhare the praiſe.

* This lady was Bridget, third daughter of Philip Bacon, Eſq. of Ipſwich, and relict of Philip Evers, Eſq. of that town. She became the ſecond wife of Sir Cordell Firebrace, the laſt Baronet of that name (to whom ſhe brought a fortune of 25,000 l.), July 26, 1737. Being again left a widow in 1759, ſhe was a third time married, April 7, 1762, to William Campbell, Eſq. uncle to the preſent Duke of Argyle; and died July 3, 1782.

Her ſilver locks diſplay the moon,
Her brows a cloudy ſhow,
Strip'd rainbows round her eyes are ſeen,
And ſhow'rs from either flow.

Her teeth the night with darkneſs dyes,
She's ſtarr'd with pimples o'er;
Her tongue like nimble lightning plies,
And can with thunder roar.

But ſome Zelinda, while I ſing,
Denies my Lyce ſhines;
And all the pens of Cupid's wing
Attack my gentle lines.

Yet, ſpite of fair Zelinda's eye,
And all her bards expreſs,
My Lyce makes as good a ſky,
And I but flatter leſs.

ON THE DEATH OF

Mr. ROBERT LEVET,

A Practiſer in Phyſic.

CONDEMN'D to Hope's deluſive mine,
As on we toil from day to day,
By ſudden blaſts, or ſlow decline,
Our ſocial comforts drop away.

Well try'd through many a varying year,
See Levet to the grave deſcend,
Officious, innocent, ſincere,
Of ev'ry friendleſs name the friend.

Yet

Yet ſtill he fills Affection's eye,
Obſcurely wiſe, and coarſely kind;
Nor, letter'd Arrogance, deny
Thy praiſe to merit unrefin'd.

When fainting nature call'd for aid,
And hov'ring death prepar'd the blow,
His vig'rous remedy diſplay'd
The pow'r of art without the ſhow.

In miſery's darkeſt cavern known,
His uſeful care was ever nigh,
Where hopeleſs anguiſh pour'd his groan,
And lonely want retir'd to die.

No ſummons mock'd by chill delay,
No petty gain diſdain'd by pride,
The modeſt wants of ev'ry day
The toil of ev'ry day ſupply'd.

His virtues walk'd their narrow round,
Nor made a pauſe, nor left a void;
And ſure th 'Eternal Maſter found
The ſingle talent well employ'd.

The buſy day—the peaceful night,
Unfelt, uncounted, glided by;
His frame was firm—his powers were bright,
Though now his *eightieth* year was nigh.

Then with no fiery throbbing pain,
No cold gradations of decay,
Death broke at once the vital chain,
And freed his ſoul the neareſt way.

EPITAPH on CLAUDE PHILLIPS, AN ITINERANT MUSICIAN*.

PHILIPS! whoſe touch harmonious could remove
The pangs of guilty pow'r, and hapleſs love,
Reſt here, diſtreſt by poverty no more,
Find here that calm thou gav'ſt ſo oft before;
Sleep undiſturb'd within this peaceful ſhrine,
Till angels wake thee with a note like thine.

EPITAPHIUM IN THOMAM HANMER, BARONETTUM.

Honorabilis admodum THOMAS HANMER,
Baronettus,
Wilhelmi Hanmer armigeri è Peregrina Henrici
North
De Mildenhal in Com. Suffolciæ Baronnetti ſorore
et hærede.
Filius
Johannis Hanmer de Hanmer Baronetti

* Theſe lines are among Mrs. Williams's Miſcellanies: they are neverthleſs recognized as Johnſon's in a memorandum of his hand-writing, and were probably written at her requeſt. Phillips was a travelling fidler up and down Wales, and was greatly celebrated for his performance.

Hæres

Hæres patruelis
Antiquo gentis ſuæ et titulo, et patrimonio ſucceſſit
Duas uxores ſortitus eſt;
Alteram Iſabellam, honore à patre derivato de
Arlington comitiſſam
Deindè celciſſimi principis ducis de Grafton viduam
dotariam
Alteram Elizabetham Thomæ Folks de Barton in
Com. Suff. armigeri.
Filiam et hæredem
Inter humanitates ſtudia felicitèr enutritus
Omnes liberalium artium diſciplinas avidè arripuit,
Quas morum ſuavitate haud leviter ornavit.
Poſtquam exceſſit et ephebis
Continuo inter populares ſuos fama eminens
Et comitatus ſui legatus ad Parliamentum miſſus
Ad ardua regñi negotia per annos prope triginta
Si accinxit
Cumq; apud illos ampliſſimorum virorum ordines
Solent nihil temerè effutire
Sed *probe* perpenſa diſſertè expromere
Orator gravis et preſſus
Non minus integritatis quam eloquentiæ laude
commendatus
Æquè omnium utcunq; inter ſe alioqui diſſidentium
Aures atque animos attraxit
Annoque demum M.DCC.XIII. regnante Annâ
Feliciſſima, florentiſſimæque memoriæ regina
Ad prolocutoris cathedram
Communi ſenatûs univerſi voce deſignatus eſt:
Quod munus
Cum nullo tempore non difficile
Tum illo certè negotiis

Et varus et lubricis et implicatis difficillimum
Cum dignitate ſuſtinuit.
Honores alios, et omnia, quæ ſibi in lucrum cederent, munera
Sedulo detectravit
Ut rei totus inſerviret publicæ,
Juſti rectique tenax
Et fide in patriam incorrupta notus.
Ubi omnibus, quæ virum civimque bonum decent officiis ſatis feciſſet,
Paulatim ſe à publicis conſiliis in otium recipiens
Inter literarum amœnitates,
Inter ante-actæ vitæ haud inſuaves recordationes,
Inter amicorum convictus et amplexus
Honorificè conſenuit,
Et bonis omnibus, quibus chariſſimus vixit,
Deſideratiſſimus obiit.

PARAPHRASE of the above EPITAPH.

By Dr. JOHNSON *.

THOU who ſurvey'ſt theſe walls with curious eye,
Pauſe at his tomb were HANMER's aſhes lie;
His various worth through varied life attend,
And learn his virtues while thou mourn'ſt his end.
His force of genius burn'd in early youth,
With thirſt of knowledge, and with love of truth;

* This Paraphraſe is inſerted in Mrs. Williams's Miſcellanies. The Latin is there ſaid to be written by Dr. Freind. Of the perſon whoſe memory it celebrates, a copious account may be ſeen in the Appendix to the Supplement to the Biographia Britannica.

His

His learning, join'd with each endearing art,
Charm'd ev'ry ear, and gain'd on ev'ry heart.
Thus early wiſe, th' endanger'd realm to aid,
His country call'd him from the ſtudious ſhade;
In life's firſt bloom his publick toils began,
At once commenc'd the ſenator and man.
In buſineſs dext'rous, weighty in debate,
Thrice ten long years he labour'd for the State;
In ev'ry ſpeech perſuaſive wiſdom flow'd,
In ev'ry act refulgent virtue glow'd:
Suſpended faction ceas'd from rage and ſtrife,
To hear his eloquence, and praiſe his life.
Reſiſtleſs merit fix'd the Senate's choice,
Who hail'd him Speaker with united voice.
Illuſtrious age! how bright thy glories ſhone,
When HANMER fill'd the chair—and ANNE the throne!
Then when dark arts obſcur'd each fierce debate,
When mutual frauds perplex'd the maze of ſtate,
The moderator firmly mild appear'd—
Beheld with love—with veneration heard.
This taſk perform'd—he ſought no gainful poſt,
Nor wiſh'd to glitter at his country's coſt;
Strict on the right he fix'd his ſteadfaſt eye,
With temperate zeal and wiſe anxiety;
Nor e'er from Virtue's paths was lur'd aſide,
To pluck the flow'rs of pleaſure, or of pride.
Her gifts deſpis'd, Corruption bluſh'd and fled,
And Fame purſu'd him where Conviction led.
Age call'd, at length, his active mind to reſt,
With honour ſated, and with cares oppreſt;
To letter'd eaſe retir'd and honeſt mirth,
To rural grandeur and domeſtic worth:

Delighted ſtill to pleaſe mankind, or mend,
The patriot's fire yet ſparkled in the friend.
Calm Conſcience, then, his former life ſurvey'd,
And recollected toils endear'd the ſhade,
Till Nature call'd him to the gen'ral doom,
And Virtue's ſorrow dignified his tomb.

To Miſs HICKMAN *, playing on the Spinnet.

BRIGHT Stella, form'd for univerſal reign,
Too well you know to keep the ſlaves you gain;
When in your eyes reſiſtleſs lightnings play,
Aw'd into love our conquer'd hearts obey,
And yield reluctant to deſpotic ſway:
But when your muſic ſoothes the raging pain,
We bid propitious Heav'n prolong your reign,
We bleſs the tyrant, and we hug the chain.
When old Timotheus ſtruck the vocal ſtring,
Ambition's fury fir'd the Grecian king:
Unbounded projects lab'ring in his mind,
He pants for room in one poor world confin'd.
Thus wak'd to rage, by muſic's dreadful pow'r,
He bids the ſword deſtroy, the flame devour.
Had Stella's gentle touches mov'd the lyre,
Soon had the monarch felt a nobler fire;
No more delighted with deſtructive war,
Ambitious only now to pleaſe the fair;
Reſign'd his thirſt of empire to her charms,
And found a thouſand worlds in Stella's arms.

* Theſe lines, which have been communicated by Dr. Turton, ſon to Mrs. Turton, the Lady to whom they are addreſſed by her maiden name of Hickman, muſt have been written at leaſt as early as the year 1734, as that was the year of her marriage: at how much earlier a period of Dr. Johnſon's life they may have been written, is not known.

PARA-

PARAPHRASE of PROVERBS, Chap. VI. Verſes 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11.

*" Go to the Ant, thou Sluggard *."*

TURN on the prudent ant thy heedful eyes,
Obſerve her labours, ſluggard, and be wiſe:
No ſtern command, no monitory voice,
Preſcribes her duties, or directs her choice;
Yet, timely provident, ſhe haſtes away,
To ſnatch the bleſſings of the plenteous day;
When fruitful ſummer loads the teeming plain,
She crops the harveſt, and ſhe ſtores the grain.
How long ſhall Sloth uſurp thy uſeleſs hours,
Unnerve thy vigour, and enchain thy pow'rs;
While artful ſhades thy downy couch incloſe,
And ſoft ſolicitation courts repoſe?
Amidſt the drowſy charms of dull delight,
Year chaſes year with unremitted flight,
Till want now following, fraudulent and ſlow,
Shall ſpring to ſeize thee like an ambuſh'd foe.

HORACE, Lib. IV. Ode VII. tranſlated.

THE ſnow, diſſolv'd, no more is ſeen,
The fields and woods, behold! are green;
The changing year renews the plain,
The rivers know their banks again;
The ſprightly nymph and naked grace
The mazy dance together trace;

* In Mrs. Williams's Miſcellanies, but now printed from the original in Dr. Johnſon's own hand-writing.

The

The changing year's ſucceſſive plan
Proclaims mortality to man;
Rough winter's blaſts to ſpring give way,
Spring yields to ſummer's ſov'reign ray;
Then ſummer ſinks in autumn's reign,
And winter chills the world again;
Her loſſes ſoon the moon ſupplies,
But wretched man, when once he lies,
Where Priam and his ſons are laid,
Is nought but aſhes and a ſhade.
Who knows if Jove, who counts our ſcore,
Will toſs us in a morning more?
What with your friend you nobly ſhare
At leaſt you reſcue from your heir.
Not you, Torquatus, boaſt of Rome,
When Minos once has fix'd your doom,
Or eloquence, or ſplendid birth,
Or virtue, ſhall reſtore to earth.
Hippolytus, unjuſtly ſlain,
Diana calls to life in vain;
Nor can the might of Theſeus rend
The chains of Hell that hold his friend.

Nov. 1784.

☞ *The*

☞ *The following* TRANSLATIONS, PARODIES, *and* BURLESQUE VERSES, *most of them extempore, are taken from* ANECDOTES *of Dr.* JOHNSON, *lately published by Mrs.* PIOZZI.

ANACREON, ODE IX.

LOVELY courier of the sky,
Whence and whither dost thou fly?
Scatt'ring, as thy pinions play,
Liquid fragrance all the way:
Is it business? is it love?
Tell me, tell me, gentle dove.

Soft Anacreon's vows I bear,
Vows to Myrtale the fair;
Grac'd with all that charms the heart,
Blushing nature, smiling art.
Venus, courted by an ode,
On the bard her dove bestow'd:
Vested with a master's right,
Now Anacreon rules my flight;
His the letters that you see,
Weighty charge, consign'd to me:
Think not yet my service hard,
Joyless task without reward;
Smiling at my master's gates,
Freedom my return awaits;
But the lib'ral grant in vain
Tempts me to be wild again.
Can a prudent dove decline
Blissful bondage such as mine?
Over hills and fields to roam,
Fortune's guest without a home;

Under

Under leaves to hide one's head,
Slightly ſhelter'd, coarſely fed:
Now my better lot beſtows
Sweet repaſt, and ſoft repoſe;
Now the gen'rous bowl I ſip
As it leaves Anacreon's lip:
Void of care, and free from dread,
From his fingers ſnatch his bread;
Then, with luſcious plenty gay,
Round his chamber dance and play;
Or from wine, as courage ſprings,
O'er his face extend my wings;
And when feaſt and frolic tire,
Drop aſleep upon his lyre.
This is all, be quick and go,
More than all thou canſt not know;
Let me now my pinions ply,
I have chatter'd like a pye.

LINES written in ridicule of certain Poems publiſhed in 1777.

WHERESOE'ER I turn my view,
All is ſtrange, yet nothing new;
Endleſs labour all along,
Endleſs labour to be wrong;
Phraſe that time hath flung away,
Uncouth words in diſarray,
Trick'd in antique ruff and bonnet,
Ode, and elegy, and ſonnet.

PARODY

PARODY of a TRANSLATION from the MEDEA of EURIPIDES.

ERR ſhall they not, who reſolute explore
 Times gloomy backward with judicious eyes;
And, ſcanning right the practices of yore,
 Shall deem our hoar progenitors unwiſe.

They to the dome where Smoke with curling play
 Announc'd the dinner to the regions round,
Summon'd the ſinger blythe, and harper gay,
 And aided wine with dulcet-ſtreaming ſound.

The better uſe of notes, or ſweet or ſhrill,
 By quiv'ring ſtring or modulated wind;
Trumpet or lyre — to their harſh boſoms chill
 Admiſſion ne'er had ſought, or could not find.

Oh! ſend them to the ſullen manſions dun,
 Her baleful eyes where Sorrow rolls around;
Where gloom-enamour'd Miſchief loves to dwell,
 And Murder, all blood-bolter'd, ſchemes the wound.

When cates luxuriant pile the ſpacious diſh,
 And purple nectar glads the feſtive hour;
The gueſt, without a want, without a wiſh,
 Can yield no room to muſic's ſoothing pow'r.

TRANSLATION of the Two Firſt Stanzas of the Song "*Rio verde, Rio verde,*" printed in Biſhop PERCY's Reliques of Ancient Engliſh Poetry. An IMPROMPTU.

GLASSY water, glaſſy water,
Down whoſe current, clear and ſtrong,
Chiefs confus'd in mutual ſlaughter,
Moor and Chriſtian roll along.

IMITATION of the Style of ****.

HERMIT hoar, in ſolemn cell
Wearing out life's evening grey,
Strike thy boſom, ſage, and tell
What is bliſs, and which the way.

Thus I ſpoke, and ſpeaking ſigh'd,
Scarce repreſs'd the ſtarting tear,
When the hoary ſage reply'd,
Come, my lad, and drink ſome beer.

BUR-

BURLESQUE of the following Lines of LOPEZ DE VEGA. An IMPROMPTU.

SE acquien los leones vence
Vence una muger hermoſa
O el de flaco averguençe
O ella di ſer mas furioſa.

If the man who turnips cries,
Cry not when his father dies,
'Tis a proof that he had rather
Have a turnip than his father.

TRANSLATION of the following Lines at the End of BARETTI'S EASY PHRASEOLOGY. An IMPROMPTU.

VIVA viva la padrona!
Tutta bella, e tutta buona,
La padrona è un angiolella
Tutta buona e tutta bella;
Tutta bella e tutta buona;
Viva! viva la padrona!

LONG may live my lovely Hetty!
Always young and always pretty;
Always pretty, always young,
Live my lovely Hetty long!
Always young, and always pretty,
Long may live my lovely Hetty!

IMPROVISO TRANSLATION of the following Diſtich on the Duke of Modena's running away from the Comet in 1742 or 1743.

SE al venir voſtro i principi ſe n' vanno
Deh venga ogni dì —— durate un anno.

IF at your coming princes diſappear,
Comets! come ev'ry day — and ſtay a year.

IMPROVISO TRANSLATION of the following Lines of M. BENSERADE à ſon Lit.

THEATRE des ris, et des pleurs,
Lit! où je nais, et où je meurs,
Tu nous fais voir comment voiſins,
Sont nos plaiſirs, et nos chagrins.

IN bed we laugh, in bed we cry,
And born in bed, in bed we die;
The near approach a bed may ſhew
Of human bliſs to human woe.

EPITAPH for Mr. HOGARTH.

THE hand of him here torpid lies,
That drew th' eſſential form of grace;
Here clos'd in death th' attentive eyes,
That ſaw the manners in the face.

TRANS-

TRANSLATION of the following Lines written under a Print reprefenting Perfons fkaiting.

SUR un mince chryftal l'hyver conduit leurs pas,
Le précipice eft fous la glace :
Telle eft de nos plaifirs la legere furface :
Gliffez, mortels ; n'appuyez pas.

O'ER ice the rapid fkaiter flies,
With fport above, and death below ;
Where mifchief lurks in gay difguife,
Thus lightly touch and quickly go.

IMPROMPTU TRANSLATION of the fame.

O'ER crackling ice, o'er gulphs profound,
With nimble glide the fkaiters play ;
O'er treach'rous Pleafure's flow'ry ground
Thus lightly fkim, and hafte away.

To Mrs. THRALE, on her completing her thirty-fifth Year. An IMPROMPTU.

OFT in danger, yet alive,
We are come to thirty-five ;
Long may better years arrive,
Better years than thirty-five !
Could philofophers contrive
Life to ftop at thirty-five,
Time his hours fhould never drive
O'er the bounds of thirty-five.

High to ſoar, and deep to dive,
Nature gives at thirty-five.
Ladies, ſtock and tend your hive,
Trifle not at thirty-five;
For, howe'er we boaſt and ſtrive,
Life declines from thirty-five.
He that ever hopes to thrive
Muſt begin by thirty-five;
And all who wiſely wiſh to wive
Muſt look on Thrale at thirty-five.

IMPROMPTU TRANSLATION of an AIR in the CLEMENZA DE TITO of METASTASIO, beginning, "*Deh ſe piacermi vuoi.*"

WOULD you hope to gain my heart,
Bid your teizing doubts depart;
He, who blindly truſts, will find
Faith from ev'ry gen'rous mind;
He, who ſtill expects deceit,
Only teaches how to cheat.

TRANS-

TRANSLATION of a SPEECH of AQUILEIO in the ADRIANO of METASTASIO, beginning "*Tu che in Corte invechiasti.*"

GROWN old in courts, thou ſurely art not one
Who keeps the rigid rules of antient honour;
Well ſkill'd to ſoothe a foe with looks of kindneſs,
To ſink the fatal precipice before him,
And then lament his fall with ſeeming friendſhip:
Open to all, true only to thyſelf,
Thou know'ſt thoſe arts which blaſt with envious praiſe,
Which aggravate a fault with feign'd excuſes,
And drive diſcountenanc'd virtue from the throne;
That leave the blame of rigour to the prince,
And of his ev'ry gift uſurp the merit;
That hide in ſeeming zeal a wicked purpoſe,
And only build upon another's ruin.

[library stamp]

POEMATA.

MESSIA.

Ex alieno ingenio poeta, ex ſuo tantum verſificator.
SCALIG. Poet.

TOLLITE concentum, Solymææ tollite nymphæ
Nil mortale loquor; cœlum mihi carminis alta
Materies; poſcunt gravius cœleſtia plectrum.
Muſcoſi fontes, ſylveſtria tecta valete,
Aonideſque Deæ, et mendacis ſomnia Pindi:
Tu, mihi, qui flammâ moviſti pectora ſancti
Sidereâ Iſaiæ, dignos accende furores!

Immatura calens rapitur per ſecula vates
Sic orſus — Qualis rerum mihi naſcitur ordo!
Virgo! virgo parit! felix radicibus arbor
Jeſſæis ſurgit, mulcenteſque æthera flores
Cœleſtes lambunt animæ, ramiſque columba,
Nuncia ſacra Dei, plaudentibus inſidet alis.
Nectareos rores, alimentaque mitia cœlum
Præbeat, et tacite fœcundos irriget imbres.
Huc, fœdat quos lepra, urit quos febris, adeſte,
Dia ſalutares ſpirant medicamina rami;
Hic requies feſſis; non ſacra ſævit in umbra
Vis Boreæ gelida, aut rapidi violentia ſolis.
Irrita vaneſcent priſca veſtigia fraudis
Juſtitiæque manus pretio intemerata bilancem

Attollet reducis; bellis prætendet olivas
Compofitis pax alma fuas, terrafque revifens
Sedatas niveo virtus lucebit amictu:
Volvantur celeres anni! lux purpuret ortum
Expectata diu! naturæ clauftra refringens,
Nafcere, magne puer! tibi primas, ecce, corollas
Deproperat tellus, fundit tibi munera, quicquid
Carpit Arabs, hortis quicquid frondefcit Eois.
Altius, en! Lebanon gaudentia culmina tollit,
En! fummo exultant nutantes vertice fylvæ.
Mittit aromaticas vallis Saronica nubes,
Et juga Carmeli recreant fragrantia cœlum.
Deferti lætâ mollefcunt afpera voce
Auditur Deus! ecce Deus! reboantìa circum
Saxa fonant, Deus; ecce Deus; deflectitur æther,
Demiffumque Deum tellus capit; ardua cedrus,
Gloria fylvarum, dominum inclinata falutet.
Surgite convalles, tumidi fubfidite montes!
Sternite faxa viam, rapidi difcedite fluctus;
En! quem turba diu eccinerunt enthea, vates
En! falvator adeft; vultus agnofcite cæci
Divinos, furdos facra vox permulceat aures.
Ille cutim fpiffam vifus hebetare vetabit,
Reclufifque oculis infundet amabile lumen;
Obftrictafque diu linguas in carmina folvet
Ille vias vocis pandet, flexufque liquentis
Harmoniæ purgata novos mirabitur auris.
Accrefcunt teneris tactu nova robora nervis:
Confuetus fulcro innixus reptare bacilli
Nunc faltu capreas, nunc curfu provocat euros.
Non planctus, non mœfta fonant fufpiria; pectus
Singultans mulcet, lachrymantes tergit ocellos.
Vincla coercebunt luctantem adamantina mortem,

Æternoque

Æternoque Orci dominator vulnere languens
Invalidi raptos ſceptri plorabit honores.
Ut qua dulce ſtrepent ſcatebræ, qua lata vireſcunt
Paſcua, qua blandum ſpirat puriſſimus aer,
Paſtor agit pecudes, teneros modo ſuſcipit agnos
Et gremio fotis ſelectas porrigit herbas,
Amiſſas modo quærit oves, revocatque vagantes;
Fidus adeſt cuſtos, ſeu nox furat horrida nimbis,
Sive dies medius morientia torreat arva.
Poſtera ſic paſtor divinus ſecla beabit,
Et curas felix patrias teſtabitur orbis.
Non ultra infeſtis concurrent agmina ſignis,
Hoſtiles oculis flammas jaculantia torvis;
Non litui accendent bellum, non campus ahenis
Triſte coruſcabit radiis; dabit haſta recuſa
Vomerem, et in falcem rigidus curvabitur enſis.
Atria, pacis opus, ſurgent, finemque caduci
Natus ad optatum perducet cæpta parentis.
Qui duxit ſulcos, illi teret area meſſem,
Et ſeræ texent vites umbracula proli.
Attoniti dumeta vident inculta coloni
Suave rubere roſis, ſitienteſque inter arenas
Garrula mirantur ſalientis murmura rivi.
Per ſaxa, ignivomi nuper ſpelæa draconis,
Canna viret, juncique tremit variabilis umbra.
Horruit implexo qua vallis ſente, figuræ
Surgit amans abies teretis, buxique ſequaces
Artificis frondent dextræ; palmiſque rubeta
Aſpera, odoratæ cedunt mala gramina myrto.
Per valles ſociata lupo laſciviet agna,
Cumque leone petet tutus præſepe juvencus.
Florea manſuetæ petulantes vincula tigri
Per ludum pueri injicient, et feſſa colubri.

Membra

Membra viatoris recreabunt frigore linguæ.
Serpentes teneris nil jam lethale micantes
Tractabit palmis infans, motuſque triſulcæ
Ridebit linguæ innocuos, ſquamaſque virentes
Aureaque admirans rutilantis fulgura criſtæ.
Indue reginam, turritæ frontis honores
Tolle Salema ſacros, quam circum gloria pennas
Explicat, incinctam radiatæ luce tiaræ!
En! formoſa tibi ſpatioſa per atria, proles
Ordinibus ſurgit denſis, vitamque requirit
Impatiens, lenteque fluentes increpat annos.
Ecce peregrinis fervent tua limina turbis;
Barbarus en! clarum divino lumine templum
Ingreditur, cultuque tuo manſueſcere gaudet.
Cinnameos cumulos, Nabathæi munera veris,
Ecce cremant genibus tritæ regalibus aræ!
Solis Ophyræis crudum tibi montibus aurum
Maturant radii; tibi balſama ſudat Idume.
Ætheris en portas ſacro fulgore micantes
Cœlicolæ pandunt, torrentis aurea lucis
Flumina prorumpunt; non poſthac ſole rubeſcet
India naſcenti, placidæve argentea noctis
Luna vices revehet; radios pater ipſe diei
Proferet archetypos; cœleſtis gaudia lucis
Ipſo fonte bibes, quæ circumfuſa beatam
Regiam inundabit, nullis ceſſura tenebris.
Littora deficiens arentia deſeret æquor;
Sidera fumabunt, diro labefacta tremore
Saxa cadent, ſolidique liqueſcent robora montis:
Tu ſecura tamen confuſa elementa videbis,
Lætaque Meſſia ſemper dominabere rege,
Pollicitis firmata Dei, ſtabilita ruinis.

[Jan.

[Jan. 20, 21, 1773.]

VITÆ qui varias vices
  Rerum perpetuus temperat Arbiter,
  Læto cedere lumini
Noctis triſtitiam qui gelidæ jubet,
  Acri ſanguine turgidos,
Obductoſque oculos nubibus humidis
  Sanari voluit meos.
Et me, cuncta beans cui nocuit dies,
  Luci reddidit et mihi.
Qua te laude, Deus qua prece proſequar?
  Sacri diſcipulis libri
Te ſemper ſtudiis utilibus colam:
  Grates, ſumme Pater, tuis
Recte qui fruitur muneribus, dedit.

[Dec. 25, 1779.]

NUNC dies Chriſto memoranda nato
  Fulſit, in pectus mihi fonte purum
Gaudium ſacro fluat, et benigni
    Gratia Cœli!
Chriſte da tutam trepido quietem,
Chriſte, ſpem præſta ſtabilem timenti;
Da fidem certam, precibuſque fidis
    Annue, Chriſte.

[In

[In Lecto, die Passionis. Apr. 13, 1781.]

SUMME Deus, qui semper amas quodcunque creâsti;
Judice quo, scelerum est pœnituisse salus:
Da veteres noxas animo sic flere novato,
Per Christum ut veniam sit reperire mihi.

[In Lecto. Dec. 25, 1782.]

SPE non inani confugis,
Peccator, ad latus meum;
Quod poscis, haud unquam tibi
Negabitur solatium.

[Nocte, inter 16 et 17 Junii, 1783 *.]

SUMME Pater, quodcunque tuum † de corpore Numen ‡
Hoc || statuat, precibus § Christus adesse velit:
Ingenio parcas, nec sit mihi culpa ¶ rogâsse,
Qua solum potero parte, placere ** tibi.

* The night above referred to by Dr. Johnson was that in which a paralytic stroke had deprived him of his voice; and, in the anxiety he felt lest it should likewise have impaired his understanding, he composed the above Lines, and said, concerning them, that he knew at the time that they were not good, but then that he deemed his discerning this to be sufficient for the quieting the anxiety before mentioned, as it shewed him that his power of judging was not diminished.

† Al. tuæ. ‡ Al. leges. || Al. statuant.
§ Al. votis. ¶ Al. precari. ** Al. litare.

[Cal. Jan. in lecto, ante lucem. 1784.]

Summe dator vitæ, naturæ æterne magister,
 Causarum series quo moderante fluit,
Respice quem subiget senium, morbique seniles,
 Quem terret vitæ meta propinqua suæ,
Respice inutiliter lapsi quem pœnitet ævi;
 Recte ut pœniteat, respice, magne parens.

Pater benigne, summa semper lenitas,
Crimine gravatam plurimo mentem leva:
Concede veram pœnitentiam, precor,
Concede agendam legibus vitam tuis.
Sacri vagantes luminis gressus face
Rege, et tuere, quæ nocent pellens procul;
Veniam petenti, summe da veniam, pater;
Veniæque sancta pacis adde gaudia:
Sceleris ut expers omni, et vacuus metu,
Te, mente purâ, mente tranquillâ colam:
Mihi dona morte hæc impetret Christus suâ.

[Jan. 18, 1784.]

Summe Pater, puro collustra lumine pectus,
 Anxietas noceat ne tenebrosa mihi.
In me sparsa manu virtutum semina larga
 Sic ale, proveniat messis ut ampla boni.
Noctes atque dies animo spes læta recurset,
 Certa mihi sancto flagret amore fides.

Certa vetat dubitare fides, ſpes læta timere,
Velle vetet cuiquam non bene ſanctus amor.
Da, ne ſint permiſſa, pater, mihi præmia fruſtra,
Et colere, et leges ſemper amare tuas.
Hæc mihi, quo gentes, quo ſecula, Chriſte, piâſti,
Sanguine, precanti promereare tuo!

[Feb. 27, 1784.].

MENS mea quid quereris? veniet tibi mollior hora,
In ſummo ut videas numine læta patrem;
Divinam inſontes iram placavit Jeſus;
Nunc eſt pro pœna pœnituiſſe reis.

CHRISTIANUS PERFECTUS.

QUI cupit in ſanctos Chriſto cogente referri,
Abſtergat mundi labem, nec gaudia carnis
Captans, nec faſtu tumidus, ſemperque futuro
Inſtet, et evellens terroris ſpicula corde,
Suſpiciat tandem clementem in numine patrem.
Huic quoque, nec genti nec ſectæ noxius ulli,
Sit ſacer orbis amor, miſeris qui ſemper adeſſe
Geſtiat, et, nullo pietatis limite clauſus,
Cunctorum ignoſcat vitiis, pietate fruatur.
Ardeat huic toto ſacer ignis pectore, poſſit
Ut vitam, poſcat ſi res, impendere vero.
Cura placere Deo ſit prima, ſit ultima, ſanctæ
Irruptum vitæ cupiat ſervare tenorem;

Et

Et ſibi, delirans quanquam et peccator in horas
Diſpliceat, ſervet tutum ſub pectore rectum:
Nec natet, et nunc has partes, nunc eligat illas,
Nec dubitet quem dicat herum, ſed, totus in uno,
Se fidum addicat Chriſto, mortalia temnens.
  Sed timeat ſemper, caveatque ante omnia, turbæ
Ne ſtolidæ ſimilis, leges ſibi ſegreget audax
Quas ſervare velit, leges quas lentus omittat,
Plenum opus effugiens, aptans juga mollia collo
Sponte ſua demens; nihilum decedere ſummæ
Vult Deus, at qui cuncta dedit tibi, cuncta repoſcit.
Denique perpetuo contendit in ardua niſu,
Auxilioque Dei fretus, jam mente ſerena
Pergit, et imperiis ſentit ſe dulcibus actum.
Paulatim mores, animum, vitamque refingit,
Effigiemque Dei, quantum ſervare licebit,
Induit, et, terris major, cœleſtia ſpirat.

ÆTERNE rerum conditor,
  Salutis æternæ dator;
Felicitatis ſedibus
Qui nec ſceleſtos exigis,
Quoſcumque ſcelerum pœnitet:
Da, Chriſte, pœnitentiam,
Veniamque, Chriſte, da mihi;
Ægrum trahenti ſpiritum
Succurre præſens corpori,
Multo gravatam crimine
Mentem benignus alleva.

LUCE

Luce colluſtret mihi pectus alma,
Pellat et triſtes animi tenebras,
Nec ſinat ſemper tremere ac dolore,
Gratia Chriſti:
Me pater tandem reducem benigno
Summus amplexu foveat, beato
Me gregi ſanctus ſocium beatum
Spiritus addat.

JEJUNIUM ET CIBUS.

Serviat ut menti corpus jejunia ſerva,
Ut mens utatur corpore, ſume cibos.

Urbane, nullis feſſe laboribus,
Urbane, nullis victe calumniis,
Cui fronte ſertum in erudita
Perpetuo viret, et virebit;
Quid moliatur gens imitantium,
Quid et minetur, ſollicitus parum,
Vacare ſolis perge Muſis,
Juxta animo ſtudiiſque fœlix.
Linguæ procacis plumbea ſpicula,
Fidens, ſuperbo frange ſilentio;
Victrix per obſtantes catervas
Sedulitas animoſa tendet.
Intende nervos fortis, inanibus
Riſurus olim niſibus emuli;
Intende jam nervos, habebis
Participes opera camœnas.

Non ulla Muſis pagina gratior,
Quam quæ ſeveris ludicra jungere
Novit, fatigatamque nugis
Utilibus recreare mentem.

Texente nymphis ſerta Lycoride,
Roſæ ruborem ſic viola adjuvat
Immiſta, ſic Iris refulget
Æthereis variata fucis.

IN RIVUM A MOLA STOANA LICHFELDIÆ DIFFLUENTEM.

ERRAT adhuc vitreus per prata virentia rivus,
Quo toties lavi membra tenella puer;
Hic deluſa rudi fruſtrabar brachia motu,
Dum docuit blanda voce natare pater.
Fecerunt rami latebras, tenebriſque diurnis
Pendula ſecretas abdidit arbor aquas.
Nunc veteres duris periêre ſecuribus umbræ,
Longinquiſque oculis nuda lavacra patent.
Lympha tamen curſus agit indefeſſa perennis,
Tectaque qua fluxit, nunc et aperta fluit.
Quid ferat externi velox, quid deterat ætas,
Tu quoque ſecurus res age, Niſe, tuas.

ΓΝΩΘΙ ΣΕΑΥΤΟΝ.

[Poſt Lexicon Anglicanum auctum et emendatum.]

LEXICON ad finem longo luctamine tandem
Scaliger ut dixit, tenuis pertæſus opellæ,
Vile indignatus ſtudium, nugaſque moleſtas,

Ingemit

Ingemit exoſus, ſcribendaque lexica mandat
Damnatis, pœnam pro pœnis omnibus unam.
Ille quidem recte, ſublimis, doctus et acer,
Quem decuit majora ſequi, majoribus aptum, [tum,
Qui veterum modo facta ducum, modo carmina va-
Geſſerat et quicquid virtus, ſapientia quicquid,
Dixerat, imperiique vices, cœlique meatus,
Ingentemque animo ſeclorum volveret orbem.
Fallimur exemplis; temere ſibi turba ſcholarum
Ima tuas credit permitti Scaliger iras.
Quiſque ſuum nôrit modulum; tibi prime, virorum
Ut ſtudiis ſperem, aut auſim par eſſe querelis,
Non mihi ſorte datum; lenti ſeu ſanguinis obſint
Frigora, ſeu nimium longo jacuiſſe veterno,
Sive mihi mentem dederit natura minorem.
Te ſterili functum cura, vocumque ſalebris
Tuto eluctatum ſpatiis ſapientia dia
Excipit æthereis, ars omnis plaudit amico,
Linguarumque omni terra diſcordia concors
Multiplici reducem circum ſonatore magiſtrum.
Me, penſi immunis cum jam mihi reddor, inertis
Deſidiæ ſors dura manet, graviorque labore
Triſtis et atra quies, et tardæ tædia vitæ.
Naſcuntur curis curæ, vexatque dolorum
Importuna cohors, vacuæ mala ſomnia mentis.
Nunc clamoſa juvant nocturnæ gaudia menſæ,
Nunc loca ſola placent; fruſtra te, Somne, recumbens
Alme voco, impatiens noctis metuenſque diei.
Omnia percurro trepidus, circum omnia luſtro,
Si qua uſquam pateat melioris ſemita vitæ,
Nec quid agam invenio, meditatus grandia, cogor
Notior ipſe mihi fieri, incultumque fateri
Pectus, et ingenium vano ſe robore jactans.

Ingenium nisi materiem doctrina ministrat,
Cessat inops rerum, ut torpet, si marmoris absit
Copia, Phidiaci fæcunda potentia cœli.
Quicquid agam, quocunque ferar, conatibus obstat
Res angusta domi, et macræ penuria mentis.
  Non rationis opes animus, nunc parta recensens
Conspicit aggestas, et se miratur in illis,
Nec sibi de gaza præsens quod postulat usus
Summus adesse jubet celsa dominator ab arce;
Non, operum serie seriem dum computat ævi,
Præteritis fruitur, lætos aut sumit honores
Ipse sui judex, actæ bene munera vitæ;
Sed sua regna videns, loca nocte silentia late
Horret, ubi vanæ species, umbræque fugaces,
Et rerum volitant raræ per inane figuræ.
  Quid faciam? tenebrisne pigram damnare senectam
Restat? an accingar studiis gravioribus audax?
Aut, hoc si nimium est, tandem nova lexica poscam?

AD THOMAM LAURENCE,

MEDICUM DOCTISSIMUM,

Cum filium peregre agentem desiderio nimis tristi prosequeretur.

FATERIS ergo, quod populus solet
  Crepare væcors, nil sapientiam
    Prodesse vitæ, literasque;
      In dubiis dare terga rebus

Tu, queis laborat sors hominum, mala,
Nec vincis acer, nec pateris pius,
    Te mille succorum potentem
      Destituit medicina mentis.

Per

Per cæca noctis tædia turbidæ,
Pigræ per horas lucis inutiles,
Torpesque, languescisque, curis
Solicitus nimis heu! paternis.

Tandem dolori plus satis est datum,
Exurge fortis, nunc animis opus,
Te, docta, Laurenti; vetustas,
Te medici revocant labores.

Permitte summo quiquid habes patri,
Permitte fidens, et muliebribus,
Amice, majorem querelis
Redde tuis, tibi redde, mentem.

IN THEATRO, March 8, 1771.

Tertii verso quater orbe lustri,
Quid theatrales tibi, Crispe, pompæ?
Quam decet canos male litteratos
Sera voluptas!

Tene mulceri fidibus canoris?
Tene cantorum modulis stupere?
Tene per pictas oculo elegante
Currere formas?

Inter æquales, sine felle liber,
Codices, veri studiosus, inter
Rectius vives. Sua quisque carpat
Gaudia gratus.

Lusibus gaudet puer otiosis,
Luxus oblectat juvenem theatri,
At seni fluxo sapienter uti
Tempore restat.

INSULA KENNETHI, INTER HEBRIDAS.

PARVA quidem regio, ſed relligione priorum
 Clara Caledonias panditur inter aquas.
Voce ubi Cennethus populos domuiſſe feroces
 Dicitur, et vanos dedocuiſſe deos.
Huc ego delatus placido per cærula curſu,
 Scire locus volui quid daret iſte novi.
Illic Leniades humili regnabat in aula,
 Leniades, magnis nobilitatus avis.
Una duas cepit caſa cum genitore puellas,
 Quas Amor undarum crederet eſſe deas.
Nec tamen inculti gelidis latuere ſub antris,
 Accola Danubii qualia ſævus habet.
Mollia non deſunt vacuæ ſolatia vitæ
 Sive libros poſcant otia, ſive lyram.
Fulſerat illa dies, legis qua docta ſupernæ
 Spes hominum et curas gens procul eſſe jubet.
Ut precibus juſtas avertat numinis iras
 Et ſummi accendat pectus amore boni.
Ponti inter ſtrepitus non ſacri munera cultus
 Ceſſarunt, pietas hic quoque cura fuit.
Nil opus eſt æris ſacra de turre ſonantis
 Admonitu, ipſa ſuas nunciat hora vices.
Quid, quod ſacrifici verſavit fœmina libros?
 Sint pro legitimis pura labella ſacris.
Quo vagor ulterius? quod ubique requiritur hic eſt,
 Hic ſecura quies, hic et honeſtus amor.

SKIA.

SKIA.

PONTI profundis clauſa receſſibus,
Strepens procellis, rupibus obſita,
Quam grata defeſſo virentem,
Skia, ſinum nebuloſa pandis!

His, cura, credo, ſedibus exulat;
His blanda certe pax habitat locis;
Non ira, non mœror quietis
Inſidias meditatur horis.

At non cavatâ rupe lateſcere,
Menti nec ægræ montibus aviis
Prodeſt vagari, nec frementes
In ſpecula numerare fluctus.

Humana virtùs non ſibi ſufficit;
Datur nec æquum cuique animum ſibi
Parare poſſe, utcunque jactet
Grandiloquus nimis alta Zeno.

Exæſtuantis pectoris impetum
Rex ſumme, ſolus tu regis, arbiter;
Mentiſque, te tollente, fluctus;
Te, reſident, moderante fluctus.

ODE DE SKIA INSULA.

PERMEO terras ubi nuda rupes
Saxeas miſcet nebulis ruinas,
Torva ubi rident ſteriles coloni
Rura labores.

Pervagor gentes hominum ferorum,
Vita ubi nullo decorata cultu
Squallet informis, tigurîque fumis
Fœda latefcit.

Inter erroris falebrofa longi,
Inter ignotæ, ftrepitus loquelæ,
Quot modis, mecum, quid agat, requiro,
Thralia dulcis?

Seu viri curas, pia nupta mulcet,
Seu fovet mater fobolem benigna,
Sive cum libris novitate pafcit
Sedula mentem.

Sit memor noftri, fideique folvat
Fida mercedem, meritoque blandum
Thraliæ difcant refonare nomen
Littora Skiæ.

SPES.

Apr. 16, 1783.

HORA fic peragit citata curfum;
Sic diem fequitur dies fugacem!
Spes novas nova lux parit, fecunda
Spondens omnia credulis homullis;
Spes ludit ftolidas, metuque cæco
Lux angit, miferos ludens homullos.

VERSUS,

VERSUS, COLLARI CAPRÆ DOMINI BANKS INSCRIBENDI.

PERPETUI, ambitâ bis terrâ premia lactis
Hæc habet, altrici capra ſecunda Jovis.

AD FŒMINAM QUANDAM GENEROSAM QUÆ LIBERTATIS CAUSÆ IN SERMONE PATROCINATA FUERAT.

LIBER ut eſſe velim, ſuaſiſti, pulchra Maria:
Ut maneam liber, pulchra Maria vale.

JACTURA TEMPORIS.

HORA perit furtim lætis, mens temporis ægra
Pigritiam incuſat, nec minus hora perit.

QUAS navis recipit, quantum ſit pondus aquarum,
Dimidium tanti ponderis intret onus.

QUOT vox miſſa pedes abit horæ parte ſecunda?
Undecies centum denos quater adde duoſque.

Εἰς ΒΙΡΧΙΟΝ*.

Εἶδεν Ἀληθείη ϖρώην χαίρουσα γράφοντα
  Ἡρώων τε βίους Βίρχιον, ἠδὲ σοφῶν,
Καὶ βίον, εἶπεν, ὅταν ῥίψης θανάτοιο βέλεσσι,
  Σοῦ ϖοτε γραψόμενον Βίρχιον ἄλλον ἔχοις.

Εἰς τὸ τῆς ἘΛΙΣΣΗΣ ϖερὶ τῶν Ὀνείρων Αἴνιγμα †.

Τῇ κάλλους δυνάμει τί τέλος; Ζεὺς ϖάντα δέδωκεν
  Κύπριδι, μηδ' αὐτοῦ σκῆπτρα μέμηλε Θεῷ.
Ἐκ Διός ἐστιν Ὄναρ, θεῖός ϖοτ' ἔγραψεν Ὅμηρος,
  Ἀλλὰ τόδ' εἰς θνητοὺς Κύπρις ἔπεμψεν Ὄναρ·
Ζεὺς μοῦνος φλογόεντι ϖόλεις ἔκπερσε κεραυνῷ,
  Ὄμμασι λαμπρὰ Διὸς Κύπρις ὀϊστὰ φέρει.

In ELIZÆ Enigma.

Quis formæ modus imperio? Venus arrogat audax
  Omnia, nec curæ ſunt ſua ſceptra Jovi.
Ab Jove Mæonides deſcendere ſomnia narrat:
  Hæc veniunt Cypriæ ſomnia miſſa Deæ.
Jupiter unus erat, qui ſtravit fulmine gentes;
  Nunc armant Veneris lumina tela Jovis.

* The Rev. Dr. Thomas Birch, author of the Hiſtory of the Royal Society, and other works of note.

† The lady on whom theſe verſes, and the Latin ones that immediately follow, were written, is the celebrated Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, who tranſlated the works of Epictetus from the Greek.

O Qui

*O QUI benignus crimina ignoſcis, pater
Faciliſque ſemper confitenti ades reo,
Aurem faventem precibus O præbe meis;
Scelerum catenâ me laborantem gravè
Æterna tandem liberet clementia,
Ut ſumma laus ſit, ſumma Chriſto gloria.

PER vitæ tenebras rerumque incerta vagantem
Numine præſenti me tueare pater!
Me ducat lux ſancta, Deus, lux ſancta ſequatur;
Uſque regat greſſus, gratia fida meos.
Sic peragam tua juſſa libens, accinctus ad omne
Mandatum, vivam ſic moriarque tibi.

ME, pater omnipotens, de puro reſpice cœlo,
Quem mœſtum et timidum crimina dira gravant;
Da veniam pacemque mihi, da, mente ſerena,
Ut tibi quæ placeant, omnia promptus agam.
Solvi, quo Chriſtus cunctis delicta redemit,
Et pro me pretium, tu patiare, pater.

* This and the three following articles are metrical verſions of collects in the Liturgy; the firſt, of that, beginning, "O God, whoſe nature and property;" the 2d and 3d, of the collects for the 17th and 21ſt Sundays after Trinity; and the 4th, of the 1ſt collect in the communion ſervice.

[Dec. 5, 1784*.]

SUMME Deus, cui cæca patent penetralia cordis;
  Quem nulla anxietas, nulla cupido fugit;
Quem nil vafrities peccantum ſubdola celat;
  Omnia qui ſpectans, omnia ubique regis;
Mentibus afflatu terrenas ejice ſordes
  Divino, ſanctus regnet ut intus amor:
Eloquiumque potens linguis torpentibus affer,
  Ut tibi laus omni ſemper ab ore ſonet:
Sanguine quo gentes, quo ſecula cuncta piavit,
  Hæc nobis Chriſtus promeruiſſe velit!

PSALMUS CXVII.

ANNI qua volucris ducitur orbita,
Patrem cœlicolûm perpetuo colunt
    Quovis ſanguine cretæ
      Gentes undique carmine.
Patrem, cujus amor blandior in dies
Mortales miſeros ſervat, alit, fovet,
    Omnes undique gentes,
      Sancto dicite carmine.

* The day on which he received the ſacrament for the laſt time; and eight days before his deceaſe.

SEU

* SEU te sæva, levitas ſive improba fecit,
  Muſca, meæ comitem, participemque dapis,
Pone metum, roſtrum fidens immitte culullo,
  Nam licet, et toto prolue læta mero.
Tu, quamcunque tibi velox indulſerit annus,
  Carpe diem, fugit, heu non revocanda dies!
Quæ nos blanda comes, quæ nos perducat eodem,
  Volvitur hora mihi, volvitur hora tibi!
Una quidem, ſic fata volunt, tibi vivitur æſtas,
  Eheu, quid decies plus mihi ſexta dedit!
Olim præteritæ numeranti tempora vitæ,
  Sexaginta annis non minor unus erit.

---

† HABEO, dedi quod alteri;
  Habuique, quod dedi mihi;
Sed quod reliqui, perdidi.

* The above is a verſion of the ſong, "Buſy, curious, thirſty fly."

† Theſe lines are a verſion of three ſentences that are ſaid in the manuſcript to be "On the monument of John of Doncaſter;" and which are as follow:

What I gave that I have;
What I ſpent that I had;
What I left that I loſt.

* E WALTONI PISCATORE PERFECTO EXCERPTUM.

Nunc, per gramina fuſi,
Denſâ fronde ſalicti,
Dum defenditur imber,
Molles ducimus horas.
Hic, dum debita morti
Paulum vita moratur,

* Theſe Lines are a Tranſlation of part of a Song in the Complete Angler of Iſaac Walton, written by John Chalkhill, a friend of Spenſer, and a good poet in his time. They are but part of the laſt ſtanza, which, that the reader may have it entire, is here given at length.

If the ſun's exceſſive heat
Make our bodies ſwelter,
To an oſier hedge we get
For a friendly ſhelter;
Where in a dike,
Pearch or pike,
Roach or dace,
We do chaſe,
Bleak or gudgeon,
Without grudging,
We are ſtill contented.

Or we ſometimes paſs an hour
Under a green willow,
That defends us from a ſhower,
Making earth our pillow;
Where we may
Think and pray,
Before death
Stops our breath:
Other joys
Are but toys,
And to be lamented.

Nunc

Nunc rescire priora,
Nunc instare futuris,
Nunc summi prece sanctâ
Patris numen adire est.
Quicquid quæritur ultra,
Cæco ducit amore,
Vel spe ludit inani,
Luctus mox pariturum.

---

* QUISQUIS iter tendis, vitreas qua lucidus undas
Speluncæ latè Thamesis prætendit opacæ;
Marmoreâ trepidant quæ lentæ in fornice guttæ,
Crystallisque latex fractus scintillat acutis;
Gemmaque, luxuriæ nondum famulata nitenti
Splendit, et incoquitur tectum sine fraude metallum;
Ingredere O! rerum purâ cole mente parentem;
Auriferasque auri metuens scrutare cavernas.
Ingredere! Egeriæ sacrum en tibi panditur antrum
Hic, in se totum, longe per opaca futuri
Temporis, Henricum rapuit vis vivida mentis:
Hic pia Vindamius traxit suspiria, in ipsâ
Morte memor patriæ; hic, Marmontî pectore prima
Cœlestis fido caluerunt semina flammæ.
Temnere opes, pretium sceleris, patriamque tueri
Fortis, ades; tibi sponte patet venerabile limen.

* The above Lines are a version of Pope's verses on his own grotto, which begin, "Thou who shalt stop where Thames' translucent wave."

GRÆCORUM EPIGRAMMATUM VERSIONES METRICÆ.

Pag. 2. Brodæi edit. Baſ. Ann. 1549.

NON Argos pugilem, non me Meſſana creavit;
Patria Sparta mihi eſti patria clara virûm.
Arte valent iſti, mihi robo revivere ſolo eſt,
Convenit ut natis, inclyta Sparta, tuis.

Br. 2.

QUANDOQUIDEM paſſim nulla ratione feruntur,
Cuncta cinis, cuncta et ludicra, cuncta nihil.

Br. 5.

PECTORE qui duro, crudos de vite racemos
Venturi exſecuit, vaſcula prima meri,
Labraque conſtrictus, ſemeſos, jamque terendos
Sub pedibus, populo prætereunte, jacit.
Supplicium huic, quoniam creſcentia gaudia lœſit,
Det Bacchus, dederat quale, Lycurge, tibi.
Hæ poterant uvæ læto convivia cantu,
Mulcere, aut pectus triſte levare malis.

Br. 8.

FERT humeris claudum validis per compita cæcus,
Hic oculos ſocio commodat, ille pedes.

QUI,

Br. 10.

Qui, mutare vias auſus terræque mariſque,
Trajecit montes nauta, fretumque pedes,
Xerxi, tercentum Spartæ Mars obſtitit acris
Militibus; terris ſit pelagoque pudor!

Br. 11.

Sit tibi, Calliope, Parnaſſum, cura, tenenti,
Alter ut adſit Homerus, adeſt etenim alter
Achilles.

Br. 18.

Ad Muſas Venus hæc; Veneri parete puellæ,
In vos ne miſſus ſpicula tendat amor.
Hæc Muſæ ad Venerem; ſic Marti, diva, mineris,
Huc nunquam volitat debilis iſte puer.

Br. 19.

Prospera ſors nec te ſtrepitoſo turbine tollat,
Nec menti injiciat ſordida cura jugum;
Nam vita incertis incerta impellitur auris,
Omneſque in partes tracta, retracta fluit;
Firma manet virtus; virtuti innitere, tutus
Per fluctus vitæ ſic tibi curſus erit.

Br. 24.

Hora bonis quaſi nunc inſtet ſuprema fruaris,
Plura ut victurus ſecula, parce bonis:
Divitiis, utrinque cavens, qui tempore parcit,
Tempore divitiis utitur, ille ſapit.

Br. 24.

NUNQUAM jugera meſſibus onuſta, aut
Quos Gyges cumulos habebat auri;
Quod vitæ ſatis eſt, peto, Macrine,
Mi, nequid nimis, eſt nimis probatum.

Br. 24.

NON opto aut precibus poſco diteſcere, paucis
Sit contenta mihi vita dolore carens.

Br. 24.

RECTA ad pauperiem tendit, cui corpora cordi eſt
Multa alere, et multas ædificare domos.

Br. 24.

TU neque dulce putes alienæ accumbere menſæ,
Nec probroſa avidæ grata ſit offa gulæ;
Nec ficto fletu, fictis ſolvare cachinnis,
Arridens domino, collacrymanſque tuo.
Lætior haud tecum, tecum neque triſtior unquam,
Sed Miliæ ridens, atque dolens Miliæ.

Br. 26.

NIL non mortale eſt mortalibus; omne quod eſt hi
Prætereunt, aut hos præterit omne bonum.

DEMOCRITE,

Br. 26.

DEMOCRITE, invisas homines majore cachinno,
Plus tibi ridendum secula nostra dabunt.
Heraclite, fluat lacrymarum crebrior imber;
Vita hominum nunc plus quod misereris habet.
Interea dubito; tecum me causa nec ulla
Ridere, aut tecum me lacrimare jubet.

Br. 26.

ELIGE iter vitæ ut possis: rixisque dolisque
Perstrepit omne forum; cura molesta domi est.
Rura labor lassat; mare mille pericula terrent;
Verte solum, fient causa timoris opes;
Paupertas misera est; multæ cum conjuge lites
Tecta ineunt; cælebs omnia solus ages.
Proles aucta gravat, rapta orbat, cæca juventæ est
Virtus, canities cauta vigore caret.
Ergo optent homines, aut nunquam in luminis oras
Venisse, aut visâ luce repente mori.

ELIGE iter vitæ ut mavis, prudentia lausque
Permeat omne forum; vita quieta domi est.
Rus ornat natura; levat maris aspera Lucrum,
Verte solum, donet plena crumena decus;
Pauperies latitat, cum conjuge gaudia multa
Tecta ineunt, cœlebs impediere minus;

Mulcet amor prolis, ſopor eſt ſine prole profundus;
Præcellit juvenis vi, pietate ſenex.
Nemo optet nunquam veniſſe in luminis oras,
Aut periiſſe; ſcatet vita benigna bonis.

Br. 27.

VITA omnis ſcena eſt luduſque, aut ludere diſce
Seria ſeponens, aut mala dura pati.

Br. 27.

QUÆ ſine morte fuga eſt vitæ, quam turba malorum
Non vitanda gravem, non toleranda facit?
Dulcia dat natura quidem, mare, ſidera terras,
Lunaque quas et ſol itque reditque vias.
Terror ineſt aliis, mœrorque, et ſiquid habebis
Forte boni, ultrices experiere vices.

Br. 27.

TERRAM adii nudus, de terra nudus abibo.
Quid labor efficiet? non niſi nudus ero.

Br. 27.

NATUS eram lacrymans, lacrymans e luce recedo:
Sunt quibus a lacrymis vix vacat ulla dies.
Tale hominum genus eſt, infirmum, triſte, miſellum,
Quod mors in cineres ſolvit, et abdit humo.

QUISQUIS

Br. 29.

Quisquis adit lectos elatâ uxore secundos,
Naufragus iratas ille retentat aquas.

Br. 30.

Fælix ante alios nullius debitor æris,
Hunc sequitur cœlebs; tertius, orbe, venis.
Nec male res cessit, subito si funere sponsam
Ditatus magna dote, recondis humo.
His sapiens lectis, Epicurum quærere frustra
Quales sint monades, quà sit inane, sinas.

Br. 31.

Optarit quicunque senex sibi longius ævum,
Dignus qui multa in lustra senescat, erit.
Cum procul est, optat, cum venit, quisque senectam,
Incusat, semper spe meliora videt.

Br. 46.

Omnis vita nimis brevis est felicibus, una
Nox miseris longi temporis instar habet.

Br. 55.

Gratia ter grata est velox, sin forte moretur,
Gratia vix restat nomine digna suo.

Br. 56.

Seu prece poſcatur, ſeu non, da Jupiter omne,
Magne, bonum, omne malum, et poſcentibus abnue nobis.

Br. 60.

Me, cane vitato, canis excipit alter; eodem
In me animo tellus gignit et unda feras,
Nec mirum; reſtat lepori conſcendere cœlum,
Sidereus tamen hic territat, ecce, canis!

Br. 70.

Telluri, arboribus ver frondens, ſidera cœlo
Græciæ et urbs, urbi eſt iſta propago, decus.

Br. 75.

Impia facta patrans, homines fortaſſe latebis,
Non poteris, meditans prava, latere Deos.

Br. 75.

Antiope ſatyrum, Danaë aurum, Europa juvencum,
Et cycnum fecit, Leda petita Jovem.

Ævi

Br. 92.

ÆVI ſat novi quam ſim brevis; aſtra tuenti,
Per certas ſtabili lege voluta vices,
Tangitur haud pedibus tellus: conviva Deorum
Expleor ambroſiis exhilarorque cibis.

Br. 96.

QUOD nimium eſt ſit ineptum, hinc, ut dixere priores,
Et melli nimio fellis amaror ineſt.

Br. 103.

PUPPE gubernatrix ſediſti, audacia, prima
Divitiis acuens aſpera corda virum;
Sola rates ſtruis infidas, et dulcis amorem
Lucri ulciſcendum mox nece ſola doces.
Aurea ſecla hominum, quorum ſpectandus ocellis
E longinquo itidem pontus et orcus erat.

Br. 126.

DITESCIS, credo, quid reſtat? quicquid habebis
In tumulum tecum, morte jubente, trahes?
Divitias cumulas, pereuntes negligis horas,
Incrementa ævi non cumulare potes.

Br. 126.

MATER adulantum, prolesque pecunia curæ,
Teque frui timor est, teque carere dolor.

Br. 126.

ME miserum sors omnis habet; florentibus annis
Pauper eram, nummis diffluit arca senis;
Queis uti poteram quondam Fortuna negavit,
Queis uti nequeo, nunc mihi præbet opes.

Br. 127.

MNEMOSYNE, ut Sappho mellita voce canentem,
Audiit, irata est ne nova Musa foret.

Br. 152.

CUM tacet indoctus, sapientior esse videtur,
Et morbus tegitur, dum premit ora pudor.

Br. 155.

NUNC huic, nunc aliis cedens, cui farra Menippus
Credit, Achæmenidæ nuper agellus eram.
Quod nulli proprium versat Fortuna, putabat
Ille suum stolidus, nunc putat ille suum.

NON

Br. 156.

NON Fortuna ſibi te gratum tollit in altum;
At docet, exemplo, vis ſibi quanta, tuo.

Br. 162.

HIC, aurum ut reperit, laqueum abjicit, alter ut aurum
Non reperit, nectit quem reperit, laqueum.

Br. 167.

VIVE tuo ex animo, vario rumore loquetur
De te plebs audax, hic bene, et ille male.

Br. 168.

VITÆ roſa brevis eſt, properans ſi carpere nolis.
Quærenti obveniet mox ſine flore rubus.

Br. 170.

PULICIBUS morſus, reſtinctâ lampade, ſtultus
Exclamat; nunc me cernere deſinitis.

Br. 202.

MENODOTUM pinxit Diodorus, et exit imago,
Præter Menodotum, nullius abſimilis.

Br. 205.

HAUD lavit Phido, haud tetigit, mihi ſebre calenti
In mentem ut venit nominis, interii.

Br. 210.

NYCTICORAX cantat lethale, ſed ipſa canenti
Demophilo auſcultans Nycticorax moritur.

Br. 212.

HERMEM Deorum nuncium, pennis levem,
Quo rege gaudent Arcades, furem boum,
Hujus paleſtræ qui vigil cuſtos ſtetit,
Clam nocte tollit Aulus, et ridens ait;
Præſtat magiſtro ſæpe diſcipulus ſuo.

Br. 223.

QUI jacet hic, ſervus vixit, nunc, lumine caſſus,
Dario magno non minus ille poteſt.

Br. 227.

FUNUS Alexandri mentitur fama; fideſque
Si Phœbo, victor neſcit obire diem.

Br. 241.

NAUTA, quis hoc jaceat ne percontere ſepulchro,
Eveniat tantum mitior unda tibi!

Br. 256.

CUR opulentus eges? tua cuncta in fœnore ponis.
Sic aliis dives, tu tibi pauper agis.

Br. 262.

QUI pascit barbam si crescit mente, Platoni,
Hirce, parem nitido tua barba facit.

Br. 266.

CLARUS Joannes, reginæ affinis, ab alto
Sanguine Anastasii; cuncta sepulta jacent:
Et pius, et recti cultor: non illa jacere
Dicam; stat virtus non subigenda neci.

Br. 267.

CUNCTIPARENS tellus salve, levis esto pusillo
Lysigeni, fuerat non gravis ille tibi.

Br. 285.

NAUFRAGUS hic jaceo; contra, jacet ecce colonus!
Idem orcus terræ, sic, pelagoque subest.

Br. 301.

QUID salvere jubes me, pessime? Corripe gressus;
Est mihi quod non te rideo, plena salus.

Br. 304.

Et ferus eſt Timon ſub terris; janitor orci,
Cerbere, te morſu ne, petat ille, cave.

Br. 307.

Vitam a terdecimo ſextus mihi finiet annus,
Aſtra mathematicos ſi modo vera docent.
Sufficit hoc votis, flos hic pulcherrimus ævi eſt,
Et ſenium triplex Neſtoris urna capit.

Br. 322.

Zosima, qua ſolo fuit olim corpore ſerva,
Corpore nunc etiam libera facta fuit.

Br. 326.

Exiguum en! Priami monumentum; haud ille meretur
Quale, ſed hoſtiles, quale dedere manus.

Br. 326.

Hector dat gladium Ajaci, dat Balteum et Ajax
Hectori, et exitio munus utrique fuit.

Br. 344.

Ut vis, ponte minax; modo tres diſceſſeris ulnas,
Ingemina fluctus, ingeminaque ſonum.

Naufragus

Br. 344.

NAUFRAGUS hic jaceo; fidens tamen utere velis,
Tutum aliis æquor, me pereunte, fuit.

Br. 398.

HERACLITUS ego; indoctæ ne lædite linguæ
Subtile ingenium quæro, capaxque mei,
Unus homo mihi pro sexcentis, turba popelli
Pro nullo, clamo nunc tumulatus idem.

Br. 399.

AMBRACIOTA, vale lux alma, Cleombrotus infit,
Et saltu e muro ditis opaca petit:
Triste nihil passus, animi at de sorte Platonis
Scripta legens, solâ vivere mente cupit.

Br. 399.

SERVUS, Epictetus, mutilato corpore, vixi,
Pauperieque Irus, curaque summa Deûm.

Br. 445.

UNDE hic Praxiteles? nudam vidistus, Adoni,
Et Pari, et Anchisa, non alius, Venerem.

SUFFLATO

Br. 451.

SUFFLATO accendis quiſquis carbone lucernam,
Corde meo accendans; ardeo totus ego.

Br. 486.

JUPITER hoc templum, ut, ſiquando relinquit Olympum,
Atthide non alius deſit Olympus, habet.

Br. 487.

CIVIS et externus grati; domus hoſpita neſcit
Quærere, quis, cujus, quis pater, unde venis.

POMPEII.

Br. 487.

CUM fugere haud poſſit, fractis Victoria pennis,
Te manet imperii, Roma, perenne decus.

Br. 488.

LATRONES alibi locupletum quærite tecta,
Aſſidet huic cuſtos ſtrenua pauperies.

FORTUNÆ malim adverſæ tolerare procellas,
Quam domini ingentis ferre ſupercilium.

EN,

En, Sexto, Sexti meditatur imago, ſilente,
Orator ſtatua eſt, ſtatuæque orator imago.

Pulchra eſt virginitas intacta, at vita periret,
Omnes ſi vellent virginitate frui;
Nequitiam fugiens, ſervatâ contrahe lege
Conjugium, ut pro te des hominem patriæ.

Fert humeris, venerabile onus, Cythereius heros
Per Trojæ flammas, denſaque tela, patrem.
Clamat et Argivis, vetuli, ne tangite, vita
Exiguum eſt Marti, ſed mihi grande lucrum.

Forma animos hominum capit, at, ſi gratia deſit,
Non tenet; eſca natat pulchra, ſed hamus abeſt.

Cogitat aut loquitur nil vir, nil cogitat uxor,
Felici thalamo non, puto, rixa ſtrepit.

Buccina disjecit Thebarum mœnia, ſtruxit
Quæ lyra, quam ſibi non concinit harmonia!

Mente

Mente ſenes olim juvenis, Fauſtine, premebas,
Nunc juvenum terres robore corda ſenex.
Lævum at utrumque decus, juveni quod præbuit olim
Turba ſenum, juvenes nunc tribuere ſeni.

Exceptæ hoſpitio muſæ, tribuere libellos
Herodoto hoſpitii præmia, quæque ſuum.

Stella mea, obſervans ſtellas, Dii me æthera faxint
Multis ut te oculis ſim potis aſpicere.

Clara Cheroneæ ſoboles, Plutarche, dicavit
Hanc ſtatuam ingenio, Roma benigna, tuo.
Das bene collatos, quos Roma et Græcia jactat,
Ad Divos paribus paſſibus ire duces;
Sed ſimilem, Plutarche, tuæ deſcribere vitam
Non poteras, regio non tulit ulla parem.

Dat tibi Pythagoram pictor; quod ni ipſe tacere
Pythagoras mallet, vocem habuiſſet opus.

Prolem

PROLEM Hippi et ſua quâ meliorem ſecula nullum
Videre, Archidicen hæc tumulavit humus;
Quam, regum ſobolem, nuptam, matrem, atque ſororem
Fecerunt nulli ſors titulique gravem.

CECROPIDIS gravis hic ponor, Martique dicatus,
Quo tua ſignantur geſta, Philippe, lapis.
Spreta jacet Marathon, jacet et Salaminia laurus,
Omnia dum Macedûm gloria et arma premunt.
Sint Demoſthenicâ ut jurata cadavera voce,
Stabo illis qui ſunt, quique fuere, gravis.

FLORIBUS in pratis, legi quos ipſe, coronam
Contextam variis, do, Rhodoclea, tibi:
Hic anemone humet, confert narciſſus odores
Cum violis; ſpirant lilia miſta roſis.
His redimita comas, mores depone ſuperbos,
Hæc peritura nitent; tu peritura nites!

MUREM Aſclepiades ſub tecto ut vidit avarus,
Quid tibi, mus, mecum, dixit, amice, tibi?
Mus blandum ridens, reſpondit, pelle timorem;
Hic, bone vir, ſedem, non alimenta, peto.

SÆPE tuum in tumulum lacrymarum decidit imber
Quem fundit blando junctus amore dolor;
Charus enim cunctis, tanquam, dum vita manebat,
Cuique esses natus, cuique sodalis, eras.
Heu quam dura preces sprevit, quam surda querelas
Parca, juventutem non miserata tuam!

ARTI ignis lucem tribui, tamen artis et ignis
Nunc ope, supplicii vivit imago mei.
Gratia nulla hominum mentes tenet, ista Promethei
Munera muneribus, si retulere fabri.

ILLA triumphatrix Graiûm consueta procorum
Ante suas agmen Lais habere fores,
Hoc Veneri speculum; nolo me cernere qualis
Sum nunc, nec possum cernere qualis eram.

CRETHIDA fabellas dulces garrire peritam
Prosequitur lacrymis filia mœsta Sami;
Blandam lanifici sociam sine fine loquacem,
Quam tenet hic, cunctas quæ manet, alta quies.

DICITE, Causidici, gelido nunc marmore magni
Mugitum tumulus comprimit Amphiloci.

Si forsan tumulum quo conditur Eumarus aufers
Nil lucri facies; ossa habet et cinerem.

EPICTETI.

Me, rex deorum, tuque, duc, necessitas,
Quo, lege vestrâ, vita me feret mea.
Sequar libenter, sin reluctari velim,
Fiam scelestus, nec tamen minus sequar.

E THEOCRITO.

Poeta, lector, hic quiescit Hipponax,
Si sis scelestus, præteri, procul, marmor:
At te bonum si nôris, et bonis natum,
Tutum hic sedile, et si placet, sopor tutus.

EUR. MED. 193—203.

Non immerito culpanda venit
Proavûm væcors insipientia,
Qui convivia lautasque dapes
Hilarare suis jussere modis
Cantum, vitæ dulce levamen.
At nemo feras iras hominum,
Domibus claris exitiales,
Voce aut fidibus pellere docuit

Queis tamen aptam ferre medelam
Utile cunctis hoc opus esset;
Namque, ubi mensas onerant epulæ,
Quorsum dulcis luxuria soni?
Sat lætitiâ sine subsidiis,
Pectora molli mulcet dubiæ
Copia cœnæ.

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* Τοῖος Ἄρης βροτολοιγὸς ἐνὶ ϖολέμοισι μέμηνε
Και τοῖος, Παφίην ϖλῆξεν ἔρωτι Θεάν.

SEPTEM ÆTATES.

PRIMA parit terras ætas, siccatque secunda,
Evocat Abramum dein tertia; quarta relinquit
Ægyptum; templo Solomonis quinta supersit;
Cyrum sexta timet; lætatur septima Christo.

* The above is a Version of a Latin Epigram on the famous John Duke of Marlborough by the Abbé Salvini, which is as follows:

Haud alio vultu, fremuit Mars acer in armis:
Haud alio, Cypriam perculit ore Deam.

The Duke was, it seems, remarkably handsome in his person, to which the second line has reference.

His

* His Tempelmanni numeris descripseris orbem,
[1] Cum sex centuriis Judæo millia septem.
Myrias [2] Ægypto cessit bis septima pingui.
Myrias adscifcit fibi nonagesima septem
Imperium qua Turca [3] ferox exercet iniquum.
Undecies binas decadas et millia septem
Sortitur [4] Pelopis tellus quæ nomine gaudet.
Myriadas decies septem numerare jubebit
Pastor [4] Arabs: decies octo fibi Persa [4] requirit.
Myriades fibi pulchra duas, duo millia poscit
Par-

* To the above Lines (which are unfinished, and can therefore be only offered as a fragment), in the Doctor's manuscript, are prefixed the words, "Geographia Metrica." As we are referred, in the first of the verses, to Templeman, for having furnished the numerical computations that are the subject of them, his work has been accordingly consulted, the title of which is, "A new Survey of the Globe," and which professes to give an accurate mensuration of all the empires, kingdoms, and other divisions thereof, in the square miles that they respectively contain. On comparison of the several numbers in these verses with those set down by Templeman, it appears that nearly half of them are precisely the same; the rest are not quite so exactly done.—For the convenience of the Reader, it has been thought right to subjoin each number, as it stands in Templeman's works, to that in Dr. Johnson's verses which refers to it.

[1] In this first article that is versified, there is an accurate conformity in Dr. Johnson's number to Templeman's; who sets down the square miles of Palestine at 7,600.

[2] The square miles of Ægypt are, in Templeman, 140,700.

[3] The whole Turkish empire, in Templeman, is computed at 960,057 square miles.

[4] In the four following articles, the numbers, in Templeman

Parthenope[4]. [5] Novies vult tellus mille Sicana.
[6] Papa ſuo regit imperio ter millia quinque.
Cum ſex centuriis numerat ſex millia Tuſcus[7].
Centuriâ Ligures[8] augent duo millia quartâ.
Centuriæ octavam decadem addit Lucca[9] ſecundæ.
Ut dicas, ſpatiis quam latis imperet orbi
[10] Ruſſia, myriadas ter denas adde trecentis:
[11] Sardiniam cum ſexcentis ſex millia complent.
Cum ſexagenis, dum plura recluſerit ætas,
Myriadas ter mille homini dat terra[12] colendas.
Vult ſibi vicenas milleſima myrias addi,
Vicenis quinas, Aſiam[13] metata celebrem.
Se quinquagenis octingenteſima jungit
Myrias, ut menti pateat tota Africa[14] doctæ.
Myriadas ſeptem decies Europa[15] ducentis
Et quadragenis quoque ter tria millia jungit.

man and in Johnſon's verſes, are alike.—We find, accordingly, the Morea, in Templeman, to be ſet down at 7,220 ſquare miles.—Arabia, at 700,000.—Perſia, at 800,000.—and Naples, at 22,000.

[5] Sicily, in Templeman, is put down at 9,400.

[6] The pope's dominions, at 14,868.

[7] Tuſcany, at 6,640.

[8] Genoa, in Templeman, as in Johnſon likewiſe, is ſet down at 2,400.

[9] Lucca, at 286.

[10] The Ruſſian empire, in the 29th plate of Templeman, is ſet down at 3,303,485 ſquare miles.

[11] Sardinia, in Templeman, as likewiſe in Johnſon, 6,600.

[12] The habitable world, in Templeman, is computed, in ſquare miles, at 30,666,806 ſquare miles.

[13] Aſia, at 10,257,487.

[14] Africa, at 8,506,208.

[15] Europe, at 2,749,349.

Myriadas denas dat, quinque et millia, ſexque
Centurias, et tres decadas Europa Britannis [16].
Ter tria myriadi conjungit millia quartæ,
Centuriæ quartæ decades quinque [17] Anglia nectit
Millia myriadi ſeptem fœcunda ſecundæ
Et quadragenis decades quinque addit Ierne [18],
Quingentis quadragenis ſocialis adauget
Millia Belga [19] novem.
Ter ſex centurias Hollandia [19] jactat opima
Undecimum Camber [19] vult ſeptem millibus addi.

[16] The Britiſh dominions, at 105,634.

[17] England, as likewiſe in Johnſon's expreſſion of the number, at 49,450.

[18] Ireland, at 27,457.

[19] In the three remaining inſtances, which make the whole that Dr. Johnſon appears to have rendered into Latin verſe, we find the numbers exactly agreeing with thoſe of Templeman; who makes the ſquare miles of the United Provinces, 9540—of the province of Holland, 1800—and of Wales, 7011.

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END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.